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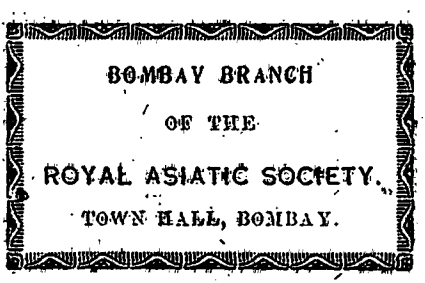

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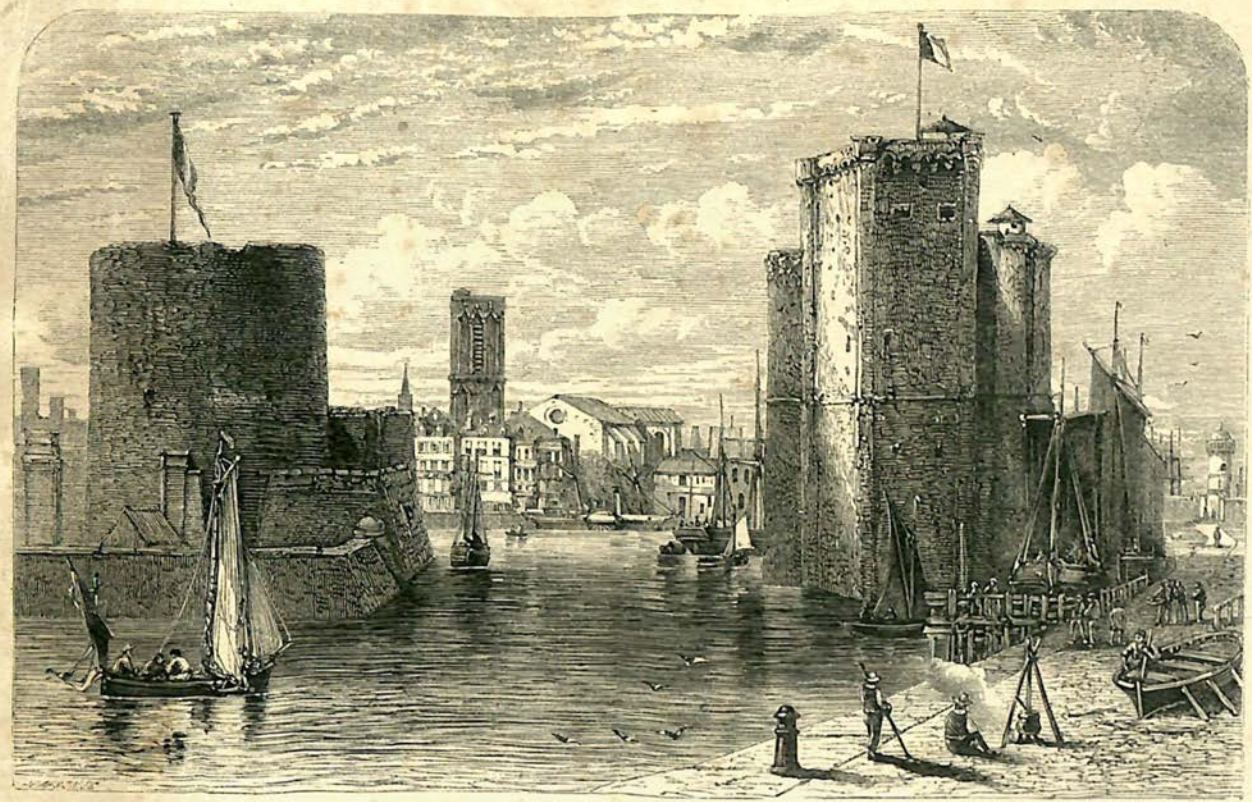
VOL. II.



THE PORT OF LA ROCHELLE, BAY OF BISCAY.

NOOKS AND CORNERS

IN

OLD FRANCE.

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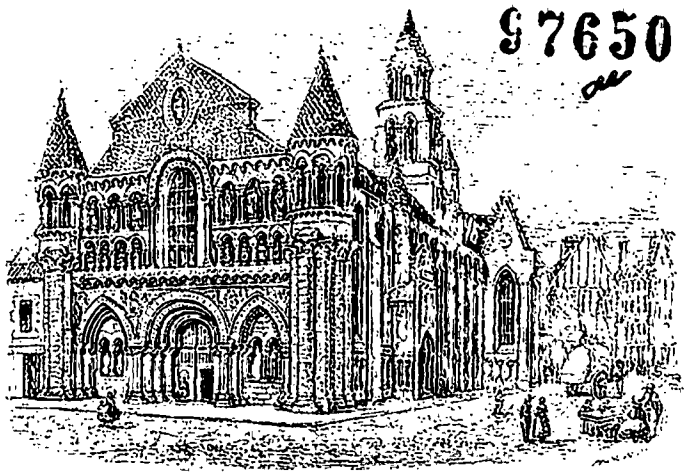

CHURCH OF NOTRE DAME, POICTIERS.

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BY

THE REV. GEORGE MUSGRAVE, M.A.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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TO

THE SECOND VOLUME.

[ENGRAVED BY G. PEARSON.

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NOOKS AND CORNERS IN OLD FRANCE.

CHAPTER I.

ANGERS.

ONCE more on the Great Western of France, and renewed representations of English scenery, with absolutely nothing French about it. I happened to fall in, just as I began to write this Chapter, with one of the ablest photographers of London, who informed me that he had been over all my ground about three weeks after my return:—and his observation on the face of the country was identical with my own—"It was all English landscape: just like travelling about Kent or Surrey."

I need not add that no poplars or willows were within view. These are the ugliest features on Continental high roads or byways.

From Le Mans to Sablé is an hour's ride; bringing under the eye a vast extent of that timber growth which, in a country whose fuel must of necessity be wood, makes forest land almost sacred. At Sablé, however, into which our express train dashed with admirable expedition

over a small viaduct looking down into a beautiful valley, and spanning a silvery stream, there is abundance of coal; too stony for domestic uses, but serviceable enough in kilns. A wide main of this mineral lies beneath the stupendous masses of dark blueish rock, the sides of which reminded me of the Alps; and in the neighbourhood of these rough excrescences are vast quarries of marble. These varied and most useful products must have suggested to the constructors of the line the expediency of making Sablé a head station for the heavy goods traffic; the rails being spread out to a breadth of ninety feet, over which the trucks are seen rolling along with stone, coal, and marble; as, at Angers, thirty miles further on, we were to see thousands of tons of slate in motion; the embryo of castles, batteries, bridges, palaces, churches and chapels, magazines and pavements,—every fabric and surface that needs ponderous material and lasting strength.

Having passed above another beautiful green valley, watered by a very broad stream of the Sarthe, and rushing through a cutting of sandstone packed in strata showing the angle of 45°, we entered on a tract of undulating surface, where the cultivation seemed devoted almost entirely to green crops: flax in the ascendant. Vines as yet appeared not. The acacia and sumac resumed their place of distinction at and between the different stations; beautifying, as usual, the course

of the line, and making the Etriche and Châteauneuf stations as ornamental as useful.

The serpentine winding of the Sarthe through broad meadows was occasionally diversified by islets in the stream; and, when these disappeared, by a barge or two; as we may see on our own Thames, in its narrow breadths in Berkshire and Surrey. Flax and walnuts seemed to engross the soil for many miles, up hill and down hill, till, at length, the vineyards burst upon the view. Then we crossed the Sarthe again over an iron bridge, and in a moment entered on a totally different country,—a vast plain. We looked down upon this from a very high embankment at St. Sylvain Briolay; after which point we flew through the smaller stations, and had little else to look at but flax, which was growing to the height of twelve feet, on the whole extended face of English-looking country, right and left, over the broad expanse of which I was gazing when, on the horizon, I espied the numerous windmills which marked the position of Angers. We were now approaching it rapidly, and I noticed the road-side walling, in lieu of live fences, constructed of brown and dark grey slate, laid like quarto volumes in continuous lengths, at a height of about four feet six, and somewhat resembling our stone hedges in Oxfordshire and Cumberland. These were succeeded by a cutting which

took us through several yards of bold bluff rock, that subsided blandly into a range of apple orchards, when we might reasonably have supposed we were about to penetrate a slate quarry or a tunnel. But so far from this, we had a bright level for the completion of our varied and interesting ride; and having now reached the 508th mile distant from London, I entered for the first time slaty, swarthy, not to say, as it was aforetime called, 'black Angers.' This was simply owing to the tinge generally prevalent through the universal use of slate.

I took up my quarters at 'Le Cheval Blanc,' where, to my surprise, both host and hostess came out on to the pavement to welcome me to the best apartments, bespoken for me by a French lady whose uncle was one of the principal inhabitants, and whom she instructed, *proprio motu*, to do this kindness on my behalf, when she called upon him on her way through the city. We had travelled from Chartres to Le Mans, and there she went onward. The handsome widow did me herein good service,—not, indeed, in the mere arrangements for bon logis and bon *accueil*, but in introducing me to one of the best-informed personages in the province,—himself writing a history of Angers!—to whose active zeal and intelligence I was subsequently indebted for seeing and learning so much of the place and its peculiarities.

"The White Horse," however, is a dull inn in a dull street; but central and well appointed; civility and attention prevailing in every department, and nothing to find fault with. The landlord took me into his cellars, to show me neither pipes of Chambertin, nor of Château Margaux, but the Voltaic battery which served his electric wire all over the house, on the principle introduced in the carriages of our South Eastern Railway. There is no ringing or pulling in one's apartment. Two ivory buttons are inserted in the wall by the fire-place. A very moderate pressure of these inwards gives a signal below that the occupant of such or such a number wants something. The sound of a bell is never heard in all the hotel. The electricity worked *à merveille.*

A stroll of less than three minutes' length brought me face to face with five or six of the most remarkable of the numerous old dwelling-houses that signalize this city; monuments of remote times, in front of which one could contentedly sit, but for being interrupted by street passengers, and gaze for hours continuously. An antique building, which bears the aspect of a portion of some monastic hospice or lodge that may have sheltered a few wounded warriors of King John of France's scattered army after the defeat at Poitiers, exhibits in the present day a painted advertisement announcing a

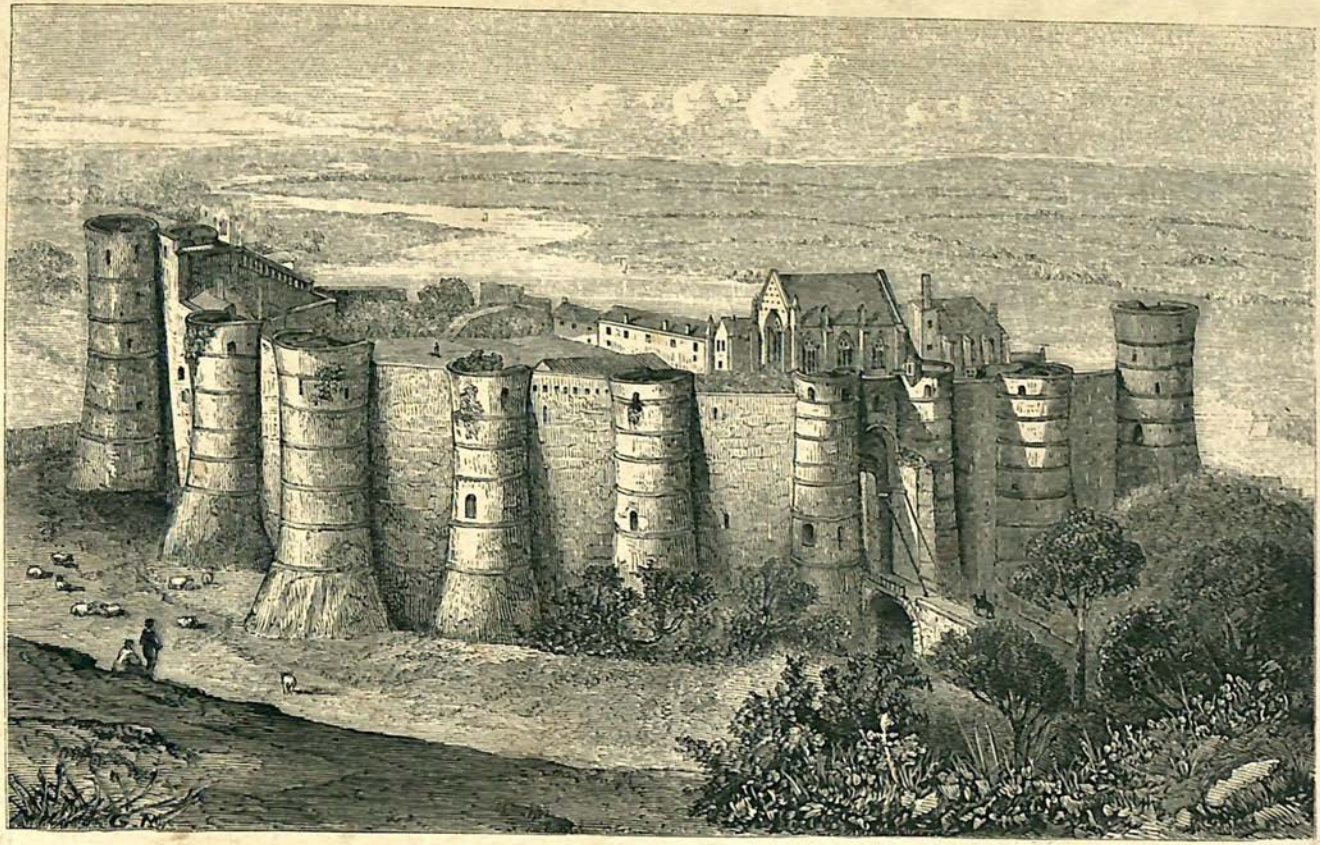
wholesale business in socks. Two of the windows were open. It required very slight exercise of imagination to see a shaven monk looking down and inquiring of a townsman whether it were indeed true and an ascertained fact that the English king had destroyed nearly thirtysix thousand French with less than twelve thousand of his own soldiers: for so the maimed man upstairs affirmed.

On the opposite corner of this little Place St. Croix is a lofty domicile, sixty feet high, at least, with a frontage thirtysix feet in width: exhibiting laths, timbering and slatework, distributed through four stories, and commanding a frontage both into the open place and into the side streets, with fourteen windows, and many a quaintly carved corbel. The timbering is chiefly framed in what is called lozenge or diamond device: the slating here and there imitating scales. There is also a projecting stair, or tourelle—one of those polygonal—[mostly pentagonal] appendages to the Angevin houses of any note in the fourteenth century, which heighten so considerably their picturesque features. Below, within a few feet of the pavement, and between the casement windows, was formerly a broad panel, on which was a high relief in carved work representing Adam and Eve. These figures, being regarded as emblems of superstition, were destroyed by the rabble in 1793: but, 'the tree of the knowledge of good

and evil' immediately below the said group escaped destruction. The atheistic and brutally ignorant *canaille* failed to recognise the connection between the tree and the statues! There remains, however, a grotesque couple, seated on a bank, representing the *entente cordiale* of two more ordinary personages than their lost companions, who seem to have agreed to while away their time (her left hand in the gentleman's right) in listening to the tones of a clarionet played by a performer in a semi-monastic garb; and of a bag-pipe in the hands of a boy alongside of him. This curious relic of the Angevin homes at the period when Edward conquered at Crécy, and England first adopted glass in house windows (!), is now the habitation of a certain widow Lorion who announces it to be a Magasin de Nouveautés and the temple of fashion for that part of Angers, which, when the creaking old tenement was the first of a line of equally venerable but rotten edifices that crossed the Place St. Croix diagonally, must have been a very dingy quarter, ill calculated to ventilate 'les dernières modes de Paris!'—but, fifteen years ago, a clearance became indispensable, and all was taken down except this corner house: and we may hope it will still survive half a century; but the authorities regard these present remains with utter indifference; and I saw many old 'rumble-tumble' delightful oddities compounded of slate, oak-

quarterings, and laths, pulled down while I was staying in the town. Most of them fell to pieces like a house made up of playing cards, after the first five or six attacks made by firemen's poles; and their almost instantaneous demolition reminded me of King David's sketch of the Ungodly in great power—"I went by, and lo! he was gone! I sought him, but his place could nowhere be found."

Every house, one must admit, like every dog, has its day; and no good can arise from permitting them to linger on earth till they become positive annoyances; but utilitarianism is gone too far in many a locality of France; and the conversion of consecrated buildings of the most majestic order of architecture into barracks and store-houses has robbed the world of some of its finest models of Art; though the recourse to them for their primary purposes had, it is true, ceased long before their desecration. I was gazing upward at the handsome tower of St. Aubin (not far from my hotel), which in olden times stood within the precincts of the large convent of that name,—very considerable remains whereof still survive in the premises of the Prefecture—when an old soldier informed me it was fitted up at its summit with a furnace and other apparatus for casting lead; and the tower (sold to a metal founder for £600) is actually appropriated, like the one so familiar to Londoners on the South side of the Thames, for making small shot: a replica of



CASTLE OF ANGERS: SEEN FROM THE TOWER OF THE CATHEDRAL.

"....the height
Where patent shot they sell,"

as Horace Smith said of it. The veteran gave me also to understand that there were two hundred troopers and twelve hundred foot soldiers quartered in Angers, which is a depôt: his own regiment being in Mexico, and suffering considerably from fever.

My first thought on the day of my arrival was the Castle. I suppose there is no parallel to this stupendous fabric in all the universe. Some faint conception may be formed of its features, circumference and extent by placing around an irregular pentagonal area eight or nine Carisbrook Castles, doubled in height, and each tower less in circumference at its middle than at its base or summit. There are seventeen of these (the Bastile had but eight),—each seventy feet high, set into the walls, which are twelve feet in thickness; and all these were turreted till Henry III. of France, intent upon levelling this mighty fortress or Bastile to the ground, reduced the height of every tower except one, by thirty feet, and left them as they now appear: the solitary exception having escaped mutilation from its being surmounted by a windmill. This monarch's insane project was defeated by matters of graver import, and the monster castle of Philip Augustus stands based in the natural iron-stone foundations with as good a prospect of surviving yet two thousand

years as the rock of Gibraltar itself, or the mountain peaks of St. Helena. The comparison is somewhat derogatory, but I might say these towers bear a near resemblance to the colossal vats of our principal London breweries. They are built up, as are the walls between them, in unwrought blocks of slate, which impart a very dark sombre tint (reminding me of the car-stone of Norfolk) to the whole structure; but this is relieved by insertions of circles of white stone; and herein they are assimilated to the vats; for these thirteen masonic rings strongly resemble the hoops engirdling those mighty cylindrical reservoirs of good liquor, XXX and BB, just alluded to: and when the original battlements of white stone capped every tower, the crowning decoration must have been startling in its effectiveness.

This castle's strength would have laughed a siege to scorn under the old artillery practice. Its elevation was turned to sharp account in 1793, when the Republican gunners manned the two towers that face the rampart and the Rue Voltier, and threw red-hot shot into the Chapelle St. George, occupied as an outpost by the Vendeans. In fact, the whole city lies within range. The belief was general that in the middle of the thirteenth century there existed a tunnel which passed under the bed of the river Mayenne, and opened at a considerable distance on the opposite

shore, beyond the present Convent of the 'Bon Pasteur.' The same *on dit* prevailed with respect to Rochester Castle, from which a tunnel was believed to have been constructed below the Medway into Strood:—a feat of engineering infinitely beyond the capacities of the sappers and miners of either King Stephen or King Charles. A very complaisant concession for the general convenience of the townspeople was made in 1835, when one of the eighteen towers then standing was taken down, and a bastion entirely removed, whereby the area of space at which four roads met at the extremity of the Boulevard du Château and the Boulevard des Lices was considerably widened: an improvement that eventually led to that ornamentation of the carrefour which I shall have occasion to describe in some pages further onward.

Much information upon this and on all that related to the Castle, I obtained from the Exon of the Guard and chief Custos of this stronghold, now used as a barrack, a military prison, and a powder-magazine. He was the party confronting me at the entry, and with twentytwo stone weight, and a stature of six feet two inches, looked every foot a Guardian, well qualified 'to speak with enemies in the gate.' I found him a very communicative, intelligent subject, and his companionship beguiled the tediousness of a prolonged circuit within the gloomy walls, where

every other turning brought us to a stand-still and a short or long story, much of a piece with those told by the warders in our Tower of London; but the *modus in quo* was pretty much as if my Guide had said, "Now! look you; look here; I have condescended, Giant that I am,—to leave that snug den of mine near the great drawbridge and portcullis, and to take you in hand:—Attention! You must listen with interest to every word I utter: you must believe all:—No hurry! No ennui! It may occupy two hours; but you behold in me a living military chronicle of ages, and you will not soon forget either me or my information." I have not lost recollection of the man; but I suppose no ordinary mortal could remember all his incidental narratives, or digest the wondrous amount of dry and occasionally diverting facts he introduced into his general description; especially as the dark and muddy passages craved wary walking; and it was sounder discretion to break the thread of a legendary tale told in the dark, than to risk breaking one's knees on a loose stone as big as a mortar, by giving undivided attention to such a guide. In one corner of the immense building he led me up to a passage as black as night, whence I was to pass into a cavernous sort of chamber,—he holding one end, and I the other, of an umbrella,—leading to the principal dungeons occupied by State prisoners in the middle

ages. Here he drew my attention to a peculiar red stain on the damp stones leading into that cell. It bore the resemblance of a track of blood; and blood it was declared to be by citizens who saw it, when the Government threw open all these castles to the Public. At that period LIBERTÉ had brought them into disrepute, and impressed the mind of the people with an insurmountable conviction that imprisonments for the most part involved secret murder. (Three captives only were found in the Bastile when it was destroyed in 1789!) However, this red streak had nothing to do with the stream of life. It is a peculiar effect observable in moist weather, when the iron stone throws out this exudation of darkest copper tint. I have seen the Kenton grey stone in Somersetshire 'sweat' water that might be removed with a towel, directly the South-West wind began to blow; and this in a warm kitchen.

We soon after came upon a boarded floor in a dark chamber, where I was shown a large ring. To this the miserable prisoner in the middle ages was tied by the waist; and the crouching posture in which such barbarous treatment could alone be endured was that of a toad,—the head slightly elevated and thrown forward,—the back and shoulders rounding up, as Satan is represented by Milton

'Squat like a toad, close at the ear of Eve,'—

Hence this ring was called 'La Crapaudière.' Close to this were marks left in the stone walls by the backs of prisoners so fastened by staples as to be constrained to sit against the damp stones for twentyfour hours without change of position:—a living death. My guide pointed out the chamber in which Foucquet was confined after his arrest at Nantes, during the reign of Louis XIV. There had been a *lady*, also, of high rank among the occupants of these melancholy dungeons, who had fallen under the deep displeasure of the same tyrant. When I mentioned the oubliette or dead well said to be where the windmill stood, and down which those individuals were cast headlong, dead or living, who were to be got rid of,—my informant assured me that such an expedient had never been used, and such a sunken shaft was nowhere to be found in all the Castle. The townspeople, in the olden time, used to speak of such horrors, and pointed to the tower on which the mill worked—giving it the maledictory name of 'Tour du Diable.' The slander originated as follows:—The only water procurable for the inmates of the Castle from any part of the ground on which it stood, was found to be so impregnated with green vitriol, which to this day may be seen issuing from the iron stone in the site, that no one could drink of it: and the daily supply was, of necessity, and at any hazard, only to be obtained from

without the walls. The builders in Philip Augustus's day had entirely overlooked this most fearful drawback. About eighty years subsequent to his decease, Philip the Fair instituted an inquiry for the ablest of engineers then to be found in France, that he might employ him in boring various parts of the Castle yards for a spring of pure and wholesome water. The man rashly engaged to find such supply; but, after a year's labour, declared his utter inability to fulfil his compact,—upon which the crowned barbarian consigned him as an unpardonable delinquent to the tower already mentioned, and there he remained for life,—*oublié*,—forgotten. So far, indeed, as the hapless prisoner was concerned, the tower certainly became his *oubliette*—(this was in 1300)—but there were not *two* towers. The one that used to be called 'The Devil's Tower,' obtained that evil sobriquet from this incident,—that when the mill was completed at its summit,—where it was fixed in order to catch the wind more effectually than elsewhere,—the builders proposed to call it the Moulin de St. Michel,—it having been adjusted in working order at Michaelmas. The miller, however, strongly protested against this, because, he said, St. Michael was invariably represented with Satan beneath his feet—and he felt a horror of such associations. The man of flour's objection and his new mill got wind at the same time, and though the governor

of the Castle wisely "pooh-poohed" the notion of diabolical presence or influences, and insisted on the name of Moulin St. Michel being retained, the townspeople persevered in calling it the Tour du Diable, and there was no help for it.

As a matter of course, I was reminded of "le bon roi," Réné, Duke of Anjou. He was born in this mighty castle, in the year 1409; and some of the bitter draughts he may have imbibed from the copperas-tainted springs must have prefigured his destiny, which, merry-hearted soul that he was (the prototype, perhaps, of our old King Cole or Coal!), involved little else but varying disasters. The cradle of his nativity is said to have been in that pretty miniature Gothic building, turreted and pinnacled, and lately restored so as to appear new, though nearly five hundred years old, which stands within the precincts and in a spacious yard of the Castle. This royal duke married Isabella, heiress of the Duchy of Lorraine; and their daughter, Margaret of Anjou, became the Queen of our Henry VI.,—a princess of noble courage, who literally fought her husband's battles till the War of the Roses sealed their destruction—Duke of Anjou, Duke of Bar, Duke of Lorraine:—

> ——— "the style of King of Naples,
> Of both the Sicilies and Jerusalem,
> Yet not so wealthy as an English yeoman."
>
> SHAKESPEARE, *Henry VI.*

Indeed, this hapless monarch and his many titles

were treated with more and more indignity as he accumulated distinction, by powerful kings and petty princes, till, after vicissitudes of sharpest trials, he contented himself with limited sovereignty and state in Aix of Provence,—his patrimony, where he held a cheerful Court amid music, dancing, painters and poets; and died, at last, quietly in his bed. His name is still held in such reverence at Aix, that a statue, executed by the celebrated David of Angers, was only so recently as the year 1823 erected there to his memory. One of his hands holds a bunch of the muscat of Alexandria grapes, which, with excellent good judgment, he first introduced into France.

I would refer my readers to Sir Walter Scott's "Anne of Geierstein," vol. ii., chapter xi., for an entertaining picture of this singular old worthy; and should they contemplate a visit to Angers, they will do well to take with them that volume, and realize and enjoy such historic lore, as I did by "Kenilworth" when I first visited the ruins near Leamington. The romance of history is one of the chiefest delights of intellectual travel.

The lightning conductors of Angers Castle are rods of iron, upwards of seven inches in circumference, and are led down through pipes into wells sunk in the moats, around which I espied a score of very good-looking sheep grazing. One of the soldiers of the garrison, having formed an acquaintance in the town, used to let himself

down by one of these rods, and, returning by the same expedient, spent many evenings out of quarters without detection. At length, however, he fell into the clutches of the serjeant of the guard, but was mercifully dealt with, and simply cautioned against repetition of the offence. He re-engaged for a longer term of service, and obtained twenty pounds bounty: but the man was a 'ne'er do weel;'—the passion for idleness and lawless indulgences prevailed over all better motive; he spent the money in dissipation, and committed suicide. I suppose my guide, himself an old soldier, relates this whenever he shows the lightning conductors; so I record it *in memoriam.*

We at length reached the platform, upon which was a stone-built sentry box, overlooking from the leads of the tower a very considerable part of the city. Here a watchman is stationed nightly, to keep a look out and give the alarm in case of fire: and this was the very spot which Louisa of Savoy,—Queen Mother of Francis the First, and Regent during his imprisonment in Spain,—used to frequent at eve and early morn, to say her prayers, while she occupied apartments in the main building. Men and things have changed much since then, I observed, and would change even more remarkably still,—but one thing was likely to prove durable enough, and survive more than a thousand years,—this

Castle of Angers and its seventeen towers!

"Yes," rejoined my companion,—"mais si quelque grand malheur—le poudre, par exemple!" "Powder?" said I—"Poudre à canon!" There are seventeen hundred and ninety tons of gunpowder in the cellars! He might well look sharp to the conductors!

This depôt, with those at Metz and Toulon, constitutes the main supply of France, and if it exploded, would throw down every spire and house in Anjou. We made the complete circuit of the Castle in about two hours. The view on the riverside is really beautiful, commanding distant prospects of the country and the river Mayenne; and from the highest elevation on which we at last stood for this purpose, I could descry a bright streak marking the course of the Loire. Before us, across the river at the base of the Castle, in the suburb of Doutre, was the Maison Mère. This is a vast square building, a convent erected in honour of 'The Good Shepherd,' in immediate contiguity to the main road to Nantes, and specially remarkable in the Supérieure, a Lady Abbess, being the only one in France entitled to wear a mitre. The privilege dates from the reign of Henry II. As we descended, I asked whether the ACADEMY was still in existence, which in the last century received our Statesmen, the illustrious William Pitt and the Duke of Wellington, as students. It sur-

vives no longer as a College; being appropriated as barracks for cavalry, and for a store of military equipments: but, said my guide, I can tell you something about Wellington. A long time ago, M. le Comte de Châteaubriand resided in an old mansion very close to that College. It was, in fact, one of the old 'maisons religieuses' founded by Duke Réné. He was there in 1785, and left it in 1790, after which period he went to America. When he vacated the premises, several notes and letters and cards were found in the drawers of the table at which he usually sat, and among them was one bearing the name of "Mr. Arthur Wesley," a student in the adjoining Academy. It was laid aside for a time with other cards, but the owner, or new occupier, of the house, observing it to be an Englishman's card, did not destroy it with the others. This person was living in 1799, and having heard of the taking of Seringapatam, and (as most people knew) of the distinguishing mention of Colonel Arthur Wellesley, he instituted an inquiry, and found that the Wesley of 1786 was the subsequent Wellesley, Governor of Mysore, of the date of thirteen years after;—the same who, when a youth seventeen years of age, had left his card on Châteaubriand in 1786. The Duke went from Eton to a tutor at Brighton, and thence to this military academy at Angers. The family name was not spelt as now till 1797.

Ten years previous to that date he was an ensign in the 73rd regiment, and at the close of the same year joined, as lieutenant, the 76th, a corps raised in Westmoreland by General Sir Thomas Musgrave, Bart. The year afterwards he served in the 41st Regiment, and then in the 12th Light Dragoons; and so on from regiment to regiment, as opportunity of advancement and active service offered itself, to the crowning victories and imperishable repute which made him what he was, and what he will for ever be esteemed as—*the* Duke *par excellence.*

As for Mr. Pitt, my conductor affirmed that he was born in Angers!—that Lady Chatham was travelling, and eagerly striving to reach England, but was constrained to halt in that city, at a small house in the Rue du Chaudron: and that there would be found a register of the Statesman's birth in accordance with this. To this I attach not the slightest credit;—having always understood Mr. Pitt to have been a Kentish man, born at Hayes Place, near Bexley in Kent,—in the neighbourhood of a villa inhabited by Mrs. Dehany. My companion, however, in this renowned old Castle was well up in his stories, and told his many anecdotes very entertainingly; though, as I said before, I perceived what a divided duty lay before me, of bowing, bending, slipping and sliding through labyrinthine passages and terribly rugged steps, constructed in the

thickness of the stupendous walls, and of listening to his descriptions and episodical interludes, in Alsatian French,—(no very fascinating dialect)—he being a native of Strasbourg. He led me safely, however, and added some useful advice for my adoption while in Angers,—yet I will not speak of him as my 'Mentor,' for, to my amazement, I found his real name was Télémaque! Had he been as familiar with Homer as with Napoleon III., I would have sent him, ere this, my translation of "The Odyssey"!

I HAVE mentioned the ornamentation of that central point where four roads meet at the bastion angle of Angers Castle. This consists of a bronze statue, life-size, by David of Angers,—the Canova of Anjou,—representing 'le bon roi' Réné, on a magnificent stone pedestal, in twelve niches of which are statuettes of exquisite sculpture, each about twenty inches in height,—the impersonations of illustrious princes and princesses whom I shall presently particularize. Certain connoisseurs have criticised the legs of the statue,—saying that they indicate those of a stiff-kneed warrior who could not walk. This is an idle observation. The sculptor works from clay models; and those clay models, as regards the leg and knee, are moulded direct from the naked flesh of living man. I have stood by Canova and Thorwaldsen, and worked in Festa's studio, and completed "a Muse" while I was in

Rome, some fortyseven years ago, and "expertus loquor." If poor Réné on his pedestal could hear, as well as Hermione did, he would walk down from it fast enough! There would be nothing in his tibiæ or patellæ to hinder him. The effigy reminded me of the well-known bronze dukes and princes around Maximilian's tomb at Innsprück. The names of the statuettes are inscribed on the niches as follows:—

Dumnacus . . Defense des Andes ann. 48 avant J. C.
(Andes was the ancient name of Anjou.)
Roland, 1er Comte d'Anjou . . Roncevaulx A.D. 778.
Robert le Fort,
Vainqueur de Normandie . . . Brissarthe 9me Siecle.

Foulques Nera, né Xme Siecle, . Mort en 1040.
Foulques V. . . . . Roi de Jerusalem, 1142.
Henri II. . . . . XII Siècle, Plantagenet,
Hospice d'Angers, 1189.
(A broken sword lies at his feet.)

Philippe Auguste. Réunit l'Anjou à la conronne, 1203.
Charles d'Anjou . Roi de Sicile, 1285.
Louis I. . . . Duc d'Anjou, 1339—84.

Isabelle de Lorraine . 1ère femme de Rénè.
Marguerite d'Anjou . Reine d'Angleterre, 1425.
(Wife of our Henry VI.)
Jeanne de Laval . . 2nde femme de Réné, 1433—1498.

Just before the legs,—almost between the knees

—of Marguerite d'Anjou, stands a young boy, whose head leans lovingly towards her right hand, in which she holds a sword.

This may be intended for her son Edward, Prince of Wales, of whom she was so cruelly bereaved, just after the fatal battle of Tewkesbury, A.D. 1471.

We look with interest on this same Marguerite, the daughter of Réné, remembering the prominence given to her in Shakespeare's Third Part of King Henry VI., Act I., and throughout to the end of the 5th scene of Act 5th, where, seeing her son Edward stabbed by King Edward, Gloucester, and Clarence, she exclaims, "Oh! kill me too." The young prince was nineteen years of age when he was thus murdered, a prisoner, in cold blood, and had married, only the year previous, the daughter of the Earl of Warwick. Marguerite holds a sword in her right hand: in allusion, probably, to her well-remembered courage and warrior-like perseverance in fields of fight. I am aware that doubts have been entertained as to the authenticity of this being one of Shakespeare's tragedies: but *valeat quantum* in rendering the statue doubly interesting in an Englishman's eye.

Altogether this is a very imposing monument; and the Comtesse de Quatrebarbe and the Municipality of Angers have thus revived the memories of more than a thousand years, in the midst

of a population who are far from indifferent to the history of their ancient province, and still speak with a loyal enthusiasm, to which the last generation was strange, of the ducal families that attached celebrity not to Angers alone, but to universal France. With better feelings, better fortunes have prospered the city, which is now thriving. Before the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, the inhabitants numbered fifty thousand: consequent on that infamous act of tyranny, there was a dwindling down to thirty thousand. The last Census, however, elicited the fact of fiftyfour thousand souls within the liberties; and now that the Railway Station places the town in direct communication with Paris and Bordeaux, the population is increasing every month, and the extension of buildings, as I observed, is proportionate.

I must here advert to the mention of the Comtesse de Quatrebarbe. This statue of Réné was the property, some eleven or twelve years since, of the Count Quatrebarbe, whose mansion is within a hundred paces from the pedestal. At his decease the widow presented it to the Corporation of Angers, intending it to be considered as a public monument. The committee of management in this case erected it, primarily, in the gardens of the Prefect's palace; but subsequently decided on giving to it the prominent position it now holds, and with very good taste commissioned the late eminent sculptor, David

of Angers, to design a rich pedestal, which should include the twelve statuettes just described.

Before Telemachus and I parted at the Castle moat, he gave me to understand that we might soon meet again. He was the serjeant-major of the Sapeurs-Pompiers, and chief clarionet player in their celebrated band, which was retained by the authorities to play twice a week in the public gardens fronting the Mayoralty,—otherwise the Quartier du Mail, at a very agreeable part of the town. The next evening, therefore, would exhibit him in a new character, and I gladly promised to attend. He was of a stature and physique better suited, I conceived, for the largest Ophicleide! However, of this anon.

I next in order visited the Cathedral. It is almost impracticable to reach the heights and depths, recesses and corners, of these ancient towns in a carriage. The streets are so steep, and the pavement so slippery, and altogether it is so inconvenient to be continually getting into and out of one's carriage, that I made up my mind to incur lameness as well as fatigue, and bore up against difficulties with the best grace I could; and he who would gain thorough insight into places and things must be prepared, like Paul's good soldier, to "endure hardness" of this nature.

ANGERS, however, is not ill-paved; but that which is good for coach-wheels and carts and

the horses that draw them, is not, *de raison*, genial to the feet of pedestrians, especially through three or four hours' tramp. He who undertakes to walk through the hundred and fortyfive streets of its seventeen parishes, comprising fortyseven churches and twentyseven convents, is fairly in for a 'petite promenade' of seven or eight miles, and qualifies himself for a visit to M. Delepeau of the last Chapter. Yes; but he will be amply repaid in the amusement afforded by the many objects of curiosity that meet the eye in "this rich fair town," as Shakespeare's King John politely called it, though Falconbridge abused it roundly. And if my tourist be an archæological inquirer, and versed in the Chronicles of Maine and Anjou (not altogether to be contemned by an Englishman), the associations awakened as he climbs its slaty ascents, or stumbles about the blind alleys, back streets, and "impasses," might interest him here for half a life, and render him a note-maker to the end of his own Chapter!

The Cathedral of St. Maurice is on the summit of this 'ville montagneuse,' and, probably, disappoints most travellers. The Western façade was all I cared to inspect when viewing the exterior; for the Byzantine Statues present no attractiveness in my regards,—rigid and atwist as they seem, and more like those high-dried bodies of monks which we occasionally fall in

with in various parts of Europe, where the cicerones of the Monastery lead the ruddy "muscular Christian" into vaults or close corridors, stone built and impervious to light, as though the inspection were to prove very delectable. Some sixty defunct brothers, each in the garb that invested him while living, lean forward from the walls in these galleries of dusty Death, and seem to be inquiring, if we may judge by their countenances, why they were not entombed and disposed of like other carcasses. Some of these attenuated worthies in stone at the Western Porch are the impersonations of monarchs that, while living, were every inch kings;—but now defy recognition, and win no homage. The dukes of Anjou, above—some of whom were living when Charles VI. of France lost the battle of Agincourt,—some when Jeanne d'Arc was battling, sword in hand, with our countrymen at Orleans,—occupy eight niches: but they are 'a rough lot',—and owe but slight obligations to the artist who produced them as the counterfeit presentment of the Rolands and Fulques of old name.

The spires rise gracefully;—but the chief gratification to be derived from standing between them is that of looking down upon the Castle; the bird's eye view commanding its whole *enceinte*. This is attested in my illustration, which even includes the opposite points of the Upper and Lower 'Chain' on the river.

This part of the edifice, (that is to say—both the spires,) was struck by lightning in the year 1831, on which occasion, I was told, the tower seemed instantaneously wrapped in lurid flames, when the thunder reverberated with such awful explosion as to impress many of the inhabitants with the conviction that the powder-magazine in the Castle had ignited. Others were horror-struck, believing that the end of all things was at hand, and that the city and the world to boot was about to be consumed. The gentleman who related the circumstance to me said it reminded him of the Mosaical accounts of the darkness in Egypt, which might be felt: for hundreds of families moved not from their homes: they spoke not to one another: they shut themselves up within their houses, as if awaiting some fearful catastrophe. The effect on the nerves of the people at large was so overpowering in its oppression, that two-thirds only of the ordinary supply of bread was sold in the town! All traffic, all marketing was suspended for three whole days: and the silence of the grave prevailed in every street. Considering the proximity of the occurrence to the present date, and the advanced degree of scientific knowledge, which, however frightful may have been the action of the electric fluid, could but regard a thunderbolt as a natural phenomenon, it is not a little remarkable that such a panic should have

followed upon the momentary flash, and not very destructive (nor in the least calamitous) consequences. Had the lightning destroyed all the houses, without injury to the occupiers, which have been most iniquitously built up against and into the South, East, and North sides of the Cathedral, with as utter disregard for the consecrated fabric as if it had been a mere party-wall, —the event would have been one devoutly to be acknowledged as a great and timely good. I have seen much of this degrading spirit of utilitarianism in various parts of Europe, but nothing so flagrant as the bricklaying around St. Maurice of Angers, where every stone should have been held sacred, and every square yard venerated as the base of an altar. Judging by their general features (and some of these dwellings were really fit for the occupation of gentry), I should suppose them to be about eighty years old: perhaps they were thus incorporated with the Lord's temple when, about the year 1789–90, the Christian Religion and all churches and clergy were voted to be an absurdity and an abomination by the strong-willed thinkers of that day,—God not being in all their thoughts, when they were given over to a reprobate mind.

The sides, indeed, of the Cathedral were about as ugly as perverted taste in the architect, whoever he may have been, in the twelfth century,

could render them, by his building up stupendous masses like square chimney shafts to some manufactory,—in lieu of the ordinary buttresses—to give the walls strength sufficient to bear the roof. The effect is hideous. Within, one is struck by the absence of aisles. Here, again, are the wide pointed arches, as at Mans, that spring from the pavement of the nave. The engaged columns rising between them, carry arches between which are the windows. The altar separates, with the usual detrimental effect, the nave from the choir, where the whole arcade of the Eastern extremity is hidden within four feet of the top by wooden panels. This, and all the abominations accompanying such carpenters' Gothic work, may be about a hundred years old, perhaps: but everything around is spoilt by the intrusion of ignorance and vulgarity where scientific knowledge and pure taste might have brought out the admirable masonry of the twelfth century into beautiful prominence. One of the stained glass windows in the apse is equal to those in the Sainte Chapelle of Paris. The circular, or wheel, windows in the transept are now more to be admired for their tracery than for the coloured glass, which is fading, and losing all its effectiveness. It is upwards of five centuries old. I never had beheld, except in St. Peter's at Rome, such gigantic figures as support the organ gallery.—They are four in number,—splendidly carved in wood,

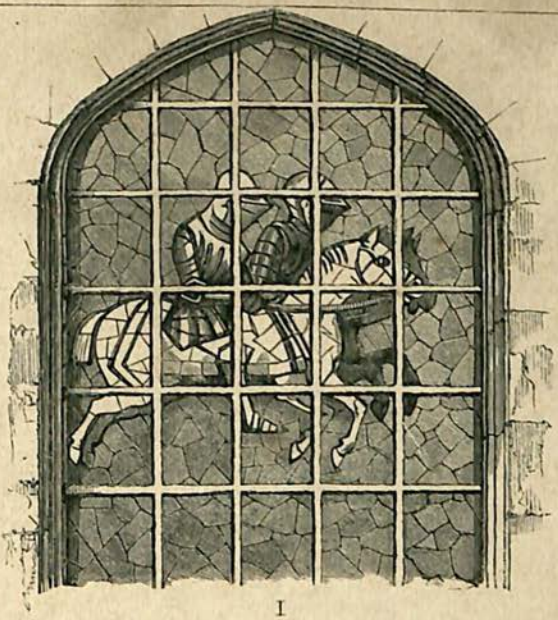
and each resembling Atlas himself. They must be about eighteen feet in stature.

My Angevin acquaintance invited me to breakfast with some three or four savants and an old militaire, who interested me not a little with their several descriptions of time honoured localities and objects in this capital of Anjou, where they said an Englishman was, of all others, the visitor to be most frequently looked for;—but, to their astonishment, our countrymen were rarely, if ever, seen in the place. One of these very intelligent gentlemen urged me to revisit the Cathedral and examine very carefully the stained glass in the choir and transept. Two good eyes and an opera glass (and fortunately I had both requisites) would discover something concerning our King Henry II., which I ought to report in England. It was not generally known in Angers, nor published in any local history of the town;—but before any further mischief was done to the windows, I ought to take an accurate survey of this the most curious memento of the twelfth century which the Cathedral had to show. In one of the South windows of the choir—high up—in the running gallery, as it is called, would be seen certain designs—supposed to be worked up in the first five years of the thirteenth century—which recorded Henry the Second's complicity in the assassination of Thomas à Becket: and the mission of the Pope to the

King, after the death of the prelate, who is seen kneeling at an altar, while the knights who murdered him are drawing nigh to strike the blow.

This was a startling announcement,—(no guide book mentions the circumstance),—and I determined to encounter any trouble in making the necessary inspection, in which I could not be accompanied by my informant, for he had pressing business, as editor of one of the journals, on his hands, and could not spare time for the purpose. Accordingly, I went to the Cathedral, and having found the sacristan and requested him to bring forward all the keys, I instructed him to single out those which would open the several strong doors that lead from the South transept into the walls pierced with practicable narrow passages, whereby the gallery might be reached. This would be at the height of fortyfive or fifty feet from the stalls of the choir. The old fellow stared, but as he perceived nothing in my aspect which would lead him to suspect I was about to throw myself down from that dizzy height, he at once began to single out the large and little keys, and conducted me up a few steps on the West side of the South transept, and unlocked a narrow door, through which we began our dark ascent. We proceeded without impediment or mishap through three doorways,—the keys grating harshly in the wards,—which they had not entered for many long years past,—till I found

myself entering a narrow ledge with a handsome iron railing, very like a balcony, which went all round the South transept, and opened at an angle in to the choir. I was to look up to the very top of the first window on the South side of the choir gallery: not a very desirable position to assume; for there was the risk of falling over, backwards; but in the uppermost quarries of this window I was to see three, certainly two, knights in full suits of armour, on white horses, galloping. One was Reginald Fitz Urse, the other William de Traci: there was a faint trace of a third helmet: this was either Hugues de Moreville or Richard Brito: but my antiquarian informant said the four were in two distinct quarries, though he was not sure that the second quarry would be found,—as there had been such disgraceful meddling and displacement of late years by the glaziers sent periodically to repair and "look after" the stained glass. Having taken up what seemed a safe position and attitude, I began to gaze on the large expanse of colour before me: a window nearly twentyfour feet high and ten in breadth. The panes of glass seemed to me nothing else but a conglomeration of red, blue, yellow, white, and brown hues, without pattern or subject,—till at about the distance of a foot from the apex of the window I discerned very plainly the two knights on their white horses; but nothing more: reminding me of Byron's lines—



I

II

G M

I. THE TWO KNIGHTS HURRYING OFF FROM BAYEUX TO ENGLAND.
II. THE SAME, WITH TWO OTHERS, APPROACHING THOMAS À BECKET IN CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL TO KILL HIM.

"All the fantastic furniture of windows
Dim with brave knights," &c.

These knights represent those who being in the presence of Henry II. at Bayeux in Normandy, when he was exclaiming against the disloyalty of his friends who could have suffered Thomas à Becket to pursue his enterprises so far to the Sovereign's annoyance,—immediately rushed from the chamber, and, taking horse for the coast, reached Saltwood in Kent, four in number, and, as is well known, proceeding thence to Canterbury, destroyed the archbishop "between the temple and the altar." Not being able to discover any further indications of the history in this particular window, I thrice paced the gallery, examining the eight windows most carefully, and not perceiving any continuation of the history, I descended;—gladly enough in one respect,—for I had no assurance of the old shallow balcony-work being very substantial, or of the iron supports and clamps being un-corroded: for these galleries are never approached except by workmen with ladders, once, perhaps in ten years,—and the dust on all sides was defiling my head and habiliments. Retracing, therefore, my steps through the wall passages, I re-entered the South transept and passed over to the North;—not but that I made a faithful drawing of the knights before I quitted their window. Seated in the North transept I began a very deliberate survey through

my optic glass, of the windows in the Eastern wall, and in about the space of ten minutes felt convinced I had discovered the continuation so much wished for.

In one of these windows I discovered a compartment in which was the representation of a very ornate interior of some church; a small altar being visible to the left, before which was seen a prelate kneeling: his robes flowing downward in the direction of his heels. Behind this figure, and almost touching him—(touching the robes, certainly)—were three figures,—men in armour,—the exact counterpart of those in the Choir window. In the hand of one of these,—the foremost,—gleamed what seemed a short sword. I could not distinguish a fourth helmet —possibly the artist could not find room for the rest of the party!—but here were three of them, and I have not the slightest doubt as to these figures being meant to represent the assassins: or as to the arches and draperies and altar being a delineation of that portion of Canterbury Cathedral where the murder was perpetrated on Dec. 29th, 1170: Becket being at the moment engaged in reciting prayers on the South side.

This compartment is all that the window contains relative to the death of the unhappy archbishop. The upper part of the stained quarries exhibit Christ on the Cross: the lowest section comprises a group consisting of the Virgin Mary

and one of the Apostles (St. John, probably), and a mitred bishop mourning over the dead body of the Lord. But, in the window alongside, I discovered another figure in armour having a spear in his right hand; his left resting on a shield:—he appeared to be standing very deferentially before an ecclesiastic; and, under this, was another ecclesiastical personage, addressing himself to some dignitary habited in a close vest—over which hung a large crimson robe which fell in folds, and bore an accurate resemblance to the cloak of a cardinal. This completed the story: The knight in armour pleading before the ecclesiastic is Richard Barre,—engaged in appeasing, through the Pope's secretary or priestly representative, the wrath of the Pontiff, and doing his best to prevent the fearful results that might accrue to Henry and the realm from the ebullition of that indignation. The last subject represents the Abbot of Valasse giving assurance to Cardinal Albert, or Cardinal Theodin, of the innocence of the King, and of his entire willingness to abide by the Pope's judgment, and to make every submission that might be required of him, as the unconscious cause of a deed for which both monarch and people might be excommunicated.

THE gentleman who set me on this search said the name of Thomas à Becket had been discovered in the window; but I could not, with a powerful lens, detect any writing whatever

beyond the word 'Thomas.' Now I have not the slightest doubt of all these four compartments having originally been framed in the leadwork of one and the same window. It may have been the Choir window: or, the upper quarries of that window may have occupied a similar place in the Transept window. I ascertained that the most unjustifiable licence had been at various periods exercised by the 'vitriers à verres de couleur,' the glaziers entrusted with the work of putting up or repairing stained glass in the churches. These bold intermeddlers, it was well known, would not hesitate to transfer large sections of coloured glass from one window to another, where they perceived that the white gaps made by faded tints would be effectively filled up with brilliant hues from some windows where time had not occasioned such loss of colour. A glazier and a plumber is the *bête noire* of any public building, everywhere.

Before I close this subject and this Chapter, I may take occasion to insert a paragraph or two arising out of the investigations pursued in England upon intelligence of a painting in the Chapel of Holy Cross at Stratford-upon-Avon, which represented Thomas à Becket wounded in the head by four knights in armour. A woodcut, now really valuable, which is in my possession, must have been executed from the copy made of the said illustration before it was unfortunately de-

stroyed. There is a kneeling prelate and a small altar, and three out of the four knights are piercing their victim with swords. The one who is either returning his weapon into the scabbard or about to draw it is Brito;—his name being actually inscribed upon his figure: an unenviable immortalization! The fifth figure is an ecclesiastic, holding up his hand, in horror, in the background. As all this bore so forcibly on the same kind of illustration and record in Angers, I inquired of the Incumbent at Stratford whether there was a stained glass window there corresponding with this account, and my question elicited by return of post the following information,—for which I sincerely thank him:—"There was in the Church of Holy Trinity a chapel and altar of St. Thomas, but there is no record of any painted glass. In the Chapel of the Holy Cross there was discovered, many years ago, on the removal of some plastering, a fresco of the murder of Thomas à Becket; a copy of which is to be seen in 'Fisher's Antiquities of Stratford-on-Avon.' The stained glass in the Chancel of Holy Trinity and the Chapel of Holy Cross was destroyed by the Parliamentarians; although some few pieces have been since put together; and some of these were removed, and supposed to have been appropriated and made away with by one Hart, a *glazier*; a descendant of Shakespeare."

The name of Hart appears in the close of

Shakspeare's Will, where he calls him his kinsman, and bequeaths to him certain houses and barns; and mentions relatives of the same name,—the ancestors, no doubt, of the late glazier, whose doings appear to be emulated by the Angevin men of putty.—These 'destructives,' the Sacristan assured me, used to come only too frequently to see to the gaps and cracks that would sometimes appear after a wind storm; and in such *restoration* jobs, would unceremoniously shift and alternate, till all design or subject disappeared under their manipulation;—actually in some instances outdoing the bill sticker immortalized by Charles Dickens, who, being unable to read, affixed some of Mr. Crummles's playbills *sideways* on the town walls; some *upside down!* I saw proof of this in my investigation in the gallery. Subjects were thus interchanged, and everything sacrificed to colour and *pleasing combination!* Thus Becket at the small altar was surmounted by the Crucifixion; and followed by the group, already mentioned, of the Mater Dolorosa, &c. The glass-menders had judiciously (!), as they thought, placed an interval of 1170 years between the subjects out of which they completed (at wages of five francs a day) their spendid patchwork: leaving connection and sequences to the exegetical study of a wondering, admiring, or indignant posterity.

CHAPTER II.

ECCLESIASTICS IN ANGERS.

RESTORATIONS have been numerous and most felicitous in their execution in almost every quarter of Angers since Railways began to connect the French provinces; and four or five years' continuance of the present spirited exertions will have conferred most material benefit, both in respect of trade and of domestic comfort, by the demolition of decaying houses and the widening of narrow unwholesome streets: but, foremost among all the revived edifices that had succumbed beneath the axes and hammers of spoliation in the Great Revolution, or fallen into ruin from neglect and wanton disregard of their original appropriation and uses, I may mention the Bishop's Palace, not far from the Cathedral; the most interesting part of which is the Chapel,—a very beautiful sanctuary, that served till within the last ten years as a store for hay! It is of remote antiquity; having, in fact, been the guard-room of the Roman governor of Juliomagus, the capital of Andegavia,—[now AN-

GERS]—and transformed in the eleventh century into a place of Christian worship. More remarkable than this, however, in respect of architecture, is the Synodal Hall of this Palace,—a magnificent apartment eighty feet in length, built up as a lordly chamber of reception and ecclesiastical assemblages, in the twelfth century, but suffered to fall into a decay so nearly approaching to ruin as to necessitate a thorough restoration, which has been effected in most admirable style, and evidently at an unlimited expenditure. The Norman columns in these superb halls are exceedingly beautiful, and have been scraped with such care and nicety as to bear the appearance of having been sculptured only a few weeks since.

When the Dukes of Anjou held their court here, the bishop was lodged within the Castle: but after the twelfth century these princes made the latter their head-quarters, and the prelate became the occupier of the palace. The whole edifice, which is of very great extent, exhibits a perfect specimen of the Norman palaces in the twelfth century: the stairs and corridors being adorned with elaborate carvings in corbels and other features of the middle ages, and most ingeniously appended to and blended with the massive and apparently indestructible remains of the ancient Roman Prætorium which some of the Angevin antiquaries think was built in the

days of the first Cæsar. The Episcopal kitchen is on the first floor, and the banqueting room was a scene of high festival on the 2nd of November 1865, when the present bishop (Angebault) entertained the bishops of the Department, fourteen in number. My acquaintance, who took me all over the palace, said the host did not bring into requisition the abilities of his own chef, but left the ordering of the whole feast to Laboursier, a renowned 'traiteur,' carrying on a flourishing business in one of the ancient timbered houses exactly opposite. A billiard table was in this noble apartment when I was there, and I was informed by the groom of the chambers that the old divine, now seventysix years of age, with whom I should have played a game or two had I stayed a few days longer in Angers, often handled the cues with his chaplain.

My recollections of the interior and inmates of this time-honoured edifice are pleasant enough. On the day next following my first inspection of its grandeur and antiquity, I received a very earnest invitation to meet the Bishop and all the Canons of the Cathedral, together with the incumbents and curates of the several parishes of Angers, at the great Hall of Audience on Sunday the fifth of August, to witness the distribution of prize-books among the boys of the Cathedral School, whose vacation was to commence next day. The choristers of the Cathedral and of

some of the churches would sing on the occasion, under the conductorship of the Maître de Chapelle, the organist of the Cathedral. The relatives and friends of the boys would also be present, to the number of probably six or seven hundred persons. I arrived punctually, and was very politely conducted to a seat within three from the Bishop's, and fell into conversation with one of the Canons, a tall good-looking man, who spoke in highly eulogistic terms of his impressions during a visit to our country, where he had been at Oscott, and at Stoneyhurst, the guest of Cardinal Wiseman. *Inter alia*, he inquired after Brother Ignatius! I wish I had known as much of St. Alban's in Holborn as I know now. We might have agreed with a unanimity most wonderful. Of all the individuals that the Romish Priest despises most heartily, the Ritualizing, Romanizing clergy of our country are chief. Willing to be imitative, —afraid to be original,—they appear, in their regards, sheer poltroons,—pocketing the Protestant stipends, while playing Popery;—and bringing into contempt and obloquy at the same moment both the Church of England and the Church of Rome. "Non meus est sermo"—I am simply repeating what the Roman Catholic clergy said upon the subject;—though I cannot adopt Sir Roger de Coverley's dictum, that much may be said on both sides. I informed my

querist, however, that Ignatius and I were not in the same groove: but that I had cultivated the friendship and lived under the roof of one of the Presbyters of the Romish Creed who had found England very pleasant quarters, both in town and country; and our way of life to be in exact accordance with his own notions of perfect peace and comfort in the Christian fold.

The commencement of the business of the day compelled us to break off,—which I much regretted; for he was a sensible, well-informed, and liberal-minded man, and would have become a very good Protestant, I daresay, had the Reformed faith come in his way, *even now*.

The immense room was crowded. On a dais, at the end, facing the foremost seats, was an harmonium, and to the right of the performer on it was a platform eight or nine feet square:—to the left, a little advanced, stood a table covered with upwards of a hundred handsomely bound volumes: the prize books. On either side of the harmonium, at a distance of three yards from the organist, was a company of choristers, boys and adults; in all about thirty:—beyond these again, on forms raised at right angles to the audience, sat the prize winners. All had attended Morning Service in the Cathedral, and it was now noon. The proceedings commenced with the 'Preghiera' in Rossini's 'Mosè in Egitto,'—the instrumental part being taken by the

organist, principal instructor of the choirs. The singing was really excellent: a hum of approbation followed, but (in good taste) no loud plaudits. The master of the school then read a long report,—(he was a Frère des Ecoles Chrétiennes);—in which he gave an account, in some parts very amusing, of the chief incidents connected with the Cathedral Schools during the last six months;—introducing, with an object which soon afterwards made itself well understood, some judicious observations on the mania for 'Progress.'

At the close of this reading we were regaled with some further music, and a part-song was sung, with chorus, under the title of 'L'Angelus [the six o'clock evening bell] du Soir,' which I have here translated. The harmonium imitated an oboe:—

THE EVENING BELL.

"La cloche du Village
A tinté l'Angelus."

The Village bell the Angelus has rung—
The bird at roost his last 'good night' has sung:
And now's the hour when, each revolving day,
The herdsman from the hill-side wends his way.
He comes! of all our hamlet known so long—
And on his oaten stop he tunes his song.

(*An oboe sounds.*)

Yes! 'tis his note: the lively lay we hear—
And yet so gently breathing that, though near,

The echoes of that sylvan pipe scarce reach
Our list'ning ear, his whereabout to teach.

CHORUS.

Sing on! sing on! old herdsman of our hills!
And we, while all our hearts contentment fills,
Ceasing from toil will of our Maker ask
A blessing upon ev'ry labourer's task.
May He, whose love around our pasture flows,
Bless with His grace the hour of our repose!

(Oboe sounds louder.)

The old man comes! Now bend we all and pray—
Then part in peace and homeward pace our way.

II.

The bird that warbles at this hour—
The scents that rise from ev'ry flow'r,
Seem in a language of their own
To offer praise to Heaven's throne.

When eventide and this sweet lay
Remind us of departing day,
Should we in listless silence slight
The mercies of the hours of light?

(Oboe, very soft.)

Those cheerful notes now scarcely trill—
He's in the vale behind the hill!
The well-known tune scarce meets the ear,
Nor song nor pipe is sounding clear.

Ay, see!—he climbs the mountain side,
He kens his flock, they greet their guide!
But voice and reed now cease to sound,
And sacred silence reigns around:
All cottage doors begin to close,
And night is bringing on repose.

The old man now we see no more:
Come, brethren! let us God implore!
For song has ceas'd, and grateful pray'r
Alone should rise upon the air:
To God uplift we all our heart,
And with His peace and blessing part!

All the singers acquitted themselves admirably, and realised the ideas of the poet. The male voices in France are infinitely more agreeable than the female;—the girls whine, and the women screech, when they intend their intonation to be most effective. There are charming exceptions to this, of course: but I am speaking of the generality.

The organist said he was much indebted to our Novello, whose musical repository had supplied him with music, vocal and instrumental, which he had often failed to obtain elsewhere: that we had such fine organs in England. I expressed my opinion that the most powerful and magnificent were undoubtedly on the Continent.

Shortly after the singing just referred to, a green baize or drugget was spread on the small platform close to the harmonium, and two boys brought in a table and two chairs. It was a strange spectacle to behold the venerable Bishop in his 'pontificals,' and the Canons habited in cassocks and blue gowns, with facings of red, the very counterpart of the Windsor uniform, and about twenty Incumbents and Curates, presiding

on the Sabbath day at a festival, three quarters of an hour of whose duration were to be devoted to a decidedly histrionic performance! but Sunday abroad and Sunday *chez nous* differ, as all the world knows, in many and in very important particulars, and will, for yet a time, we may hope, exhibit striking contrasts: for how long, I care not, at my age to speculate; but the thin side of the wedge has entered. I could not retreat; so I fell in with the order of the day, and surrounded as I was by the representatives of Rome, did as they did at Rome, and took note thereof.

The 'petit jeu' began by one boy sweeping very assiduously with a long broom. The other rubbed, and tried to polish, the table. At length, the former threw down the broom, and then his comrade threw down his brush and duster, saying they would stand this no longer. It was not their department of work, as apprentices that were to be taught a business, to clean floors and polish furniture. This reminded me somewhat of the opening of 'Romeo and Juliet':—

Samson.—Gregory, on my word, we'll not carry coals.
Gregory.—No: for then we should be colliers!

They then discoursed very freely on the limits of obedience and prescribed duties: pretty much after the style of our young footmen who kick at liveries, and aim, in plain clothes, at the appear-

ance of doing for themselves "out of service:" the last new "dodge" suggested by the theory of Manhood Suffrage and political privileges. One maintained the right of citizenship, as to self-advancement; and deprecated the inequality of footing he had long observed between himself and 'le patron,' (his master). Their domestic comforts were on a different scale:—he was subject to short commons and poor living; and, in fact, the general status of the young *employés*, ay, and of students, even, was viciously too low. His companion hereupon intimated that he intended to turn to agreeable account the absence of the master on that afternoon, at any rate,—for he had laid out his last franc in 'comestibles,' and would at once proceed to enjoy something more spicy than the '*potageaux croutes.*' Hereupon he went out and brought in a small hamper, out of which he produced some cold meat and a flask of wine, or some other liquor, and arranged them all on the table, while his companion dilated on the natural privilege of leisure and plenty of *rest.* They then sat down and ate and drank, and, as I fully anticipated, gave us a song,—the point of which bore very strongly on those opinions which our upstart operatives occasionally ventilate when out on 'Strike,' and prescribing eight hours' sleep, eight hours' exercise, feeding and entertainment, and eight hours' work. In the midst of their expositions of the Rights of Man in the present

day, in comes the Master! two hours, at least, before the hour at which his return was expected. A scene ensues: explanations are demanded; defence is attempted: threats of punishment are met by denunciations of systematic tyranny; and appeals to allegiance answered by rejoinders on the sore subject of overworking and under-feeding! The master, suspecting his apprentices to be members of a community banded together for the purpose of fomenting disaffection, tells them he shall give his opinion in a very few words and in a very straightforward manner, and if they have any companions who might wish to learn his sentiments they would do well to fetch them, that they might be advised in time and avoid disagreeables. Upon which two are fetched in, who, without waiting for the master's harangue, begin to complain much after the same manner with the others,—and among capital grievances urge the unfairness of making operatives and assistants work as much on Sundays as on work-days. The master soon begins to fume and expostulate, and words become loud and louder, till he exclaims, at the highest pitch of his voice, "Mais que voulez-vous, donc!"—to which the four respond, in a pitch still higher,—"PROGRÈS!" He stares with astonishment and ridicule: they proceed to enlighten him with their conceptions and convictions on the subject of social progress, and lament that he should prove himself to be so far behind the

day; so much in the dark on that great theme, the General Amelioration of the Serving and Working Classes. The master, in turn, exposes (in very salutary remarks upon all their specious but false reasoning) the fallacy of striving at self-advancement without previous self-qualification, self-discipline, and self-knowledge. He spoke, as the old men say, "quite like a book!" and so much to the purpose, that I began to think it was a *travestie* of some good sermon, and I forgot all my serious objections to Monseigneur's sanction of the comédiette in his own palace! The lads were fairly beaten from all their positions, and though it was entertaining enough to hear them exhausting boyish argument to make the worse appear the better reason, it was still more pleasant to hear the nonsense of self-sufficiency and conceit refuted, and their democratic axioms made sport for the audience, who seemed to grin and hum approval of the 'Patron's' view of men and things, condemning all Progress which was not in a right direction. The 'Patron' was a lad of fifteen only, on whose head the dresser had fastened—I could not conceive wherefore, except to suggest length of years—a white wig! The other performers were not fourteen years of age. The French youth have a keen relish for dramatic performances, and almost invariably act parts like these with a spirit and intelligence one would be glad always to find

among their seniors. I did not learn who the author of the little interlude was; but he succeeded happily enough in his worthy purpose of inculcating acquiescence with the established order of things; and I suppose his Lordship, and the Dean and Chapter around him, thought Sunday could not be the wrong day, if all that had been said and sung went to establish the thing that is right.

The multitude behind us murmured their positive applause, and I perceived how pleased all parties were. For about fifty benches down the room, the company resembled the general mass that frequent the St. James's Hall in London, on occasions of speeches or lectures. Beyond that point were families of the lowlier grade,—many of whom were related to the lads in school, and, doubtless, were enjoying the fête most thoroughly. The choir then sang another piece; but the words were not circulated, and I could not insert them in my 'calepin:' the first piece, however, was decidedly the best. Next followed the distribution of prizes. Some of these were quarto volumes, and brilliantly bound: the authors, prose and verse: Historical, Biographical, Dramatic, and Philosophical. These books had, as was customary, been supplied at the joint expense of the Bishop and Canons. Some of the boys had won seven prizes, some nine, some even ten.

The chief studies in the Cathedral School,

which is open to all the youth of Angers, and gratuitously, too—are in the French language, Arithmetic, Drawing and Music. Some scholars learn Latin; and in the case of any expressing a wish to be brought up to the Church, these are drafted out and nominated by the Bishop to the Seminary or College for candidates for ordination; his Lordship defraying the greatest part of the cost of their residence there. The boys seemed, all of them, intelligent and quickwitted. One little fellow, only seven years of age, had won seven prizes. Gymnastics are much insisted on in all the public schools: and there are prizes for special activity and "cultivation of muscle"! The winners of the largest number of prizes were decorated (after the manner of the ancients) with coronets of gilded laurel, which the Clergy of the districts to which they severally belonged placed upon their brows, as they shook them affectionately by the hand. One boy, about thirteen or fourteen years of age, had won seven prizes for general progress in all branches of study, and also for feats of activity and prowess in the Gymnasium. The Bishop himself presented a book to this boy,—placed a laurel coronet on his head, and kissed him on the forehead. Thus terminated the programme of the morning: the head master having announced that the summer vacation would commence next day (August 6th), and terminate on September 23rd.

In the afternoon of this day, Sunday, I accompanied my Angevin friend to Vespers at the Cathedral. The Bishop was there, and a long and brilliant procession passed down and up the nave: after which the Bishop entered the railing, having his golden mitre on his head, and holding in his right hand the crosier. He took his place in a red velvet chair at the North extremity of the railing, and there remained;—a Canon standing on either side of him: but when the sermon was about to be delivered, he left this part of the church and went to the stalls exactly opposite to the pulpit. The service was beautifully sung; all the choir whom we had seen and heard in the morning, at the Palace, being in attendance. Sixty candles burned upon the high altar; illuminating the choir more than its features merited; and all the Canons and ecclesiastical staff were present; withal, an unusually large congregation dispersed throughout the nave. The sermon was preached by a very remarkable man, a Capuchin, with a beard descending to his chest. He was about five feet six inches in height; pale, and so bald that having no hair on any part of his head, he wore a sort of circlet made of dark grey worsted, which it required a very piercing glance, at close quarters, to distinguish from real hair. His name was Lamoisette, but he is only known as Father Joachim, and reputed to be the ablest preacher in the Department and diocese. The

very peculiar habit of his order; the singular tonsure, beard, and countenance of the man as he took up his position in the pulpit, was altogether a spectacle.

I had heard one of these monks discoursing some seven and forty years ago in the Coliseum at Rome, and Father Joachim seemed not a stranger to me; but I was not prepared for his doctrines. He began his address by saying he was about to speak of the Holy Eucharist. "On one occasion man had eaten angels' food. This was the manna sent to Israel in the wilderness; a single solitary grain, which preserved the physical life: but the bread of the Eucharist involved much more than this. As, when we take into our hands two bits of wax and knead them together, they become one piece,—even so, in the sacramental bread, Man and Christ become one. Thus, the Roman Catholic that receives within his lips the consecrated wafer, believes that through this communion he has Christ in himself; not merely an image of Christ, or an emblem of Christ, as some speak of it,—no: ['Ex nihilo nihil fit,'—Out of nothing can come nothing]—man is in that moment a receiver of Christ the Lord, the very God. The Protestant believes not in the Real Presence: hence it is that the Protestant derives not that confidence from the Eucharist that the Roman Catholic does. And this it is which distinguishes the courage of the

Roman Catholic, on the scene of Plague and Pestilence, from the shrinking timidity and cautiousness of the Protestant. Never have I heard of the Protestant clergy facing the deadly perils of the Plague, Typhoid Fever, and Cholera. Calvin fled from these dangers:—Luther, also. Look at the missions! The motives of the Roman Catholic missionaries and those of the Protestant missionaries were most diverse and distinct:—The Protestant missionaries went forth on their journeys, by sea and land, intent on promoting British influence, or some other Protestant land's policy:—They lent their aid, they expended their energies, on the work of extending the territories of the mother country, and annexing this or that dark tribe to the kingdom at home, from whose hierarchy they had brought credentials and emissaries.

"On the other hand, the Roman Catholic missionaries, with only one wish at heart, one single-minded motive, went forth prepared to die among the Heathen,—die for the faith they were sent to preach and inculcate; on the torrid sands, in the pestilential marsh, they might be seen to sink, hymning almost to their last breath the Lord's song in a strange and hostile land. Look at the Sœurs de Charité! Behold and revere their devotedness! Whence is it? It is all from the Eucharist. Christ in them, and they in Christ. The Roman Catholic believer can do all things,

because he says, 'It is not I,—it is Christ in me, whom I have received, and with whom I am one.' Therefore he says to the brethren to whom he is sent, as though he were saying it to Christ,—'To you I am sent,—to those of you who are sick and needy, poor, blind, and naked,—ignorant and sinful:—I give you myself,—I give you all: my health, my soul, my fortune, my talents,—my life.' Again,—if Faith be growing languid and weak, he remembers that without Christ he is nothing, and can do nothing;—as I said, 'Ex nihilo nihil fit.' He goes to the altar; he receives the Eucharist, receives Him who said, 'I am the bread that came down from Heaven. Thus did St. Ambrose: he communicated daily. Thus did St. Augustine: he never failed thus to be incorporated day by day. Brethren! when you present yourselves to receive the Eucharist the demons fly away in disgust and despair: the good angels begin to hover around you. They who proclaimed Goodwill towards men cherish in your hearts Charity and all benevolence. This is seen in all the relations of life. The Eucharist guides and illuminates the minds of parents in rearing up children to God:—It prompts the children to obedience and to the reverence they should observe towards their parents:—Thus do the young daughters become the angels of the family. Frequent confession, frequent communion, preserve and cherish them

in that holy existence: The young men, grown up from their youth devout communicants, become, as it were, the 'Gardes Royales' of their Lord. Those who are less impulsive, less animated in their religion, and are burdened with many a care, cast down by many a misfortune and thick-coming sorrows, are not to sit down despairingly as if they could never labour for Christ and win religious eminence. He who exhorted them to activity also said he would give rest to the oppressed and suffering. 'Come unto me all ye who are burdened and heavy laden, and I will refresh you:' Ego restaurabo vos. Thus Christ sympathized with all the affections, considered the trials of every heart,—healed the griefs of every mind—and strengthened the feeble knees for long endurance: for He was the Way, the Truth, and the Life. Except ye receive Him into yourselves, who is the Son of Man, but also God, you have no life, no strength, no consolation, no hope," &c., &c.

A procession, in which the Capuchin carried a candle (!), followed the sermon. When the congregation were gone forth, and my companion and self had reached the Western entry, I expressed to him my indignation at the shameful charge this man had brought against a body of Ecclesiastics of whom he, as a recluse and cloistered fugitive from the world, could absolutely know nothing. I was astonished at the rash

effrontery with which,—unread in the ordinary records of passing events,—wholly unacquainted with the Protestant brethren, and illogical in his statements, he had taken on himself to arraign among others my own countrymen, and publish among the people of Angers a slander which had not only exposed his own want of Christian charity, but made the pulpit a disseminator of gross untruths: and this, at the very moment when our Clergy in the Eastern districts of London, with the Bishop at their head, frequent and foremost in peril, were indefatigably in circuit,—to seek out and visit, and, if practicable, rescue, the sick with Cholera from impending death; and to carry relief and comfort and consolation into every infected home, while the deadly malady was raging around them.

My French friend seemed so confounded and grieved as to be hardly able to speak to me. He shook his hands, and turned away, with moistened eyes,—in evident sorrow as well as anger. On the next day, early in the morning, I received from him the subjoined note:—

[TRANSLATION.]

"MY DEAR SIR—

"My wife, who was in the Cathedral yesterday afternoon, not far from where we sat, shared the astonishment and painful feelings with which I heard, by your side, the personal and

invidious attack made by Père Joachim on Protestant Ministers. In all her lifetime, and I can affirm the same on my own part, she had never heard from the pulpit anything bordering on such language. Oh! how unlike the oratory of our great preacher Lacordaire, who was, on every occasion, so fervent in commending faithfulness and zeal in any sect or fraternity of the Church of Christ, however discrepant its tenets might be from those of his own! I am the more surprised inasmuch as the divines who are our usual monitors from the pulpit in the present day are neither grossly ignorant nor illiberal men; and, however severely they may order their own lives, they are kind at heart, and duly considerate in their judgment of others. But I shall see the preacher upon this matter, and will write to you again."

I left Angers three days afterwards, and, before a week had elapsed, received a long letter from my kind-hearted acquaintance, from which the following passages are extracted:—

"I have not only had a personal interview with Père Joachim, but also with his Diocesan, the Bishop himself. On Sunday last, when our Benevolent Society, of which I am the unworthy Secretary, held its monthly meeting, Monseigneur the Bishop was present. I entered into a long and very grave expostulation,—complaining of the offensive declarations made by the Preacher

on the 5th of this month, and expressing the pain and astonishment I had felt on this occasion, especially when you were actually at my side.

"The Bishop at once said nothing could justify such language, and that he felt, to the full, all the indignation and anger by which we had been excited, on hearing an inculpation of faithlessness which Joachim could neither know of by personal experience or any credible hearsay. Doubtless those 'expressions blessantes' must have been more than enough to exasperate any Protestant hearer, and they admitted of no justification whatever. He said he sat writhing himself, under their utterance: and he charged me with this message to you, mon cher Monsieur—. that he much regretted that such an occasion should have arisen, and that your departure so soon afterwards had prevented his offering to you the heartiest welcome to the Palace, where you would have been his honoured guest. This was very gratifying to me; but I subsequently sought out Joachim himself, and but for my knowing that he, in common with this class of Religieux, was a man of blameless life and generally benevolent disposition, my *accueil* would have been none of the most agreeable to him,—but I at once challenged him with gross impropriety and unreflecting prejudice and intolerance; rendered all the more culpable and grievous by these declarations having been made in the pre-

sence of a man like yourself, grown old in the English Church, and versed in the knowledge of its zeal and devotedness. He said that in his sermon he had guarded the assertions which I condemned, by applying them to Protestantism generally, and he should have abstained from such allusions had he been aware of your being among the congregation. What he meant to lay down as a truth was this—that in every case of a Protestant Missionary lending himself to political agency, or to commercial projects, such a messenger of God's Truth would prove incapable of any personal sacrifice: he would be found a mere poltroon on the scene of danger and imminent death. Nevertheless, when Protestants are imbued with real Catholic feelings, and act under Catholic impulses, and forget family ties, and step forth boldly as individuals freed from the trammels of secular interests and worldly ambition, they are as ready as any Romanist to risk health and wealth and life itself for the saving of souls. This had constrained Manning to become a Roman Catholic priest (!) and Miss Nightingale to act as a Sister of Charity.

"Such, my dear Sir, was the substance of our preacher's explanation:—The Archbishop, however, assured me, without a word urged by myself to that effect, that he should make a point of reprimanding Père Joachim, and of warning him against ever renewing allegations so grossly at

variance with actual fact, and so directly opposed to every principle of Christian goodwill and liberty."

In replying to my kind-hearted correspondent's letter, I said the attack had been public, and on an occasion when more than three times the usual number forming the congregation at the Cathedral Service were present: that the Preacher was bound to make some 'amende honorable' when he might next be invited to speak from that pulpit: that while he, in blind bigotry and ignorance, was railing against men fully as sensible of their religious obligations as he himself could profess to be, and quite as unselfish in their views and feelings as any of the devotees of his own faith,—(on which I would refrain from making any observations, whatever might be my convictions on that head),—our Metropolitan Clergy were exhibiting, not only to England, but to the World, a pure and bright example of faithfulness and Christian courage, standing, as they were, like Aaron, between the living and the dead and dying, where pestilential miasma and infection in their most perilous forms surrounded them on every side: that this deterred them not from their aggressive house to house visitations and personal efforts to mitigate the sufferings and the horrors of that pestilence which the French people especially dreaded—the Cholera. As for our missionaries, they best

could tell what they had seen, in India and in Mexico, of political agency and interference; and could well afford to be charitable in their judgment of the Papists. We had not forgotten the flames of San Sacramento.

I heard again, lately, from my amiable correspondent. He said Joachim was 'in circuit,' and he had not fallen in with him since September, and felt indisposed towards accosting him, lest argument should arise which might cause a breach of good-will. 'The fact is,' says he, 'the Capuchins are looked upon as the advanced guard of Christ's Church Militant, and they arrogate to themselves the right to use strong and *polemic* language, which, though it be not, perhaps, the expression of their own individual feelings and convictions, sounds a war-trumpet at the doors of the Tabernacle, which may give notes audible to all, both lay and clerical;—reminding the people of their duty towards the Clergy, as to men who lay down their lives for their flocks; and the Clergy of their obligation to hazard all and suffer all, and to die, if needs must be, in the fearless discharge of their duty.'

But, as I said, this is just what our brethren in London were doing while Lamoisette was arraigning and libelling them!

I saw a large number of Religieuses in the Cathedral. They were habited in black, and

wore a hood gathered in large folds all about their heads, presenting the exact appearance of black coal sacks tied up with broad ribands at the neck. These were the Sisters of the Order of Wisdom! The people approach and accost these holy women of whatever order with profound respect and reverence. They exceed 200,000 in number throughout France; and there are three thousand five hundred in the Department of Maine and Loire. My friend addressed one of them as if she had been a Princess of the Blood Royal; but she bore the aspect and exhibited the *skin* of an exceedingly dirty old charwoman, whom I should have been very loth to admit into my house for a day's work: certainly not into the culinary offices. The reader will, probably, find a note upon this subject in the Appendix to this volume, which may serve to show that I am not influenced by prejudices.

My French friend said this dowdy old soul was a woman of good family. Setting apart their ignorance, which is deplorable, and the bigotry resulting therefrom, these women, old, middle-aged, and young, merit all commendation; but so far as a very long and extensive acquaintance with their community has enabled me to learn, I should say they are mostly females who have been *disappointed in life*;—they are very plain, not to say ugly, in feature, and of a

decidedly ordinary class and low birth. Their sphere of usefulness involves the perfect work of patience, meekness, gentleness, goodness—in the visitation of the sick, and in the education of the young. Many of them make long journeys to places where what we term 'Branch establishments,' or houses in union with their particular Order,—Benedictine, Ursulan, &c., are situate. I have frequently fallen in with them, single, or in couples or threes, and I have observed on each occasion that they brought with them neither portmanteau, nor trunk, nor valise, nor carpet bag, but arrived at the station or post-house, each of them, with a very large sack, exactly the counterpart of those which our farmers use when delivering wheat. The railway porters said this was, without exception, the form of luggage exhibited by every sisterhood. There was not a possibility of ascertaining the nature of the contents; for the sacks were sewed up at every corner and crevice, like a pocket of hops. I surmise they comprised day and night apparel, and salted meat, hard eggs, and peck loaves, surrounded with all the components of a 'shake-down': that wherever the owners might be compelled to sleep, whether *in partibus infidelium* or among worldlings that indulged in showy toilets and silk curtains,—or in hospices where bed and board was on a very limited range, they might creep quietly into a closet,

open a bottle of hay, and enjoy the sleep which, after a long ride and light supper, might happily come upon them. They never enter an inn—small blame to them! and to their credit, as to their comfort, they never, in Catholic Christendom, know what it is to want a friend.

CHAPTER III.

THE FIRST PLANTAGENET.

ONE of the most remarkable memorials of the PLANTAGENETS in Angers survives in that ample section of the Hospital of St. John, which was annexed to the primitive building, and rendered it magnificent, by Henry II., between the period of the death of St. Thomas à Becket and the visit of Louis VII. to the tomb of the murdered prelate. It still exists on the bank of the river opposite to the main division of the city;—a splendid monument of the prince's benevolence, or, as some speak of it,—repentance; and of the beautiful architecture of that age. An entirely new hospital, however, has recently been erected in the immediate vicinity, and when I explored the ancient premises last August, there were some twenty bedsteads remaining in the great reception-hall which had not been fetched away.

As I crossed that part of the long street which leads over the river from the old town, I looked

up the stream, and could plainly discern the remains of six piers, and a sort of *tête de pont* in advance of the bridge, which Henry caused to be thrown across the Mayenne, as a direct and speedy means of communication between the hospital and the densely inhabited quarter which faced it. These ruins still project from the river's surface, like the Ponte Rotto at Rome; and are immediately contiguous to those of the water-mills which the king ordered to be built about the same period, for the greater convenience of the many poor people resident on the banks of the river in that neighbourhood. The earliest House of Reception for the sick that stood here in the twelfth century, was founded by one Etienne de Remefort, a seneschal of Angers, whose compassionate project was in the first few years of the small hospital's existence (about 1153 or 6) very liberally aided by Henry II., when in the year following (1154) he added the provinces of Anjou, Lorraine, Maine, Poitou, Guienne, and Gascony to the English dominions. Remefort's bounty is recorded as having erected the original little hospice, the cloister, the barn, or granary [to serve as a storehouse and provide against incidental scarcity and famine], and the cellar, where wine and other necessaries were stowed away on a scale of amplitude which must have provided for several years in advance. Henry the Second's addition to the premises is

dated from the year 1173, and of this I am about more especially to make mention, though I do not give credence to the statement that Stephen Remefort built the granary. It was far too stupendous an edifice for even the resources within reach of a Seneschal, who had always heavy claims to meet: and the small scale upon which his hospital was built, did not justify the adoption of such enormous proportions as signalize and ennoble the granary, the area of whose floor would afford standing room for two thousand men.

This office of 'Seneschal' was a growth of the tenth century,—that dark and semi-barbarous period whose annals are as hard to credit as they are difficult to read: but the first we hear of it is in the reference made by French historians to Geoffrey Grisegonelle, who seems to have been invested by royal mandate with the highest dignity that a subject could wear, as a president over many authorities, with paramount powers, privileges, and influence, in the exercise of which he held the oversight and superintendence of the king's household, and all its commissariat supplies,—and the still more important and responsible charge of the military force; being at once "dapifer" and "signifer." This important and onerous appointment, which reminds us somewhat of Daniel's under Darius, superseded the earlier one of Grand Duke of France; as that dignifying post had, in its turn, been substituted

for the 'Mayoralty of the Palace',—with this difference, that the mayors and grand dukes employed their princely influence to overthrow the two first dynasties,—and the grand Seneschals in every instance testified the staunchest loyalty in defence of the Crown. Their functions were undisturbed for the space of two hundred years and upwards; Grisegonelle receiving his high appointment in 977, in requital of eminent services rendered to Lothaire in his struggle with Otho II., Emperor of Germany. The title was held as an inheritance for more than a century by the House of Anjou, till Foulques Rechin, in 1094, became involved in quarrels with Philippe I., King of France, and the glorious distinction, as it was considered, was transferred to the family of Monlhery, in the person of Guy of Rochefort.

Foremost, however, on the site which in the course of seven hundred years has been, so to speak, consecrated by the accumulation of so many offerings, whether from presidents or princes, in the cause of suffering humanity, is the great Hall, or Reception Ward of that hospital, in whose widely extending premises the primitive building of Remefort was merged, and which from the year 1175, when it first received inmates, till within a very short period of time from the present date, has been to Angers what St. George's or St. Thomas's or any other similar hospital is to London. No one could enter this magnificent

hall without gazing around in admiration and reverence. It is a hundred and sixty feet in length, sixtythree in width, thirty in height. The columns are of beautiful lightness and simplicity, and the effect of twentyfour pointed arches resting on slender and graceful shafts that divide the hall into a nave and two aisles, is so grand, that the idea of a hospital is suddenly dispelled; and the beholder might imagine it to be the throne-room of a mighty king. If he be an Englishman, his heart may well beat with quickened vibration: the brilliance of the Plantagenets seems to illuminate the whole scene, and to hover, I may say, around this mighty monument. Those who witnessed the activity of Charity in its perfect work before the new buildings were opened, might with the eye of the mind have beheld Henry and all his chivalry and liegemen pacing the length of his regal hall;—yet the bodily eye would rest on a yet more glorious spectacle,—three hundred beds occupied by the sick and needy, through the instrumentality of his single individual bounty.

Twentyfive doors lead into this hall; and I observed that the tiled floor between the Pharmacie, or Medicine Room, and the central passage or nave, was worn into a channel by frequent recourse of the nurses to the drugs and various appliances on behalf of the patients.

While this noble hospital was dispensing its

wide benefits within the now abandoned premises, there were always two hundred and sixty-five beds in the hall [which would contain three hundred]—the male patients being ranged on the right, and the female on the left of entry. A certain number of beds were always held liable for English applicants:—a pleasurable mention, when associated with the grateful remembrance of the royal founder, and carrying us back to a very remote era of our country's greatness. My French companion observed that the system for lodging so large a number of invalids, suffering under every variety of ills that human flesh is heir to, in one and the same apartment, was much to be deprecated; for out of two hundred and sixtyfive individuals under treatment a tenth at the very least would be afflicted with catarrh and the noisiest of coughs, and being placed indiscriminately amid the whole number, the disturbance they would create day and night, while the recovery of many might be dependent in a great degree on quiet uninterrupted sleep, was a cruel infliction. Till within the last twenty years it was usual to admit insane persons; but the increase of trouble, danger, and responsibility compelled the managers to reject all such cases, while the augmented population were sending in sick and wounded, week after week, to be cared for, and, if possible, cured: whereas the lunatics would become a permanent charge.

Twentyone windows admit ample light into this magnificent Lazarhouse,—the future appropriation of which I could not ascertain; but it might serve many purposes of positive usefulness. I wish it stood in London! Three hundred volunteers might be drilled in it on a rainy day to the greatest advantage.

At the extreme end is a narrow cylindrical stone-built tower containing a spiral stair, up which the female patients in convalescence used to find their way into the gallery of the chapel. This was trellised off from view of the congregation below, as in the Jews' synagogues.

One of the twentyfive doors above mentioned led into a spacious apartment, constructed on the same plan with that of our lecture-rooms (especially those in the Medical School), with benches rising in gradation from the floor to the ceiling. The students in Anatomy used to attend here to receive instructions in Surgery; witnessing operations and hearing the professors demonstrate. Just below the cornice of this semi-circular apartment I discovered an entablature inscribed with the names of French surgeons of celebrity in bygone days: that of our Sydenham was appended at the end. One would have thought that Harvey, whose death preceded that of Sydenham by upwards of twenty years, would have been deemed the most illustrious man of the two: for however learnedly the old Oxonian triumphed in his syste-

matic treatment of smallpox and gout (these two fearful outbreaks of vitiated blood), the sage who, himself a martyr to gout, introduced and established his theory of sanguineous circulation, and originated the greatest revolution that ever influenced and directed the course of medical science, ought to have occupied the centre of the inscription here referred to: but French self-sufficiency felt otherwise, and the author of "Motus Cordis et Sanguinis in Animalibus" is here brought into prominence only by his *absence!*

The aged woman who led me over the premises had been a nurse during fiftytwo years,—a familiar with mortal disease and misery; and was in close attendance on the wounded who in the year 1814 were brought to this hospital in large numbers after the defeats sustained by Bonaparte in the disastrous campaigns of that period. Mirault, a much esteemed physician of Angers, was indefatigable in his efforts to alleviate the anguish of gunshot injuries,—(a particular branch of surgical practice)—and she was an assistant dresser. He died soon after the peace;—worn out, it was said, by fatigue and anxiety. She went on to say that of all the dirty, verminous wretches that ever entered a dwelling intended for a human being she had never encountered such a horrid lot as the Spaniards, many of whom were sent to this hospital among the wounded prisoners of war. On the other hand, the cleanly

habits and decency of the English in similar plight were the admiration of all the medical staff and every nurse and dresser in the ward.

The long cloisters, leading into the chapel, from without, exhibit very beautiful samples of Norman arches and clustered columns. They are of the purest style of the twelfth century, and are pierced by two very remarkable portals, wherein seven clustered pillars are seen supporting a round arch of nine mouldings: and alongside of these pillars, right and left, is a little arch of exquisite simplicity: the whole as perfect as they were seven hundred years ago. In one of these archways, however, is a door,—oak-panelled—of the sixteenth century; eight feet high, four in width; and in these panels I discovered, by minute inspection, several admirably carved figures: Christ in the centre standing on a globe, and with a key in his right hand; probably about to give the same to St. Peter, who is seen kneeling on the right of the Redeemer. St. Paul, with the sword, is on His left. Below St. Peter is John the Baptist, carrying a lamb; and below the Saviour and St. Paul are the Four Evangelists. Below St. John the Baptist is a bishop: possibly Polycarp. The chapel into which this door leads is fortytwo feet long and fortyfive in width, and fortyeight in height; and seems to have been originally only half as long. It may have formed part of the hall; the vaulting of the ceiling and the arches

exactly corresponding with what is seen in the latter. Several changes and mutilations have tended to disfigure some of the engaged columns, and there are some curious combinations of stone ribs about the ceiling. The arches rest, as they have rested for long and eventful centuries, on two single columns, that bear the semblance of pendent shafts rather than of supports that carry a whole roof's weight. This chapel was consecrated, under the name of St. John the Evangelist, in 1184.

There was a startling feature of the antique edifice which I was advised most earnestly to look upon, and the first mention of it urged me at once to seek it out; so I began to make the best of my way up a terribly rough and decayed stone stair, whereby access was to be gained to the roof of the immense hall. At one glance, on the instant of finding myself under the rafters, I beheld eighteen or twenty stone domes or mounds, below which the centering roses of the ceiling below, where the groinings met, were pendent: as may be seen at King's College Chapel in Cambridge, where I was given to understand each of these stones weighed a ton. I now beheld, also, how the old architect had carried up square piers from the pavement through the ceiling to the very rafters,—for the surer support of the ceiling and roof, regardless of the columns:—the very 'luxe de prècaution.'

I suppose the oak and chestnut worked up in the tie and collar beams, king-posts, wall-plates, struts, and purlins, must have considerably thinned the growth of some twenty acres of woodland. Above my head I espied the ponderous bell which used to summon the congregation to mass in the chapel alongside: and which is still tolled when bodies are carried out for interment, from the new buildings. The contractors employed for the erection of the modern hospital must have made very free with the material comprised in the flooring laid down within this vast roof, which, some few years ago, was boarded throughout: and spacious enough for three hundred men to stand upon it. Of the whole surface thirty yards only remain.

No one who visits the Hôpital St. Jean should omit to visit this roof. The beauty of the carpentry shows its excellence in all directions. Every tie beam had been so carefully supported between the ends on which it rested, that not a single rafter had drawn centreward or weakened in its framing. Considering the dimensions of the roof, and the weight of slate on it, and the remote date of its original construction, this is marvellous work to look upon; and Michael Angelo's dome at Rome, more recent by nearly four centuries, exhibits not better contrivances or wiser provision for stability.

Before I quitted the premises, the old nurse

who brought to "my strong imagination" Eurycléa of the Odyssey, most earnestly requested me to inspect a very curious painting,—a portrait,—as old as King Henry II. (!)—which had always been regarded as the likeness of a gentleman of England. It was a well-painted head and shoulders of some worthy whom, at first glance, I perceived to be of the sixteenth century. The artist had chosen a circular piece of black marble, about eighteen inches in diameter, and three and a half in thickness, to limn as respectable a face as was ever set off by a falling lace collar, a dagger beard, and a Louis Napoleonic pair of moustaches. I should have taken for granted he was a Fleming,—might be, a Frenchman;—but the tradition belonging to the portrait affirmed it to be that of a *milord* Anglais, who had bestowed very munificent gifts on the Hospital, and, on close examination, I discovered the date of 1578. The picture was painted in the time of a Henry, certainly; but it was Henry III. of France. She then showed me some of the bedsteads in which the lunatic patients used to sleep. They resemble children's cots on a large scale: and the probability of any one getting *out* of such a trough, except by a very extraordinary muscular effort, was slight enough to save the nurses from any trouble in respect of their being 'after any antics,' as the keepers express mania for locomotion and saltatory extravagances!

I think it worth any tourist's trouble to travel a hundred miles out of the beaten track of France for the purpose of seeing this ancient monument of the English dynasty:—the Hospice and its appendages. Among the latter is the huge granary already mentioned. This, too, is a magnificent building. It was raised on this particular spot to serve as a store in case of scarcity: an occurrence which in the twelfth century, when agriculture was hardly reduced to rules, and the cultivators of land raised produce and exhausted the soil simultaneously, was of frequent occurrence. This granary is almost as imposing in its interior as the hall just described. When I arrived at the main entry, which, as is always the case with barns, is at the side of the vast fabric, there was an enormous stack of flax, about five yards in height, blocking up all access to the opened doors. By aid, however, of a ladder, I scrambled up,—having taken off my coat, to which the filaments of the fibrous plant would have adhered for a week afterwards, had I come in close contact therewith,—and after stumbling about and almost rolling over, while the good-natured labourers were doing their best to land me safe inside, I effected an entry. Enormous as the building is, it has for a long time been appropriated exclusively to the storage of flax, so abundantly cultivated in Anjou and the adjoining provinces—and here it is preserved "high and

dry" in vast quantities. Here I found beautiful Norman columns, monoliths,—standing as if in the nave of a Cathedral: a width of twenty feet extending between column and column through the whole length, 106 feet, of the interior;—the breadth, 75. From the pavement to the point of the arches was a height of twentyfour feet. There was a wide fireplace at the end; and at the opposite extremity were five loophole windows, simply for ventilation. I observed that the pillars on one side differed from those on the other; being square and less ornate. From some inexplicable cause, several columns and their plinths had begun to crumble away, and became unsafe: upon discovery of which, these square pillars were set up, and all the perfect cylindrical monoliths were transferred to the other side, rendering all on that side uniform and perfect. The whole of this interior bore the appearance of having been completed within the last two years,—but it had existed nearly seven hundred! If light were fully admitted into this noble hall by lateral windows, it would be worthy to serve as an audience chamber for all the potentates of the universe. No traveller is ever seen in it. The flax dressers probably thought I was 'daft:' but Eltham Barn, formerly King John's Palace, the roof-timbering of which—(a magnificent triumph of carpentry)—forms its crowning decoration and excellence (Edward IV.,

1483), is not so venerable and cathedral-like as this granary, which, with its nave, as we may term it, and two aisles, seems destined to Ecclesiastical rather than to agricultural or domestic uses.

My next visit was to the Church of St. Sergius, the Choir of which dates its erection from the year 1050; nine years subsequent to the foundation of our Westminster Abbey. There was a Christian temple on its site upwards of five hundred years prior to this date; and several rose in succession, as the work of Peace or War might happen to favour or defeat the piety of founders and benefactors. The existing sanctuary is a creation of exquisite beauty. With what minds must the monastic architects have been endowed that conceived these combinations of all that is graceful in design and solemn in effect! The six wonderfully slender columns in this choir are the exact counterpart, as to their capitals, of those in the great Hall of the Hospice de St. Jean. The shaft of each is twentyfour feet in height and thirteen inches in diameter: the capital two feet four inches: the base four feet. The nave is of the fifteenth century; and here the columns are clustered and curiously carried upward to the groinings. The central arch is round, surmounted by the mouldings of a pointed arch. The windows follow the same caprice. This church is classed among those that mark the period of transition; and though it

varies in some respects from the pure style which preceded it, no one can behold such design, such execution and embellishments, and so peculiar a display of elegance in arrangement, without paying homage to the master minds and cunning right hands that reared such a monument. The stone has been most carefully scraped; and though all looks fresh, the general *coup d'œil* is charming beyond all description. These are really glorious antiquities. The stained glass, too, in the Choir, is not to be surpassed.

Being in the immediate vicinity of the Jardin des Plantes, which owed its first origin in 1777 to my Angevin friend's wife's uncle, I visited it with him. We at once walked up to the noble plane trees for which it is renowned, and thence to the Magnolia, the scent of which had met me wooingly at a considerable distance. It is a goodly tree, thirty feet in height, and forty in circumference, where it feathers downward. A cedar tree of like dimensions stood close to it, which had been raised by cuttings brought by a gentleman from Paris in the year 1761. Near this was the Agave, twenty feet in height, flowering in the open air. It bears a close affinity to the Aloe. There were also several sugar-canes thriving in the open air. The climate of Angers is so mild that any plant not absolutely dependent on fierce tropical heat will flourish in it; and Le Roy, the local horticulturist, whose cele-

brity is European, and under whose encouraging superintendence nearly forty nursery-gardens have sprung up in Angers within the last thirty years, is preparing to introduce all the plants he has succeeded in rearing from different parts of the world, and open a space for their reception in this attractive garden, for the enlargement of which the Town authorities are now in treaty with the owner of a large tract of land immediately contiguous to it. When this plot shall have been added to the present grounds, it will be the largest open-air flower and exotic plant nursery in Europe.

Snow very rarely falls in Anjou: hail never. The 'glycine à fleurs de violette' (our Wisteria) covers a space of thirty feet square on one of the walls of this enclosure. A more refreshing and delectable spot in the height of summer could not have been planned. There is plenty of water; and the swans and gold-fish sport in undisturbed enjoyment of that element. I saw no one in the Garden; but the inhabitants are great connoisseurs generally in botanical products, and patronize the horticulturists to an extent which, in France, where there is but little money to spare on such an evanescent acquisition as a choice rose or tulip, is astonishing.

The names of Luttier, Burolleau, and Merlet de la Boulaye are mentioned with enthusiastic praise as those of cultivators who have com-

bined to make the Jardin des Plantes what it is.

Soon after my lounge in this pleasant resort, I found my way to that spot on the river's banks to which so many of the Angevins point with a shudder, as they speak of the Pont Maudit: which "pont," nevertheless, exists no longer. There is a substantial stone bridge leading straight away from the Rue Plantagenet to the suburb called Le Doutre, which now supplies the place of a suspension bridge constructed with wire instead of iron rods;—and destined to become the scene of a fearful calamity.

The eleventh regiment of Light Infantry were on their march from some town between Angers and Paris on the 16th of April, 1850, when their Colonel received a private message from the Prefect of Angers suggesting the passage of the soldiers over the Suspension Bridge at that part of the River called 'La Basse Chaine,' rather than over the 'Haute Chaine' bridge higher up. These bridges derived their name from the practice of the citizens, in the middle ages, and even more recently, to stretch a chain across the stream, which should prevent the passage of an invading enemy's boats. The distance between the two chains comprehended the entire line of frontage of the City towards the Mayenne. The purport of the Prefect's communication was, that he hardly trusted the disposition of the lowest class of the populace at that moment. The revolu-

tionary excitement of 1848 had been followed by the ferment of the days of Ledru Rollin and Cavaignac, which, I need hardly add, led, at the close of the year 1851, to the destruction of the last vestige of French liberty in the Coup d'Etat that placed the reigning Emperor on the throne.

The public mind of Angers was in a very equivocal and unsatisfactory state in the interval, and had led the Prefect to fear that the Eleventh Regiment, which had served in the garrison at Paris, and aided in subduing the insurgents in 1848, when Louis Philippe was dethroned, would not pass without some angry *words*, at least, through the populous quarter in which the upper bridge was situate. Hence the recommendation to cross the Suspension Bridge. The whole battalion were accordingly marched by a lateral movement to the latter, over which they crowded in a mass, from inability to maintain the close order observed to the moment of approaching the river's bank, when in column. On a sudden, the wires nearest to the city end snapped asunder; the boarding fell immediately into the stream, and three-fourths of the soldiers were in an instant submerged; two hundred and twenty-three men and officers sinking to rise no more.

This dreadful accident was deplored as a national calamity throughout France, and threw all Angers into the same consternation and awe and depression of spirits that marked the occur-

rence of the thunderstorm already mentioned, during which the spires of the Cathedral were struck down by lightning. One would have reasonably questioned the discretion of subjecting a *wire*-roped bridge to the exceptional weight of many hundreds of men trampling on its floor. The chief magistrate provoked some very severe animadversions on the occasion; but the catastrophe was imputed to the concurrent rashness of the commanding officer who permitted his men to crowd the bridge, instead of sending them along in single file; and the soldiers were blamed for substituting a pêle-mêle rushing advance towards the opposite bank for an orderly pace, which, however trying to the wires, might, nevertheless, have averted the crash which destroyed a third of the battalion. The terrible event led, therefore, to no inquiry beyond that which originated the prompt formation of the present new stone bridge, to be crossed on my way to the Church of the Trinity, the earliest construction of which dates from the eleventh century, when the convent of St. Mary de Ronceray, close to it, had existed a hundred years; its lady-abbess holding rule tantamount to sovereignty over the whole district, which Foulques, Duke of Anjou, already mentioned, assigned to her sole charge and control. The choir is at present boarded up for repairs and restoration; but the nave, which has no aisles,

constitutes a very interesting study. I recognized here the very same capitals on the columns which I had seen in the Hospice de St. Jean;—charming in their simplicity, and venerable in their vigorous old age: but the pointed arches, eight in the nave, and four in the choir, are worked up in a kind of filigree sculpture, which ill suits the character of the columns:—the latter projecting to about half of their diameter from the walls.

The length of the building may be about 140 feet: the height, fifty: the width thirtyfive. The windows are rounded,—pure and simple: the ceiling ribbed, but not effectively. There has been infinitely too much *menuiserie* introduced into the interior. The closets, boxes, screens, cupboards, and panels of sundry fanciful carpentry, have marred the good stonework:—The whole, nevertheless, is, as I said, a study for one who delights in good masonry and ingenious construction and combinations. It marks very decidedly the transition of the Romano-Byzantine style, which prevailed, with more or less of excellence, from the days of Philip Augustus to Francis I., and passes still under the denomination of Gothic. I noticed a fine statue on the North side of the nave, representing St. Sebastian pierced by arrows. The pedestal bears the inscription, 'ROMÆ passus est: hoc est coronatus. A.D. 288.' "He suf-

fered, that is, he received the [martyr's] crown at Rome, in the year of Christ, 288." This was in the reign of Diocletian. The statue was presented to the church in 1858 by a pupil of the School of Arts in Angers, of the name of Jules Roux. There is also an admirable statue of Christ on the cross on the same side of the nave. The lateral chapels interfere disagreeably with the quiet effect of the interior. The crypt amply repaid a visit. Its beautiful Norman columns are only seven feet four inches in height, including plinths and capitals. The latter are very large, as is almost universally the case, in comparison with the height and diameter of the shaft; but delightfully primitive and simple, even more so than those of which I published several drawings, at Quillebœuf in Normandy. The miniature proportions of this subterranean sanctuary are curious enough. It has a nave and two aisles, fortysix feet in length, eighteen in width; and its extreme height is but nine feet six inches. It includes a small sacristy or vestment chamber, in which, to my astonishment, I saw a deposit of upwards of fifty skulls and many thousands of bones. In fact, if the perfect skeleton followed every cranium, there would be twelve thousand bones! These had been brought in from a now disused cemetery; possibly from the one attached for several centuries to the Abbey of St. Mary de Ronceray.

Singular to relate, I was in one of our old West End churches a few months since, where the churchwarden pointed out a long pew at the Western extremity of the interior, under the floor of which was very recently found many wheelbarrows' load of bones, which had been stowed away in that spot under the boards,—for want of some more suitable repository!

The crypt is entered through a sort of vestibule with two winding passages, and had remained in subterranean obscurity, like the houses of Pompeii, till discovered, ten years ago, by the merest accident, when the excavators were forming trenches for the foundations of the School of Fine Arts, in the immediate vicinity. The Antiquarian (a terribly overworked man in cities of remote origin!) might find a morning's, if not a week's, work here in attempting to decipher an inscription in Norman letter of the fourteenth century, cut in stone. It would require long experience in such reading,—good eye-sight, a powerful lens, a great-coat, and a long candle: for damp, darkness, and indistinctness have marked the relic and its resting-place for their own. I dreaded a chill, and after getting through the first line, relinquished the task altogether.

I then went to the Ancien Palais des Marchands, in that quarter which was the 'centre de la Bourgeoisie.' This edifice was in progress of erection

at the date of the massacre of St. Bartholomew's day,—(Charles IX.) It is entered through a little back yard about twenty feet square, and might remain for ever unseen and unapproached, so hemmed in is it by more recently erected buildings,—though these are not less than of two centuries standing.

However, by the time I had reached the second floor, and denounced the dirt and neglect of the nineteenth century, I found myself in a room sixty feet long, with a bricked floor and two long tables with matting underneath, at which the workmen using the apartment, as is done in our provincial institutes, sit and read in the evening. There was a panelled enclosure at the further end, similar to those in our Police Courts,—which is used for the purpose of hearing appeals and arbitration cases arising out of trade: all the law proceedings on such occasions being carried on *gratuitously!* It also proves very serviceable to professors or scientific amateurs when delivering popular lectures. The apartment itself resembles in some respects a large library; the walls being lined with cases for books and portfolios. The inhabitants resort to it from seven o'clock in the morning till half-past nine at night.

I discovered the following works among the volumes I had leisure to handle: Translation into French of Macaulay's William III., Uncle Tom's Cabin (read till ragged by use!), Charles Dickens's

Works, and Walter Scott's Novels. Cooper's Homer's Iliad and Odyssey were also there; and a recent translation of the Odyssey by M. Pessoneaux, whose acquaintance I made in Paris. 'Self-help,' also, was among the English works, by S. Smiles; translated into French by Alfred Talandier.

I was informed of the intention of the custodes of this library to make it an Institute. In France these provisions for popular instruction, amelioration, and rational amusement generally work well, and answer every purpose and wish of their founders. I wish I could say as much of the same in England. I think that for the most part they have proved a most discouraging failure. The education of the lower classes in France is more complete, and the intellect and ambition to excel which are so apparent among even the poorest and humblest in that country, favour the design of rescuing them from the abject ignorance and degrading idleness to which, with all their pernicious concomitants, so many of our recipients of wages in London are wretchedly addicted.

My next visit was to that picturesque relic of the sixteenth century in the Rue de Figuier, which used to be absurdly called the Palace of the Dukes of Anjou. It was in fact the residence of a family of good repute at the court of Francis the First, and bearing the name of Pincé. It is only reasonable to believe that the buildings on all

sides of it must have been erected from time to time without regard to health, light, or comfort, or even the claims of respect due to antiquity; for this mansion of the Pincés is a magnificent palace in a lane, and where patience and perseverance failed to hunt it out, might remain unseen for a whole generation. The family here mentioned were of eminent distinction in the municipality of Angers, to which they furnished several mayors between the year 1494 and 1539, and this led to the City Arms being sculptured in front of the lordly mansion, which, in its tower and windows, doors and stone panels, displays the richest ornamentation of the Renaissance style. Hence the common appellation given to it of the Palace of the Dukes of Anjou, who never set foot on its threshold. Their proud title was ancient as the days of Charles the Bold, and their generation was blended with the issue of kings, and occupied kings' houses.

The "tourelles"—the narrow cylindrical little towers,—containing stairs—which characterise the principal mansions of this date are always striking features, and invite the eyes' regards at the first moment of their appearance. In the Château of Chambord these projections, and the pinnacles which surmount them, are positively disagreeable in their redundancy. The introduction, however, of Italian details into features of Gothic design infused elegance and excellence into its

forms, and elicited exquisite workmanship in all the ornaments. Hence came forth carved entablatures, columns, pilasters, statuettes, armorial escutcheons and heraldic emblems,—every variety of device, indeed, from Salamanders to Satyrs, and from Angels and demons to Saints and very common men. This was the starting-point for single and compound oriel and bay windows, projecting, overhanging, and corbelled pendants, traceried panels and pentagonal and polygonal towers placed cornerwise to form staircases. Of this style are the chief samples of extreme antiquity in the streets of Angers. In the most venerable ecclesiastical edifices Henry II. is in the ascendant: "micat inter omnes"—and the Normans and Plantagenets have left nothing to be desired.

ANGERS, which used to be called in mediæval times the 'key' of France, because it opened the door of entry to Brittany and Aquitaine, and stood out, as if with barred gates, impregnable against the invading Normans,—is, nevertheless, renowned above all the cities of the empire for its peculiar observation of the Fête du Saint Sacrement, or Fête Dieu, in reverential honour of the Eucharist, held on the first of May in every year. Indeed it is asserted that the solemnity of the procession through the principal streets of the city on this occasion is accompanied with greater

pomp and acclamation than in any other Catholic community in the world. This has arisen from the fortuitous circumstance of a certain archdeacon of the See, at a remote period (about the year 1060), having denied the Real Presence in the bread of the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. His name was Berenger. He was reared in theology by a celebrated divine, Fulbert of Chartres, and gained the somewhat needless reputation of being a good 'Aristotelian;' though it was erudition in Scriptural lore and superior rhetorical powers which won for him the high opinion of his diocesan, Eusebius Brunon, Bishop of Angers, who delighted in hearing this able expounder of Holy Writ edify the congregation in the Cathedral. The prelate, however, was on a sudden involved in a dilemma which threatened him with infinite trouble, if not fearful danger. His favourite preacher had spoken blasphemy.

At a very short distance from the site on which afterwards rose the Hospice St. Jean, is a slanting tract of ground overlooking the river and city, immediately contiguous to the level where in remote times was a cemetery attached to the Chapel of St. Laurence. It was here that Berenger, accompanied by a few clerical associates who had been present with him at an interment, delivered an address, in which he intimated his disbelief of the doctrine of the Real Presence. On this occasion, and in several subsequent ser-

mons, he sustained his opinion by such specious arguments, and with so good and persuasive eloquence, that many of the clergy began to adopt his views, and Angers had well-nigh become the head-quarters of Heresy. Bishop Brunon was severely condemned for having placed in a position of so great prominence a divine whose teaching went the length of impeaching the most vital tenet of the Romish faith; and all the West country was in a ferment. Next in disfavour to the Bishop was the Holy Father himself, who neither anathematized nor threatened to remove him from the See.' This was none other than the famous Hildebrand, Gregory the Seventh: and the partisans of the Emperor of Germany took advantage of the Papal 'laches' and indifference to propose that the *Pontiff* should be deposed! Frequent councils were held and monitions were sent forth in denunciation of the heresy, and the influence of the Church within a comparatively brief period of time succeeded in repressing this outburst of schism and disloyalty; but the under-current of doubt and unbelief survived to the day of Luther. Berenger, condemned by all the Councils and Synods, at length abjured his error, and withdrew into Touraine (doubtless "of the same opinion still"), where he died in the Isle of St. Comus, in the year 1088, at the advanced age of ninety years. The first Crusade followed seven years afterwards: origi-

nating, as has been said, in a very prevalent belief that the end of the world was nigh at hand, and that the Holy Land was the best place to be found in at such a crisis! The same apprehension had prevailed in France at the approach of the Year of our Lord One Thousand! But nothing was too absurd for the credulous in those miserable days of ignorance and superstition. It was darkness which might be felt.

The first act of the Angevins was to rase to the ground the little Chapel of St. Laurent. The site on the slope called the Tertre is still shown: nothing has stood upon it for upwards of eight hundred years, but I do not mean to say I walked not over it! The next resolution they adopted was that a solemn and, as it were, expiatory procession should be ordained for ever, to take place on the day above mentioned:—one that should commence at the doors of the Cathedral profaned so long by the false teacher's ministry, and pursue its course to the spot on which the blasphemy was uttered.

On the first of May, accordingly, a multitudinous cavalcade is formed,—the preparations for which extend over even several months previously,—comprising almost the entire population of Angers. Every one, from the Prefect to the street-sweepers, falls into the marshalled ranks of the faithful,—to make public manifestation of their orthodoxy, and wipe out, by this annual

pious commemoration of their abhorrence, the disgrace and defilement which had made Angers a scandal and abomination in the sight of Heaven and Earth.

The splendour of many of these processions on the Continent is well known; but the unanimity testified on this particular occasion is unparalleled. The costumes, military and civil, of the eleventh century, are most admirably reproduced; and the housings and caparisons of the horses, the style of banners, standards, weapons, and insignia of every variety, are faithfully maintained, so as to impart a reality which astonishes even the critical among the many archæologists who, with thousands of strangers from even distant parts of France, come flocking in to witness the pageant. The cost is enormous, but is defrayed from numerous sources, and presses on no one in particular. The head of the procession leaves the Cathedral at six o'clock in the morning, and the ceremonies, services, and sermons, anthems and chorusses, and other religious performances, to say nothing of refreshments at various stations *en route*, occupy the bodies and minds of ten thousand persons till nearly five o'clock in the evening. Among the banners and gorgeous paintings, statues, and devices, emulating Ben Jonson's ancient pageants, carried on this occasion, are twelve frames constructed somewhat in the shape of the pavilion or peculiar canopy of

stone standing between the spires of the Cathedral: these are adorned with columns and pilasters, rich friezes and festoons, and gilt vases filled with the most beautiful flowers that the matchless gardens and nurseries of Angers can contribute; —around which are gilt branches carrying hundreds of lighted tapers. Within these structures, which are open on each side, are seen groups of wax figures, life size, illustrating passages of the Old and New Testament. These are admirably moulded, painted, and gilt (like those exhibited in Holles Street, Cavendish Square), and cost three hundred francs each: and some conception may be formed of the importance attached to this extraordinary manifestation of Catholic loyalty, from the circumstance of the Lieutenant of Police going about in circuit for many weeks previous, to raise money contributions that may meet the expense of this the most costly part of the ceremony. The twelve frames above mentioned are mounted on platforms or stages, very richly ornamented, which, by means of long poles, are borne each by twelve men: two hundred and eightyeight being retained to carry the enormous burden, by turns.

I remember to have seen two such platforms in the middle of nearly ten thousand of the populace at Syracuse in the year 1821. One was surmounted by a beautifully painted statue intended to represent our Saviour: the other by an equally

well executed effigy personating the Virgin Mother. Each of these was borne by twelve men, and when they who carried the last named statue came within three hundred feet distance of the former, they set off on a run, and after proceeding about twenty yards, stopped very suddenly, and lowered and raised their burden three times. Hereupon the men who bore the effigy of Christ advanced twenty yards, and lowered their platform once, and then raised it. This was repeated till the two platforms touched; upon which a salvo of artillery was fired, by signal, from the port. It was on Easter Sunday; and I was given to understand that this represented our Lord appearing to Mary on the morn of His Resurrection! The greatest absurdity of the whole proceeding was the substitution (for which I blamed the clergy) of the Virgin Mary for Mary Magdalen. But statues of the former are abundant:—Hardly one church in a thousand can produce a statue of the latter. There is no reason why they should: but the offence against the 'litera scripta' in this instance was worse than a blunder. The poor ignorant people were, of course, unaware of it, and most of their superiors also: Bible reading being altogether discountenanced among them, and Scriptural exegesis constituting almost an offence. The people are to "hear the Church," and ask no questions.

My Angevin friend said the May procession

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was a magnificent spectacle; but the great charm that gave to it such celebrity was the effect, artistically speaking, of such a host proceeding slowly down the decline from the Cathedral, and winding its way through so many tortuous turnings, amid antique dwellings that were standing when the costumes reproduced on this occasion were not strange to the eye;—and all these venerable houses exhibiting, without a single exception, the richest flags and banners, tapestries, rugs, and silk hangings and velvet cloths and gold thread brocades, which contributions from the homes of families lying out of the line of march could supply. The oriel and bay windows, 'tourelles,' statuettes, corbels, and carvings told severally with excellent effect, as the pennons and long lances of cavaliers all but touched the balconies and timbered frontages;—followed or preceded by the splendidly robed clergy,—many of them high dignitaries,—bishops inclusive,—of the Church,—with all the array of cross and statue bearers, and the canopied pavilion borne above the head of the diocesan, who on this day carries the consecrated wafer, enshrined in crystal and gold,—followed by other canopies, beneath which walk the Canons and Prebendaries, training red silk robes, and bearing relics of saints. Amid these would be seen the acolytes, diffusing from their censers clouds of the smoke of incense and grateful aroma; and all the bands of the

regiments quartered in the city and within two leagues of it, besides the musicians of the municipality and other professional performers.

In the year 1620 this expiatory ceremonial was conducted with pomp that was never subsequently emulated. The widow of Henry IV., Marie de' Medeci, appeared on that occasion, and presented a bouquet of flowers to one of the state counsellors from Paris, receiving one from him in return: and when the whole population had turned out to join the procession, their uniting thousands gathered together on the St. Laurent slope, and fell on their knees, while the Bishop addressed them from an improvised stone pulpit, and gave them his benediction, previous to his going to the Cathedral to celebrate high mass. Time, however, is modifying all these enthusiastic commemorations, and the probability is great that before the rising generation reach old age, the procession will have been voted a *bêtise;* and the first of May will only be the opening day of an ordinary fair:—a far more economical and sensible ordinance, and worthier of these enlightened times.

The perspective afforded by the winding Rue Baudrière (in mediæval times the leather-workers' quarter) is the most striking in the whole line of procession. It was in this old, time-honoured street that I came upon the Pied de Boulet Fountain,—so named from Duke

Foulques Nerra's horse's *fetlock* having been sprained at this particular spot as he descended from the Cathedral by the sharp incline of rough unhewn slate steps, on the way to a site where, in 1040, he had purposed building an oratory, and appointing six monks to officiate in it, and celebrate masses at periods to be named in the deed of endowment. The horse fell, and threw the rider;—who, however, immediately sprung to his feet, laughing at the occurrence, and exclaimed in these words: "By the blessed Lord! I see that the devil would fain thwart me in my charitable project, but he shall gain nothing by this trick; for instead of half a dozen I will place twenty priests in that chapel, who shall worship God day and night, at my single charge, and snatch all the souls they can save from the clutches of the enemy of us all."

There had been a spring on the spot beyond the memory of man, but it took the appellation by which it is now known from the occurrence here recorded. The procession passes, also, by the Rue de l'Oisellerie, where the house numbered 5 is conspicuous for its fantastic frontage; and includes in its course the Rue Ribaudière and Rue St. Laud, at the corner of which stands the house called Maison Abraham, in which are seen some two dozen figures carved in oak, between the roof and the shop, which is still occupied by a grocer (one Moreau) as it was in the fourteenth

century, when the old Jew may have discussed over his counter the disasters of Crécy and Poictiers, or the defeat of les Messieurs Anglais off Rochelle. There is a peculiar feature, however, observable in three of the twentyfour statuettes that signalize the frontage of this very curious old domicile. The three orders of Clergy, Nobility, and Peasantry (no gentry or middle class!) are pointed out in the figure of a bishop, of an armed knight, and of a man in a slop frock. The houses of the fifteenth and two following centuries continued to exhibit decorations of this kind, which, in the fourteenth, were almost so common as to gain hardly any notice.

Close to this street is the Rue des Poêliers, where "à la petite Jeannette," is a charming frontage of slates cut out in the form of fish scales. Number 16 in the same street is faced in the same manner; and, until very recently, the corner house in the Rue Basse du Mail was cased throughout in the same manner, so that roof and timbering bore the appearance of being covered with the outstretched hide of some huge crocodile.

There is a druggist still carrying on business at No. 19 Rue Beaurepaire, in front of which is a statue with a serpent in its arms: intended, perhaps, for Æsculapius. This very house was dispensing rhubarb, senna, and other purgative drugs during the Plague which almost decimated

France in 1437. These fantastic emblems, however, are not always strictly appropriate and germane to the craft of the occupier of the residence. Scented soaps and pommade de Paris may be purchased immediately below the counterfeit presentment of a sow: and a group of musicians, (in which the bag-pipe is invariably to be seen) —frantically accompanying the detestable instrument with harp, sackbut, psaltery, and dulcimer, —are stationed in pride of place above the shop of a coffin maker;—suggesting to the gloomy son of a carpenter

> "a deal of fun:
> Like mourning coaches when the fun'ral's done."

CHAPTER IV.

ANGERS SCHOOL OF ARTS AND TRADES.

THE School of Arts and Trades in Angers, on the Doutre side of the river, and close to the site of the Trinity Church mentioned in the preceding Chapter, is one of the most creditable institutions in that city; not to say in the Province. It has thriven with beneficial influences and steady progress during the last fiftytwo years;—having been opened in 1815;—and, with exception of a similar but minor establishment at Châlons, was, up to the year 1843, the only one of the kind in all France.

The premises are on a magnificent scale, which from the beginning proved a considerable advantage; and, contrasted with the primary object of their existence, the appropriation of so vast a site to purposes of wide and ever extending usefulness, was regarded with delight by the Angevins, who, when the long Peace succeeded the long War, beheld the Abbey of Ronceray thrown open for what was considered a national benefit.

The Religious House had ceased to be the home of nuns and devotees for several years previous to that ferment in men's minds which led on the events of 1789: its resources having gradually failed, and the distinguished families whose daughters and wealth used to find their way to its cloisters having for only too long and disastrous a period felt the approach of those portentous, yet, in many an instance, beneficial changes which the new order of things originated when monastic Religion, especially, had fallen into contempt, and Superstition began to succumb to enlightenment and far higher intelligence. It was a dark age, indeed, when men first began to call on the name of the Lord on this spot. So early as the year 512 there was an Oratory and a small company of ecclesiastics, who survived to the beginning of the seventh century,—but of whom no more was afterwards remembered. Foulques le Bon founded in 938 a convent for young ladies of rank; and this, too, disappeared in the course of little more than a century: neither this nor the preceding "local habitation" having left a name to live. A similar establishment arose in 1119, but shared the fate of its predecessors, though Foulques Nerra granted charters and funds for the maintenance of a Church, the ruins of which were discernible in the fourteenth century.

The only permanent foundation bore the date of

1527, when the vast accumulation of bequests made from time to time by individuals who regarded the site as holy, and the duty of raising up the Lord's House imperative, empowered the founders to build. The Clergy urged that saintly women were living in Angers whose hearth and altar ought to be reared where the world, the flesh, and the devil might be held in defiance, however wickedly the nation might be raging around them. Francis the First sent a royal donation, and all Anjou was solicited in aid. This was at the period when the Pope's territories were invaded by Charles the Fifth, of Germany,—and Rome was taken by assault and plundered; incidents which the Ecclesiastical body turned everywhere to advantage with the old cry of 'The Church in danger!'

Under such auspices rose the walls of the Abbey of St. Mary of Ronceray. This name owes its origin to the superstitious reverence paid to an image of the Virgin Mary, which had been found by the excavators when digging for the foundations of the Abbey,—in the midst of a thick growth of briers (Ronces) that had accumulated about the ruins of the little altar consecrated in a crypt of the chapel built in 1119. This Abbey shared the fate of almost all the monasteries and convents of France at the outbreak of the Great Revolution, and the premises were occupied soon afterwards, in common with

the generality of such large buildings, as magazines and storehouses for materials of war; vast quantities of hay and corn being reserved at Angers for the Republican armies which were actively employed in the province and its neighbourhood. However, when Bonaparte went to St. Helena, and forage was no longer a primary consideration, a general clearance was made, and the Prefect of Angers, on whom the Corps de Génie, stationed for some time in the garrison, had judiciously urged the desirableness of converting such a vast extent of sound and substantial buildings to a purpose which might prove invaluable, was, at the instance of all the inhabitants, placed in communication with the Government in Paris, who at once perceived the good sense of the proposition, and set on foot the Establishment which is now sending all over France well-trained, efficient, and intelligent workmen as civil engineers, founders, carpenters, mill-wrights, and machinists. There is ample accommodation for three hundred pupils [how much more likely to "do the State some service" than the two hundred idle nuns of olden times!], both in respect of lodgment and of the various departments in which they are instructed. Indeed, there is lavish allowance of space in the workshops and laboratories,—where I saw a crane as tall as a windmill, and furnaces worthy of Wolverhampton and Birmingham. These

pupils enter at the age of eighteen or twenty: but a very intelligent and forward youth may be admitted at fifteen. They wear a kind of uniform, somewhat resembling that of the Navy;—dark blue jackets, and white trousers; with the 'kepi' cap. Each pays an entrance fee of ten pounds, and brings a clothing outfit; but the Government pays the cost of maintenance, to the amount of twentyfour pounds annually. All beyond that sum must be forthcoming from the pupil. The State gives, also, many premiums called "Bourses" (sometimes thirtyfive in a year) to out-going workmen,—to which the town makes some little additions, and, in some instances, where great interest is felt in the individual, the instructors, even, contribute. The attainment of this 'douceur' is regarded as a good start in life by every winner; it being considered a test of high proficiency in the art or trade to which the young man may have been specially trained. These particulars and much more information were detailed to me by two very intelligent and courteous superintendents, who, upon production of my card, at once proceeded to conduct me through every part of the establishment, section after section, above and below; and answering at length, and with evident interest and satisfaction, the numerous queries I addressed to them. Their great aim, they observed, was not to turn out prodigious

specimens of handiwork and manufacture, but first-rate workmen; especially in the 'Ajustage' department. This, I found, was the craft of mill-wrights in hard metals. The heavy forging, such as that of anchors for ships of large tonnage, and chain cable, is not attempted; the labour being considered as rather too severe for the average ages of the learners; but, several among the thirty active fellows I saw in the forges had wrought masses of iron which must have called forth no light exertion of *force physique*. I was much interested in the castings. These are most carefully prepared and finished. All the wooden models which are employed to shape the matrix are made in the Carpentering Department, and nothing in oak or mahogany or lime-tree carving could be more beautifully finished than these forms. The casting-party having received them from their companions of the Menuiserie section, imbed these shapes in the sand and charcoal powder that constitute the moulds. On view of the latter I requested the superintendents to show me their ingredients. The first heap he pointed to was made up of ninety parts of sand and ten of pounded charcoal. The sand, he said, was brought from a distance of eighteen miles;—it being of the utmost consequence that the sand in moulds should be, if possible, entirely free from rough particles of grit: and the nearest localities for such fine sand are at the

cantons of Thouarce and Tierce, in the vicinity of Saumur;—which abound in yellow sand and very fine gravel. The charcoal is ground to impalpable powder in a mill set up for the purpose, and this is mixed up with the sand, which is then subjected to the same process; and when, after this grinding, both ingredients become intimately combined, and form a mass of brownish-tinted powder, the watering is commenced. Some blendings are at the rate of eightyeight parts of sand to twelve of charcoal, accordingly as the strength of the mould is to be more or less rigid; and this again is regulated by the dimensions of the shape which is to be cast. The watering is continued in moderate aspersions through eight days, at the end of which time there is a uniform coherence of the sandy and carbonic particles, and the heap being turned over and over with a broad shovel, is thrown into a deep broad trough, where it remains till wanted by the founders. It is then fetched away, like damp gunpowder, in trucks, and deposited at the stations of the moulders.

I found several parties of these at work in one of the vast halls,—a hundred and forty feet in length, forty in width, and thirty in height. It had been formerly partitioned, and comprised three apartments;—the parlours and residentiary saloons of the devotees living here in the sixteenth century. I watched a workman, nineteen years

of age, finishing off a cog-wheel of three feet diameter, and having a hundred and fiftytwo teeth. Not far from him lay an immense casting; the plinth or base of a steam-engine, six yards in length. My conductor said there were several artificers on the premises who could turn out a steam engine of four hundred horse power, fit for the inspection of the first engineers in the realm. I saw one that had not been long completed. When I reached the "Ajustage" department,—(Mill-wrights',)—my eyes rested on what might be computed as a year's products from some iron mine. There were shafts, engine-turned, for steam-engines, ten and twelve feet in height, polished to the smoothness and brilliancy of a looking-glass;—thousands of wheels, pistons, rods, levers and cranks (among two thousand vices and a proportionate number,—I may say, myriads—of tools of all sizes) lay before me in long perspective, and bespoke the amount of set tasks, and the active industry prevailing in this capital School of mechanical labour. The department adjoining, called TOURS—(the Turning Rooms)—was equally interesting. The ubiquitous action of the strap under which the entire length of the gallery presented one continuous series of rising and falling, sliding and revolving wheels, arms, pinions, and regulators, proclaimed the triumph of Steam and Science. The spectacle of such beautiful machinery that flashed in the sunshine and kept up a

drowsy hum, interrupted at intervals by some heavily descending clenching thump,—or the screech of some all-powerful file, subduing hardened steel as readily as the rasp of the baker's boy removes the black surface of an overbaked roll,—was, in itself sufficiently explicative of the operations conducted in this division of labour; and I remarked to my guide how well the boiler below was discharging its functions. He said I might arrogate no light share of the credit of that performance to myself, as a native of steam-engineering Britain; for it was only within eighteen years that steam had been brought to bear upon all these operations. It would hardly be credited, he added, that up to the year 1848 this establishment had remained indebted to a water-mill: so that in time of drought all such machinery as required the motive power supplied at the present time by the steam-engine was at a stand-still; and the hands were turned over to other work that might be executed independently of the boiler and piston. He went on to say that he had himself been in England, and visited many of our principal manufactories both in the provinces and in the Capital; and had returned with the conviction that great as France was in her machinery and inventiveness, and in all "Ouvrage Industriel," the English far surpassed her; not only in every branch of engineering, of mechanism, and of *high finish*, but in the

distribution and economy of labour, and in the materials used therein. He spoke in the highest praise of the works of Mozley and Fairburn. I inquired whether the immense crane I had seen in the hall, where the largest castings lay, had been made on these premises. He answered in the affirmative, and at my request led me once more to it. It measured twenty feet in height, and would sustain in the air the weight of thirty thousand kilogrammes—the kilogramme being equivalent to nearly two pounds and a quarter avoirdupois. The chain of this massive engine was made by some of the younger pupils.

I was then led into a small apartment, in which were several small busts cast in bronze: among which was the head of Latour d'Auvergne, the oldest grenadier of the Republican armies, who on every occasion of being offered promotion from the ranks, refused it,—preferring to remain 'mousquetaire en chef.' He was killed in 1796. There was also an admirably cast head of Napoleon I. and another, much larger, of Marshal Pelissier. I was afterwards led up to a colossal bust of the Marquis de Rochefoucauld, a warm friend of this Institution, who died in 1827. He was son of him whom the Angevins designated the Philanthropist Rochefoucauld. We then went into the long room containing the wooden models. This is a vast gallery,—a part of the dormitory of the old nunnery. The extent of it,—two hundred

feet in length,—may be conceived from there being a hundred carpenters' benches on its floor. This was a charming sight. I had never before felt Carpentry to be so attractive in its details and mysteries. Here they showed me Brunel's circular saw,—the same I had seen in Portsmouth Dockyard nearly half a century since; and the saw which travels in a circle. They both accomplish marvellous work.

My attention was also directed to a very beautiful carved wooden pulpit, and a superb bookcase, suitable for an Imperial library:—but I should exhaust any reader's patience were I to proceed with the enumeration of all I saw in this section of the School. It was very evident that both teachers and learners most laudably responded to the designs and hopes of the Government that this should be an Institution to which France might look for well-stored minds and masterly hands to carry out her numerous national works, and instruct in remote provinces the rising generation of artizans. The Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers in Paris is an Exhibition of highest excellence, showing what the French operatives and mechanicians can do. Such an establishment as that where I spent so many hours of the day I had set apart for this special visit shows most demonstratively *how* they learn to do it. There is a regularity and exactness enforced in these Institutions which emulates

military precision and discipline. 'The work,' *i.e.*, *the thing to be done*, is turned out,—the last finishing given—to a moment: a system which makes the proficient sent from Angers School of Arts a very eligible man to employ, in whatever firm he may afterwards take a situation: one of the main points in all French houses of business being punctuality in the performance of orders, whether for the State or for private individuals; and the uninterrupted good understanding that subsists between the 'patron' and the 'ouvrier' enables the heads of the Firms to complete even the most extensive and difficult undertaking at the date specified in their estimates. The seditious "strikes" in our country render such fulfilment very uncertain,—often impossible: and the influence of this is and will continue to be,—in greatly increasing degrees,—directly hostile to the workman. The contract is carried abroad. As was stated in *The Times* last November,—"It is notorious that carpenter's work is now performed to a considerable extent in foreign countries for British builders (in France, Belgium, Germany, &c.), and not only for cheapness, but punctuality's sake." The Superintendent said they could undertake work to the amount of 150,000 francs. I expect that there will be a Prize for Harmonious Footing awarded to this Institution in the Paris Exhibition.

At length we reached the Repository—

one of the principal basement halls: a noble apartment, and used formerly as a Refectory for the Sisterhood of Saint Mary de Ronceray. Here is another likeness of the Marquis of Rochefoucauld, in a colossal statue, executed by the pupils, and admirably too, I may say: though I detest modern costume in statues of this scale,—always excepting that 'redingote' and little cocked hat-figure which used to surmount the Place Vendôme column, and of which I made special mention in Chapter II. This Repository, however, is entitled the Salon for "Pièces Confectionnées"—*i.e.*, works fit to be exhibited as samples of the perfection to which Arts and Trades are carried out in the School; and though there were not many specimens on view when I visited the spot, the few that I observed closely were admirably manufactured, and indicated the value of a good School of Design; that seed-plot of taste and expertness in the handling of pencil and graver, chisel and gouge, which produces for France so many first-class artists in every variety of metal work,—in sculpture, carving, and all that inlaying and embossing and alto and basso-rilievo which these ingenious men produce from time to time, to astonish and delight the world. In Bronzes none can compete with the French. I have been much among our workmen, and headed two Institutes, but have never yet found one who could draw correctly the outline of the

human form, or a few inches' length of Arabesque.

My gratification in visiting this excellent Institution would have been considerably enhanced had I obtained permission to be present at any one of the examinations which, at the time of my arrival, were being held in various chambers throughout the buildings; each department sending up, day by day, a certain number into the Class-rooms, where Professors, partly chosen from the Establishment staff, partly out of the Town or Province (sometimes even from Paris), sat at a long table to ask questions *viva voce*, and to test by papers the proficiency of the examinees. I requested the favour of being indulged with such a privilege; but the President of the Board of Examiners replied, in a very courteous letter, that it had been an invariable rule, from the earliest period of the School's existence, to exclude everyone, of whatever rank or condition, native or foreign, unconnected with the business of the day. The Prefect himself would be refused entry into the rooms where this half-yearly scrutiny was being held; and it was hoped I would not regard it as a slight that I should be thus denied what might seem only a reasonable request. Two, however, of the best informed Superintendents and Inspectors of the Institution should at once be sent down to me, and they would make a point of rendering me perfectly

acquainted with everything I might wish to see or hear of. This was courteous and kind,—and my conductors left me nothing to desire, except much more of their companionship; for I learned something worth knowing while they were speaking, almost every moment;—and this is the very luxury of travel and investigation!

Once more outside the walls, I took a comprehensive glance of the palatial premises, wondering how the fund was ever raised to build them during the period of exhausting wars which laid, year after year, intolerable burdens on the people;—and when their King, a prisoner of war, could only regain his liberty on money conditions so exorbitant, that they could never be fulfilled. During this contemplative gaze, I discovered on an entablature, right and left of the great Gates of Entry, the following twentyfour names:—

Arago, Jacquart, La Place, Volta, Watt, Fulton, Lavoisier, Vaucanson, Papin, Pascal, Galileo, Archimedes, Euclid, Descartes, Newton, Franklin, Darcet, Monge, La Grange, Napier, Dulong, Prony, Gay-Lussac, Thenard.

Five of these we may claim as our own. I was disappointed in not seeing Brunel, or Faraday, or Davy, enrolled among the noble host; but here lies the difficulty,—I would almost say, the distress—arising from limitation. Had 'those three men' figured, as most deservedly they

might, on the recording stone, I should, beyond doubt, have wished to see other three [and why not *thirty?*], while numbering—as memory and common gratitude might prompt,—the many, who, even in the present century, have adorned the annals of Science, and contributed to their Country's fame and good.

On my way homeward I passed the ruins of a small Hospice or House of Refuge founded by Henry II., for the reception of poor lepers; wretches afflicted with a disease which not only corroded the skin and flesh of the sufferer, but the very plaistering of the walls of his dwelling; but the origin of which has been ascribed to unwashed skin and want of change of clothing. A pleasant tale was related to me concerning this house, which appears to have been somewhat similar in its customs to our Kentish Hospice, *magni nominis*, in Rochester,—known as Watts's Charity, which afforded to every poor wayfaring man a supper and night's lodging. The steward wishing to deter any applicant from making a second visit, used to supply so hard a crust and so hard a bed, that none were known to trouble the gatekeeper twice. The monks, however, in the Royal Charity House admitted the leper;—bedded, boarded, and booked him—like Squeers's pupils at Dotheboys' Hall—(with breviary and psalter), till he was fit to re-enter the streets and such companionship as might be courageous

enough to welcome him!—but they imposed an interdict against his ever coming again,—urging that there was no clause in the rules of their House which sanctioned the re-admission of a patient once cured. But, as they could not undertake to recognize every face they had once seen, and had discovered that many came in, even after only a week's absence, without being known by their features,—each outgoing man was obliged to hold out his thumb to the gatekeeper, who then let fall four or five drops of aquafortis on the nail, which would continue to be yellow for nearly six weeks;—and this period the holy brothers deemed long enough to induce the idle man [or, as we may term him, the dirty vagrant,] to travel further afield; knowing that if he applied at King Henry's hospice while the thumb nail was yet yellow, he would be sent to the right about!

Whether through the constraining influence of the priesthood which worked upon the fears, and turned to every advantage for the Church the superstition of the wealthiest of the people; or, because there was nothing that bore even the semblance of a law in those remote and dark ages which took cognizance of the miserable condition of individuals having no means of self-maintenance or support,—and who in times of plague, pestilence, and famine, died, as the starved natives of India are dying, (from the

failure of their crops, or the dearness of that vegetable which is the staff of their subsistence,) —the Refuges or Houses of temporary reception erected in Europe between the tenth and seventeenth centuries were numerous to an extent hardly conceivable. Simultaneously with the relief afforded by this mere shelter from the elements, the ever open gates of the monasteries and convents distributed daily dole and many a creature comfort;—and the medical aid by which human suffering was mitigated, during the prevalence of acute or chronic disease, was afforded exclusively by the monks, many of whom were skilled not only in physic, but in surgery. I advert to this universally known fact only to account for the frequent mention of the Hospices which enters into the description of every third or fourth ruin we meet in the provinces, not only of France, but of other equally civilized countries abroad. Kings, princes, dukes, seneschals, barons and bishops are numbered among the founders of these ancient hospitals and houses of refuge; to which number must be added, as I have said, the individuals whose consciences were tranquillized and healed, as they believed, by their erecting Charitable Houses during their lifetime; or, by bequest, oral or written, as their last hour drew nigh. As expiatory acts, also, these Foundations were among the most common; and the Angevins refer to many such on the part of

Henry II., whose responsibility in the matter of Thomas à Becket's violent death seems to have been insisted upon to an extent of retribution from which the Church in his day 'sucked no small advantage.' I passed by one of his Hospices in Angers, which is now about to be converted into a Music Hall!

Shortly afterwards I stood opposite to one of the most picturesque ruins in the city,—the Church of the ancient Hospice of All-Saints. It is near the Military Storehouse, in the same quarter where the Museum is situate. The wheel-window is a marvellous specimen of that massiveness which characterized the early part of the eleventh century, and will probably preserve its entirety for yet two centuries from the present time. The columns, so much of them as remains, are of that tapering lightness which one would suppose to be unattainable in stone. If ever the old edifice shall fall asunder and leave even one wall with its windows to stand dark against moonlight, it may rival Tintern Abbey. This hospice was built forty years prior to the Norman Conquest, by one Gerard, a canon of the Cathedral of St. Maurice; and in dedicating it under the name of All-Saints, his idea was that every sick man received into the Infirmary here established, for the relief of his ailing *body*, might invoke for the peace of his *soul* the intercession of his own patron saint! This Gerard was re-

garded as the prototype of the celebrated St. Vincent de Paul of the 16th century—'ce génie incarné de la Charité Chrétienne':—such distinguishing mention hath he among the Saints. The compliments paid to Henry II. in the old Province so closely associated with every mention of his name are less positive. He is spoken of as having the mind of a Pagan in the body of a Christian!—as having a capital headpiece and an ardent spirit; a heart full of wild and daring impulse, the antagonist of Rome and the great builder of Churches! My own passing mention of Henry shall be limited to the impression made at the first moment of entering the Hall of the Hospice de St. Jean, where the well known epitaph of Wren is immediately forced upon the mind of an English tourist intent upon and interested in records of this noblest duke of ANJOU—'Si monumentum quæris, circumspice.'

I ought to make honourable mention of what are called the Arches of St. Aubin, on the site of the Prefecture; but my reference to these very remarkable, and I may almost say, startling relics of high antiquity must be brief, as I very much doubt the inclination of general readers to peruse long paragraphs on Archæological subjects. Yet should this volume fall into the hands of any one likely to visit that part of France whither my wanderings led me last summer, I should regret the omission of the few words here

subjoined. These arches are older and more peculiar in their style than any in the whole city of Angers. They are eleven in number. The first six are of a mixed architecture, Romanesque and Byzantine: the next four are wholly Byzantine: the eleventh and last purely Romanesque. The first ten are of the eleventh century; but the eleventh,—and here lies the singularity—has been attributed by various judges—(whose opinions are strangely discrepant)—to the tenth, ninth, eighth, seventh, and even sixth century. There are, in fact, five distinct styles of Architecture observable in the buildings which now comprise the Residence of the Prefect, and formerly constituted a part of the large convent of St. Aubin;—the tower of which I have already referred to. The pure Romanesque, the Romano-Byzantine, the pure Byzantine, and the style improperly termed Gothic, are discernible in different parts. I need hardly remind the reader that this term Byzantine is derived from Byzantium, the primitive name of Constantinople, in which, by decision of the Roman Emperor Justinian (author of the Code of Roman Law), Anthemius, the eminent Architect of the age, erected, about the year 532 of the Christian era, the splendid Cathedral of St. Sophia in Constantinople, at the cost of a million sterling. It still exists, as a Turkish mosque; but Justinian built in the same city upwards of

twentyfive churches, one at Ephesus,—one at Ravenna, and one at Jerusalem; and the style of these has descended even to the present day. The name of Foulques Nerra enters here again, in connection with the Angevin monuments. Part of this wondrous arcade is attributed to him in the first two years of the eleventh century: but the Benedictine monks who took possession of the Convent of St. Aubin for the purpose of modernizing it, at the period when only too many public bodies sought most unworthily to gratify Louis XIV. by destroying mediæval antiquities and adopting the taste of Le Grand Monarque,—actually coated these arches with layers of plaster, and gave to the flatted surface all the appearance of a wall. Thirty years ago some masons who were employed to fill up certain cracks in the plastering, happened to hit the surface rather too roughly, and having knocked down a square yard of the encrusting lime, discovered *all* that now meets the eye. It would require many pages to give a satisfactory description of the wondrous *mélange* of sculptured monsters and chimerical forms introduced by the old monastic artists that designed and executed the mouldings about these arches. Some antiquarians have supposed that these unseemly objects were intended to remind the Christians of the horrors and defilements of Oriental Paganism from which the Crusades

delivered them: but could we have heard the clerical designers explaining their own ideas with respect to these compositions, we should have been initiated in mysteries more nearly associated with the West than with the East. Attitudinizing could go no further than is seen in some of these symbolic corbels and rilievos. Composite forms, half woman, half greyhound, —half man, half porpoise,—and hundreds of similar conjunctions, would be interpreted by any resuscitated ecclesiastic of the era of the Visigoths or of Mahomet, as monitors, remembrancers, and public accusers that ought to arraign, in every generation, the follies and vices of the day. What might not the mallet and chisel of the seventh or eighth century have effected to put down the use of crinolines! or of monster cigars! Beards are, indeed, introduced among divers ridiculous and quasi-abominable extravagances in these mouldings, which would be best studied through Photography; but there are paintings, also, in those arches that stood in the ancient Refectory of the Convent: frescoes illustrating the Old and New Testament; among which are seen three Cavaliers mounted, and making their way to a city which is shown in the middle distance. These are the wise men approaching the Manger at Bethlehem.

I remember having many years since discovered an encaustic painting behind four coats of white-

wash on a wall in one of our old churches in Kent: the subject, that hackneyed one of the sinner in the scale, and the emissaries of the Evil One endeavouring, might and main, to make his head kick the beam: but I remember a reredos of stone having been found behind either panels or plastering in the chancel of New College, Oxford. Such covering up has been in vogue, with shameless contempt of venerable age and feature, whenever and wherever Utilitarianism has outvoted pure and reverential Taste. I may bear still further witness to this, in that the clerk of the works superintending the demolition of an old Vicarage house on my own estate in Kent, which in early times belonged to the priory of Leeds, discovered behind the lath and plaster of the principal sitting-room an entire stone chimney-piece, above six feet wide, of the days of Edward IV., (which was very effectively worked up in the new mansion:) and, not far from it, one of the sides of a confessional, with the sliding-panel, &c. My French friend said that the spoliation and defacements perpetrated in France in the seventeenth century, when the mediæval style was regarded as simply barbarous, and 'The Louis Quatorze' was all in all, deprived the country of many of its most precious possessions—the architectural chefs-d'œuvre of the eleventh and three following centuries. Angers has to deplore some of these gross violations of

the law of good taste and correct feeling, and among them is the Grand Séminaire which might have been an adornment, architecturally, to the City, had the primitive order of the Benedictines' Abbey, on the site of which it rose, been preserved in the new building. It is now a mere conglomeration of brick and stone, "sans taste, sans everything" that might commend it to its neighbours' respect or liking.

One of these Séminaires, or 'seed plots' of Roman Catholic candidates for Holy Orders, was some time since converted into a Museum, which, as I returned from the Cathedral, at no great distance from it, I made a point of visiting. The rez-de-chaussée apartments are occupied partly by pictures, partly by statuary and antiques. Among the former I found a good Hobbema and an equally valuable Reubens. There was a capital 'Dog' by Schneiders, and some three or four respectable specimens of the Italian School; but the stranger is generally aware that he is not to see anything very excellent in this collection. I preferred Louis the Fourteenth's Court-painter's (Mignard) Virgin and Child and St. John the Baptist—4 ft. 6 in. by 3 ft. 6 in.—to any of the Flemish or Italian masters here exhibited. There is a large and interesting picture of the Emperor and the Bishop of Angers, the Mayor, and Prefect of Angers visiting the half drowned families

whose cabins on the slate quarry sides were washed away, to the displacement of thousands of men, women, and children, by the inundations of the year 1858.

I paced the galleries alone; but on fête days and Sundays the workpeople and others might be seen in groups inspecting both the departments of Art. Of these the gallery and apartments for statuary are the most popular, in consequence of the prominence here given, through David's works, to so many of the 'celebrities' of France. I have already spoken of this David as the recently deceased sculptor, whose conspicuous talent has long been the theme of enthusiastic admirers, not in Angers only, his native town, but throughout France. One hall of the Museum is entirely occupied by his colossal statues, among which are those of the gallant old commander Jean du Bart, who quitted the Dutch navy for that of France, and among other maritime exploits destroyed eightysix sail of our merchantmen off Newcastle, where he also burned two hundred houses in the year 1692. A very striking impersonation of Gutenberg, the inventor of type printing, is also here;—with Réné of Anjou, Le Grand Condé, Cuvier, Grouchy, De Beranger, Suchet, Larrey (surgeon to the Forces in the Russian campaign of 1812), Victor Hugo, Corneille, Balzac, Rossini, Racine, Visconti, and Volnay. There is also a statue, heroic-scale, of Las Casas: the pedestal exhibiting

a long letter written to him by Bonaparte. This is a colossal plaster cast, bronzed.

I was much interested in a beautiful bust of Bonaparte, First Consul: much amazed on beholding Armand Carrel (a native of Rouen, who was killed in some affray arising out of political dissensions in 1836), for the statue exhibits a *pair of Cossack trowsers!*

The coin and medal cabinet is worthy of more attention than is generally bestowed on this department in museums. There is a very fine selection of the coins of the principal Roman Emperors: and the most perfect one I have ever seen of Ptolemy Soter I.—a gold piece, the features reminding me forcibly of Louis XVIII. There are others in good condition of Ptolemy V. and VIII., gold coins of Philip and Alexander of Macedon, and a fine silver one of Juba, King of Numidia. Among the ordinary coins were silver and bronze of Lesbos, Athens, Crotona, Pamphylia, Corinth, Thebes, and Rhodes. In a glass case were numerous antique rings and medallions; and, distributed through two counters, were upwards of a hundred well preserved bronze antiques; some from Naples, some from French provinces,—found by excavators on the site of Roman camps. The director of the Mint in Paris had presented to this museum an entire set (and they are very beautiful) of all the bronze medals struck in the Hôtel de la Monnaie, from the Consulate of Bonaparte

to the present time. This is a very interesting series, and awakens the stirring memories of many eventful years: as, indeed, all coins and medals tend to do. I happen to possess the best medal of the First Consul A.D. 1801.

It was very annoying, however, to be told that there was no catalogue. In the absence of such a 'vade-mecum' I declined ascending to the upper rooms, where the Natural History department is carefully classified; but without a manual for frequent reference the visit to museum-galleries is little better than a mere promenade; and this is not my way of looking at things.

Upon this ground, I advise the tourist in Angers to inquire for the Cheminée Barrault;—a beautiful chimneypiece in one of the apartments not absolutely given up to Museum purposes. It is more like a stone pulpit of the flamboyant style than the breastwork of a fireplace, and quite dignifies fagots and fuel; though with all its architectural grandeur, the recess would not contain a family of five nestling on either side of the embers and hanging cauldron; as we see so often in our oldest cottages, where, in the course of an average lifetime, the *mater*familias, ever in the reek and smoke, becomes as embrowned and high-scented as a Yorkshire ham. There was at Meare, in Somerset, a fireplace having a hood of stone, perfect, and finely corbelled, of the date of the fourteenth century. It resembled this in

Angers. The high roof and tourelle behind it, of the exterior, ought not to be left without a glance. One tower was either never completed, or was partly taken down; but a most elaborate imbedded pendant survives.

In the evening of the day on which this visit was paid, the 'Musique des Pompiers,' in other words, the Sappers' and Miners' Band, reinforced by many performers from the garrison regiment and the Town, were to give one of the two concerts which twice in the week afford a most delectable recreation to the inhabitants, until the winter season renders outdoor amusements impracticable. A very extensive area has been cleared in the Haute Ville, or Boulevard du Mail, exactly facing the Mayoralty,—and is called "the Mall Garden"; resembling in most of its arrangements and accessories those of the Rhenish towns,—and all those German Promenades and Concert gardens where many, no doubt, of my readers have heard some of the best music of Europe. The broad smooth gravel walks and grass enclosures astonished me. They were worthy of Chiswick. The principal promenade walk was sixty feet in width, and many of the lime, plane, sycamore and acacia trees were upwards of forty feet in height. Interspersed among these trees were parterres full of beautiful flowers, and several fine-grown shrubs very judiciously planted, not only in the most con-

spicuous but also in remote situations. The whole extent of the enclosure, comprising about five acres, was marked out by a double circle of posts and chains, in the centre of which, opposite to the Mayoralty, was an ornamental gate through which the Public entered the garden, gratuitously, —except those parties who wished to *sit* during the concert, and for these there were about four hundred cane chairs ranged in triple circles in an area of four hundred square feet:—the price of admission being threepence! In the centre was a very handsome Pavilion ten yards in diameter, —surrounded by a broad border of flowering shrubs, and having two entries by steps which led up to the platform on which the musicians stood, at a height of six feet from the ground. The garden walks were illuminated by about sixty very large globed gas-lamps: the Pavilion by hundreds of jets of gas; and the summit was surmounted by the most beautiful design in gas-fitting I had ever beheld. It represented the Ducal Coronet of Anjou,—a most appropriate and happy conception—the very counterpart of the diadem which is on the head of the recumbent effigy of Henry II. at Fontevrault. I suppose it must have contained a thousand little jets. The spendour of the light given out from this superb ornament threw its radiance all over the garden and across the Boulevard and Mayoralty, rendering the globe lamps almost superfluous.

There are many handsome houses immediately contiguous, and the whole *entourage* of the place bears a pleasant and inviting aspect, both by day and by night. Having thus far described the locality and its attractions, I may, par parenthèse, mention that as I was standing at the principal entry of 'mine own inn' reading a letter, just previous to my starting at a quarter to eight towards the Mayoralty, I saw advancing towards me a very tall stout 'militaire,' about fifty or sixty years of age, looking every inch a soldier, and exhibiting his bulk and stature to the greatest possible advantage that gold lace, aiguillettes, epaulettes, sash and sword, helmet and plume, could furnish. The countenance, very ruddy, very good-natured in expression, yet not without a twinkling expression which, being interpreted, would say, 'What do you think of this?'—seemed to me familiar,—yet I had not been in Angers a week,—and when the Field-Marshal-looking captain saluted me, I at once recognized my man. It was Telemachus! He was on his way to the Pavilion, and carried a small black leather packet containing a clarionet; he being, in fact, Premier Clarionet in the Garden Orchestra, as well as Captain of the Castle Guard of Sappers and Miners. We walked up to the Mall in company: the natives wondering, as we went along, how, when, or where Telemachus could have picked up 'un Anglais.' He was still as com-

municative and entertaining as he had proved in the Castle; and seemed to know everything that related to Angers or Anjou, to France and Europe,—Civil, Military, or Ecclesiastical. The man's store of information was really wonderful. He said he was a great reader: but he must have been through life a careful and intelligent observer: and his memory was enviable.

As we approached the Mayoralty, along the cheerful Boulevard du Mail, he pointed out a very elegant palatial edifice, brilliantly illuminated in all its rooms, which he said was the principal Cercle (club house). It stood in an ample shrubbery, with very handsome gates and approaches to it,—and was more unlike a foreign mansion than any I remember to have seen. Indeed, it would have been altogether in the right place had it been erected in our Green Park: but I have remarked generally, of late, that in all new mansions built on a large scale, the best style of English domestic architecture is kept in view, both within and without. My guide pointed out the residences on the Boulevard of some of the oldest families of Anjou:—those of the Brissacs, Roche-Jacquelin, Quatrebarbe, Villeoutrée and others. It is a lordly and regal Province, and in the middle ages must have been thronged with the noblest chivalry and best blood of France. The following are among its principal castles, and bespeak no light influence

in feudal sovreignty: Château Brissac, Changeaux, Serrant, Plessis Bourré, Durtal, Montsoreau, Bazouges, L'Ecrublière, L'Ansaudière, L'Ecoublère, Martigné Briant, Trèves, Laudifer, Montreuil Bellay, Tigné, Pouancé, Potherie, Saint Ouen, Mortier Crolle, Beaupréau, Pont de Cé.

By the time we had discussed the tenth part of this *échantillon* of the baronage and knightage of the old Province, we were approaching the entrance to the garden. The most prominent feature in advance of the great pavilion was a magnificent fountain of the best style of French workmanship in bronze, which is all that need be said to give assurance of its being infinitely superior to anything of the kind visible in our country. The statues are of exceeding beauty, and the outpouring of the flood of water is admirably contrived. The apex of the topmost ornament, from which water is thrown upward twenty feet in air, may be about thirty feet from the ground: the circumference of the basin, about a hundred and thirty feet. This basin is confined by a stone parapet very richly carved; but beyond this again is a breadth of about five yards of water, similarly surrounded by stonework, and planted with tall rushes, among which I descried by far the most pleasing introduction of gaslight in water I had ever set eyes on. From among the living rushes peeped out *fleurs*

de lis (both garden and water-lilies) of porcelain or opalized glass; and out of each of these issued a jet of gas. This was exhibited in six or eight places around the fountain. The refraction of light in the water, dimpled by the drops that fell over from the central enclosure, as the down-pouring sheets of water dashed into it, was exceedingly beautiful; and the jets bore the appearance of burnished gold among the petals of the lilies, rather than of ignited gas. This fountain would have been quite in place had it fronted the palace at Versailles. Yet here were the Angevins in all the blaze and glory and music of the scene, myriads of them,—tout pour rien: they had nothing to pay; all they had to do was to enjoy the scene! It reminded me of Marc Antony's account of Julius Cæsar's bequest to the Romans—

> ——"he hath left you all his walks,
> His private arbours and new-planted orchards,
> On this side Tiber: he hath left them you
> And to your heirs for ever; common pleasures,
> To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves."

At eight o'clock there were fortyfive musicians, in military uniforms,—forming a complete orchestra of wind instruments,—Telemachus holding a central station. Programmes were circulated, from which I give the following extract:—

1ère Partie.

SENORA : Marche	Ziegler.
Les Trois Grâces, Valse	A. Lamotte.
La Crainte et L'Espérance (Fantaisie) .	Ziegler.
Doux Rêve (Polka) . : . .	Delaporte.

2ième Partie.

Première Fantaisie sur Mireille (Sacred Melody),	Ch. Gounod.
Deuxième Fantaisie sur Mireille . .	Ditto.
Fantaisie sur le TROUVÉRE . . .	Marchand.
Marie, Redowa . : . . .	* * *

The whole performance was of first-rate excellence. An amateur sub-lieutenant of the garrison regiment played a solo on the cornet à piston, which only Carl, whom I heard at Innspruck, in 1849, could have rivalled. It was a wonderful and yet most pleasing display of skill. His name was Maire. My 'fat friend' introduced him to me. He was an ardent lover of music, and played simply as a volunteer. Had I remained a month in Angers I should have succeeded in getting up some of Beethoven's Septettes. There was talent, taste, and feeling among these men which would have secured a perfect performance. The Town Council pay twelve pounds a week for the two concerts all through the season: less than two shillings a night for each musician!

I heard, in the course of the two hours' performance, an effect produced by the cymbals

being muffled or in some way subdued,—which was indescribably beautiful. It seemed as though the players were half a mile distant. The sacred melodies,—reminding me of the German Chorales played at Wiesbaden—were exquisitely given: In fact, it was such a concert as we in England may succeed in hearing by payment of half a guinea, in our public *rooms*, when first-rate talent has been secured for the occasion: In the *open air*, never:—and these amusements constitute one of the most positive 'agréments' of town residence abroad: enjoyable sans frais, sans gène, sans façon. Our climate, for the most part, interdicts them: but we are improving;—though the encouragement given to street-bands indicates only too low a standard of taste; and England now enjoys the solitary repute of being the great patroness of *organ grinders*, quite as exclusively as she was once esteemed the Land of Saints!

CHAPTER V.

SAUMUR.

SAUMUR lay next in my *plan de route*, and 'farewell' was now to be said or sighed to ANGERS,—as pleasant a town as any in which a traveller really up to his work and fond of it, as an archæologist and artist, could take up his residence for six or eight months. It was with self-denial and regret, therefore, that after a stay of only one week, I quitted my White Horse and obliging landlord (and his Voltaic battery), whose daughter, having seen me walk off on the evening described in the preceding Chapter, with my musical acquaintance Télémaque, asked me whether Calypso joined us at the Mayoralty Garden Concert. I gave her credit for her Classical allusion; but Fénelon's popular volume has never ceased to circulate; and she had not left her Pensionnat long enough to forget that such things were, in the mind's eye of the poet, as the Isle of Ogygia and Polymetis Odusseus. Mademoiselle had carried off a prize or two at a good

boarding-school; not at the Ecole Communale, or under the tuition of my limp and pale friends the Sœurs Religieuses; for they would just as soon have thought of initiating her in Luther's Protest against Popery, as in the Heathenish Odyssey; though many an approved French author has written much worse morality than Homer's!

SAUMUR, so far as any attractiveness lay in it, ought not to have abridged a pleasurable sojourn in ANGERS; but FONTEVRAULT lay ahead, and 'Hoc erat in votis': for though I was told the Prison keepers would never let me see the King nor the King's son, nor the queenly women at their sides, I felt confident that such success was on the cards, and determined to make a start. For some miles before reaching the Trelazè Station I gained, on my right, a view of the celebrated Angevin Slate quarries. These are altogether as peculiar in their features and occupants as our own English Collieries; and the region seemed almost as swarthy, dull, and forbidding in aspect as the Black Country; but there is no flying dust or dirt to render the site repulsive. The whole substance of the bank alongside of the road at this distance of four miles from Angers seems to consist of slate, projecting bold and bluff and rugged as iron-stone; and recalled to my remembrance the Val Demona around Mount Ætna. Such of the labourers as came in sight wore a

haggard and rueful physiognomy, which seemed to take its complexion from the region itself;—not but that it has on several occasions borne a more truculent expression, when they have risen in revolt or riot, for not all the population of the Parisian Faubourg St. Antoine could surpass the ferocity and daring of these 'carriers' (quarrymen) when they have massed their numbers and advanced townward with a grievance; intent, like our own wiseacres at home, on a 'demonstration.' On the most signal occasion of this game being played by the quarry 'roughs,' the Governor of Angers offered to the advancing multitude neither the open Place de l'Hôpital, nor the Jardin du Mail, but the open mouths of four carronades pointing, with a capital range, from the round towers of the Castle. This dissuasive was most effectual,—superseding all reference either to Chief Commissioners or Secretaries of State; and the malcontents returned to their slate and a better mind! But for their dependence on the compassionate consideration of the inhabitants of the City, when they come to grief in the rainy seasons, and the works are occasionally inundated, these quarrymen, women, and children, would prove more troublesome high-dwellers than they in fact are. Their predicament, when the waters in the adjoining lands overflow, is perilous in the extreme;—their pit-cabins being in many places most imprudently set up on slopes

and hollows which are first within range of the spreading flood, and whole families being sometimes drowned, like rats in their holes.

I mentioned in the preceding Chapter a picture exhibiting the miserable condition of these three or four thousand labourers when the wide-spreading of the waters contiguous to the Works produced a cataract-like descent of the devastating element, and bore down every object in its course. The principal quarry is of that depth that St. Paul's Cathedral might stand in it, and yet remain sixty feet below the brink. I saw cranes and wheels, mills and high chimneys, and slender scaffolding and temporary slate lodges,—some of them intended to serve as lodgings,—in all directions. Many of the wooden galleries are carried along horizontally and diagonally towards perpendicular ladders of immense length, over chasms that would engulph a man of war: but, being exposed to the weather, they become in many parts rotten and dangerously unsafe; and as we may explore the Bangor and other quarries in our own land, without so great peril of a fractured skull or broken back, I took this Mt. Pisgah glimpse only of the Angevin quarries, and, when found, made this note thereof.

All the slate regions disappear before the traveller to Saumur reaches the Station at Bohalle; to be succeeded by pasturage of immense breadth, and by osier plantations that seem to cover the

country, right and left, to a considerable distance. Flax crops intervene; but this is the widest extent of osier ground in the West of France. My old acquaintance the Poplar also appeared, but presently withdrew, as if conscious of being unable to find standing-room. It was near Bohalle that I saw several wasp-waisted windmills, nearly thirty feet high, of a construction altogether strange to me. They suggested the idea of so many toys for the amusement of some giant's children, and seemed only too likely to topple over and be carried many miles across country by the first South-Wester that might chance to visit their faces too roughly. I was told, however, that within that cone which appears to lend such delicate and insufficient support, is a mast that would defy a Barbadoes hurricane.

The flax growth prevailed more or less through a length of twelve miles, when at length we neared a Station called La Menitre. I saw wheat stubbles and vines, and as they came upon the scene for some considerable space of soil, I began to think that Bacchus and Ceres were escorting me hand in hand to my next billeting place; but Pomona soon joined them, and the remainder of my ride carried me through orchards, vineyards, and wood plantations alternately, till pasture land, skirted by dense masses of oak and beech, superseded all other; and as I was looking out of window to espy what might be lying ahead, I saw a

square castle on a height, and a cluster of the same description of mills just described, and this apprized me at once of my being within a mile or two of SAUMUR.

There is a startling, if not decidedly handsome, appearance, about the entrance into this old town, as the traveller begins to cross the magnificent bridge over the Loire, and to comprehend in one glance the most ancient and the most modern (in fact not yet finished) buildings. The quay on the left is dignified by the antique Hôtel de Ville;—the Castle on the heights backing it. These remnants of the middle ages are but of little account now, and their machicolations and bartizans and walls four yards in thickness are merely gazed upon as curiosities which, nevertheless, may be destined to disappear, should *improvement* require their annihilation: but the garrison of 1369 held their castle gallantly for Charles V., and when Lord Pembroke with six hundred lancers, three hundred archers, and fifteen hundred 'irregulars' —(very like brigands!)—came up the country from Angoulême and assaulted the town, he was utterly discomfited and compelled to take his departure for St. Maur, where he fortified the Abbey, and began to make raid and foray on the banks of Loire, but never again attempted Saumur. I may as well say thus much, *par parenthèse*, for the old castle, and for the ramparts within which Robert de Sancerre inspirited

the citizens to hold out to the last, and to sally fearlessly against those marauding English. This was after an interval of thirteen years subsequent to the Battle of Poictiers. The Town Hall was erected about the year 1450. The frontage to the right of the main streets on the quay, is that of the principal Hotel (Budan), which faces a very elegant structure, comprising, by ingenious arrangements, both a Theatre and a Market house. The new buildings, however, mar all the effect of the old,—an offence against taste which, I am confident, might have been avoided;—but in these days of 'Progress' there is but slight consideration, if any, for feelings of this nature. The inhabitants are content to claim our admiration of their long straight street, a prolongation (commencing on the Angevin side of the bridge) of the high road, and continuing without deviation through two miles and a half:—such straight lines constituting, in the opinion. of the French, a paramount beauty; as we cannot fail to observe, not only in 'the king's highway' throughout the whole country, but in all the approaches to the ancient châteaux and modern seats.

The houses in Saumur are singularly white; which, in contrast with the dark slates that form the universal roofage, is almost painful to the eyes: but it imparts at the same time an aspect of cleanliness and *propreté*, and, in a bright summer day, that brilliancy which the *chunam*

plastering gives to the East India dwellings. The railway has done infinite good to this town, which is evidently thriving, and bids fair to rise into an importance to which its inhabitants had never aspired. The iron roads have thrust it upon them, by placing Saumur in direct and rapid communication with Angers and Tours,—populous and wealthy cities, and, through these, with Paris and Bordeaux. Since the days of René and Louis XI. it had stood still in comparative insignificance till Henry the Fourth, not unmindful of the loyalty of five and twenty thousand Protestants who, in quiet and industry, occupied three fourths of the town, sent them in succession several intelligent and right minded governors, under whose auspices all began to flourish; and the prosperity of the place seemed secured when the inhuman revocation of the Edict of Nantes reduced the population to five thousand. The influence of this event was felt most deplorably for a whole century. The Protestant minister, Monsieur Duvivier, told me there were still two hundred members of the Reformed Church in Saumur.

At the present time the most important feature of the town, and one of the surest sources of its gain and improvement, is the Training School for Cavalry Officers, which was originally established at Versailles, in the year 1826; then transferred to Angers; and afterwards, on gaining possession

of a magnificent site, to Saumur,—where it is situate just within the ancient field works of 1450–60. Three hundred and sixty young gentlemen, upwards of twenty years of age, are in continual residence in a range of premises five times larger, at least, than any establishment, military or civil, in our country;—and nine hundred horses occupy the noblest stabling, except the old Ecuries at Chantilly, I ever beheld. I shall speak, however, more particularly of this superb institution a page or two further. My first walk about the streets enabled me to perceive how different a population must have occupied the place from that which it now comprehends in its Census. There are round towers and pinnacles, beautiful mediæval portals, oriel and bay windows, and matchless chimneys, which bespeak the ancient locale of feudal lords and men of no ordinary position and renown. Among some of the decorated copings and turrets I saw some which, a week afterwards, I recognized on the ruins at Chinon.

During my stroll I came upon four gates conspicuous with antique ornamentation, which are marked in the old maps and charts as having stood, in ancient days, on the line of the *enceinte* formed in the middle of the fourteenth century. The gateway that first arrested my fixed attention was in the Rue Borber; and I made a drawing on the spot. There is a fine old family mansion in the same street, now used as a wholesale

cork warehouse; very lofty, and topped with a picturesque pinnacle. The mansion is in excellent condition, though it stood here in the day of the 'bon roi René,' in the beginning of the fifteenth century.

It would have required a fortnight, at least, to glean vignettes among the scattered vestiges of picturesque antiquity, in obscure and unpretending SAUMUR: but such luxurious indulgence is enjoyable, almost exclusively, by travellers who can devote *years* (as when I first made the Grand Tour nearly fifty years since) to researches and studies of this nature. Nous autres, who are journeying only too rapidly, however vigorously, to our long home, must be content to touch and go; and for paintings substitute tiny but authentic sketches —which will survive us in our portfolios. ANJOU alone would supply material, in this department, for many years.

There are still several English families resident in SAUMUR, not so much on account of its old Protestant antecedents and a French Protestant church, as of its excellent school, a Lycée; which, with that of Tours, is esteemed the best that an English lad could be placed at. A lady, whom I met during my brief sojourn, observed to me that Roman Catholicism, is, so to speak, hooded here, and stagnates. The priests of that Church are rarely seen abroad, and they make no proselytes; indeed, there are few towns of the size

and rank of Saumur in France where the professed faith of Popery is so torpid.

I now proceeded to a leisurely inspection of the exterior of the Hôtel de Ville, into whose interior there is no entry from the quay on which it stands, inasmuch as its front composed in the fifteenth century a portion of the Town-walls. After having noticed how the stonework had been chipped and fractured in a hundred places by either grape shot or bullets in some of the conflicts of 1793, when brave Henri de la Roche-Jacquelin drove the Republican troops fairly out of the streets into the Loire,—I went round to the side entry, and ascended the grand staircase to see the suite of apartments which have recently been restored, at a very considerable expense, in the style of the fifteenth century;—of the days when René was living at Saumur, and supping often in these very saloons, after joust and tournaments and much music, beyond the walls of the town.

The Town Hall apartments are interesting to view, in that they bring before us the scenes (and, therein, a glimpse of the inner domestic life) of a period which is full of the romance of history;—and it requires but a slight effort of lively imagination to conjure up the forms of Montmorency, Louis de Beaupréau, D'Harcourt, and Tancarville (with their glorious Norman names and titles), and seat them in the velvet covered chairs in the venerable Council-chamber,

—in the corridor of which I saw three of the handsomest carved oak coffers that had ever fallen under my notice: one having seven, the others two panels. The former had, I conceive, been either royal property, or was designated as that of the Town and State; for it bore the Norman shield with three *fleurs de lis* therein, and the coronet of Anjou. I saw the same heraldry in some of the stained glass of the windows. The attendant showed me a small closet on the side of the wall next to the quay, which was formed in the thickness of the stone masonry,—two yards and upwards. This would stand a few hard knocks, certainly,—but, the disfiguration of many a course of good substantial stone which I had just observed on the weather side of the fabric, from the 'peppering' of even small arms, tells only too plainly what the mouth of artillery (as Falconbridge says with respect to Angers) would do against the "saucy walls." The antiquarians of the place, seconded very liberally by the 'authorities,' have begun to form a Museum on the same level with these apartments,—several of which are well appropriated to such a sensible purpose. In one of the glazed cases I saw several iron heads of hammers, adzes, &c., which had been dug up from a mound in an old Prætorian camp: incontestably Roman. There were also many *stone* wrought tools, found in Druidical remains, of which there are two very remarkable

monuments in the neighbourhood, to be mentioned hereafter. The keepers of the museum, however, attach great value to what certainly must be exceedingly rare—(in all Italy I never saw one)—a bronze trumpet, four feet nine inches in length, found in a Roman camp at St. Jules, at about ten miles' distance from Saumur. From the same locality the excavators brought many coins of the earlier Emperors of Rome, in wonderfully well preserved condition. But among the modern antiques, commend me to the shoes worn in the days of Francis I. and Louis XIII. I made a very accurate drawing of them, which would astonish some of the ladies' shoemakers in the West End. Are not our young ladies,—especially those who justify their sixty-two inches by telling us they are, at any rate, as tall as the Venus de' Medici,—reverting to this 'style of thing'? Three of the shoes were of blacked calf skin leather, having heels 3¼ inches high!

On the Quay, at a short distance from the Hôtel de Ville, I was ushered in, by Monsieur Duvivier, to the repository of Lambourg,—an artist in spun glass, whose repute in this very uncommon exhibition of more than mere skill has extended beyond the boundaries of France. The man must be a *naturalist* of no ordinary acquirements. My attention was drawn to his work by a number of flower-pots ranged outside

his door, in which I saw 'growing and blowing' (as the flower vendors cry in our streets) what seemed to me Mignonette, Heaths of several varieties, Whitethorn cuttings, Ranunculi, Fuschias, &c. They were priced at five shillings and sixpence each: a tolerably good price, methought, for such flowers. On very minute inspection I discovered that they were all made of spun glass! The hyacinth might have been handed into any lady's carriage basket, and taken into her drawing-room without being detected, except by absence (and most desirable, too,) of scent. But for the impossibility of transporting them to England, I should have purchased several of these really marvellous imitations—forgeries—of the natural object. I then saw a white and black poodle dog, life size; quite as deceptive as the flowers, and more to be prized than the living animal, as giving no trouble in or out of a house; neither setting up a querulous and exasperating 'yap, yap,' at the area-gate, or in the hall, nor snapping at strangers' ankles, nor breaking up chicken bones on the parlour carpet. Beyond this delightfully quiet creature stood a chetah (tiger) holding a lamb in the clutch of his yawning jaws. This, too, was life size, and in a jungle would have deceived any old hand. The eyes glared with startling expression of ferocity, and one might have expected to hear the beast growl had this counterfeit been placed at the bars of one

of our Zoological Garden cages. My companion was much astonished at the personation of a peasant boy, life size, and a peasant girl. They were admirable, certainly,—and at a moderate distance might deceive any casual observer,—like the gardener mentioned by me in Vol. I. ch. ii.—but the features and hands and garments were too clean and bright; and the general aspect too much after the fashion of 'that faultless monster which the world ne'er saw,' not to be regarded with doubt. If I remember correctly, Lambourg put a price of three or four hundred francs on the tiger, and two hundred on the dog. The latter was worth more. I take for granted there will be several specimens of this wonderful workmanship in the Paris Exhibition of 1867; and place what price upon them that he may, they will to a certainty be bought; with eager admiration and an earnestly expressed wish for the exhibition of many more. The glass-work I have at any time seen in England was beneath contempt, in comparison with that at Saumur. I am surprised at its not having been introduced into London.

Soon afterwards I walked the short mile, as we say, from the outskirts of the town pavement to the Ecole de Cavalerie already mentioned. The main buildings are a central stack and two detached wings, each nearly three hundred feet in length: looking on to a square exercise ground considerably exceeding the size of Lincoln's Inn

Fields. The central stack, as I have termed it, has its front facing a very large and handsome courtyard. I counted a hundred and sixty windows looking into the Exercise ground. The Residence House of the Commandant is within a hundred yards of the College,—a capital mansion, standing in a carefully cultivated shrubbery. He is a General of high standing in the Cavalry of the Armies of France. The principal Riding House is two hundred and seventy feet long: and the stables, in three divisions—three on either side of the square—are all in one line—one hundred and sixtyfour horses in each division, in very wide stalls,—(here and there a loose box),—a long paved avenue parting the eightytwo horses on the right hand from the same number on the left; several of which animals are valued at eight hundred guineas each. There is a large Infirmary also for horses, and the same provision for any of their riders that may fall ill. The pupils, ranging from nineteen to thirty years of age, are mostly the sons of gentlemen of easy fortune—and are sent here to learn from first to last "La vie d'un soldat." It was thus expressed. They remain about two years, and are then qualified not only as perfect horsemen, but as officers thoroughly conversant with the Manége, with the Haras or Stud, with the care of horses, with the breeds and the diseases of the animals, and with every evolution through which a body of cavalry could

be put, at reviews or in active service during war. Some notion may be formed of the outlay on this noble Establishment from the fact of its costing the Government nearly twentyfour thousand francs daily:—three hundred and fifty thousand pounds a year! I observed that the sides of the stalls were without exception formed of *swinging boards.* The cloth, girths, hempen halters, bit and bridle of each horse were neatly tied up and suspended at the posts from which the said boards were hooked. The ventilation was perfect. I wish our *one* horse stables were all as free from pungent exhalation or any disagreeable odour.

Over the head of each horse was a black board, with his name painted thereon; his particular groom's name being on a similar board below it. They are all entire animals. In another excellent compartment are the brood mares with their foals. Many valuable horses are bred here: one fourth of the whole number of nine hundred and sixty. While I was reading the names (some very queer ones) of the horses, one of the Sous-maîtres de manége walked down the middle passage. He was a remarkably well formed, strong built man of about five and thirty,—six feet two inches in height,—habited in a dark blue cavalry jacket, made longer than the regulation size, with red and gold threaded facings,—white leather small clothes, horse-guard (high) boots, and large spurs:—and with a huge cocked

hat on his head, of the dimensions of that which I have already particularized in my description of the Napoleonic relics at the Louvre in Paris: he carried also a long riding whip, and withal an aspect of which Young England would say it indicated he did "not think small beer of himself!"

The Saddle Room was an admirable sample of neatness and ingenuity in arrangement. Three saddles in line occupy a length of two yards;—nevertheless, they have here stowed away eighty dozen in four sides of a room taking, each, two hundred and forty saddles, besides bits and head-gear!

After inspecting these Repositories, which are *emptied daily*,—for the whole of the horses are saddled daily,—I re-entered the stables, to examine once more the stalls. The straw under each animal was astonishingly dry and bright, yet the standing was on a very slight incline; hardly perceptible. Barrel drainage below was in admirable working, and a very effective provision for its activity was pointed out as the most recent improvement; two grilles in the grooved centre,—to which lateral grooves travelled. Where the mares were located there was one grille at the entrance of the stall, where the plaited straw traverses it. I here give the names of some of the horses:—Ethelwolf, Austerlitz, Hamilton, Marengo, Madère, O'Con-

nell, Talma, Game-Chicken. [One of the grooms, passing by me while I was at Game Chicken's stall, and wishing me, I supposed, to perceive that he understood English, spoke aloud, 'Garm Seeking!'] I was then led into the Blood Horse Department, and beheld some magnificent creatures, indeed. There was Ouled Saïda, foaled the 19th April 1863, 'pure blood, Barb Arab:' his sire, the renowned Abou-Arkoub: his dam Saïda. This noble animal was in a loose box, as were all the others.

Omar, Anglo-Arabian, three-parts blood, 28th May 1863: by Abou-Arkoub, from Esmeralda.

Ovide, Anglo-Norman: three-parts blood: May 1st 1863; by Pretty Boy, from Reine Mathilde.

I suppose the world cannot exhibit premises displaying greater proofs of care, order, neatness, and incessant attention than these stables. The discipline enforced in every department,—among all the three hundred and sixty officers inclusive,—is very strict; both in respect of steadiness and attention to every duty prescribed by the routine of duty, and the regulations annexed to 'The Ride,' under cover or in the open air, and also of their behaviour when in the town. Mr. O'Neil of Tyrone, the sub-prefect of Saumur (vrai Français, but of Irish extraction), spoke in high terms of all these young cavaliers, and admired the whole system of the College, which,

he said, exhibited the young men, as one set of proficients made way for others, not only as well-trained soldiers, but as good citizens, and, he might add, superior specimens of the French army. The orderlies, grooms, trainers, and others employed on the Establishment, are summoned to saddle every morning at five o'clock in the spring and summer; an hour later in the dark mornings of the year. The young officers, three hundred and sixty, mount an hour later. The payments made by each amount to about ninety pounds a year; the Government, as I have already mentioned, meeting all cost of horse-keep and general outlay, at the rate of twentythree thousand francs and upwards daily. I was led round to the *Outdoor* Infirmary: a large grassy enclosure, with high banks of beautiful smooth green turf rising on every side of it, —as a shelter from wind,—in which convalescent horses are placed. Another close to it is surrounded by living walls of white thorn (quick-set hedge), so dense in growth, and so admirably trimmed and headed down, that a weasel could hardly get through it: This is for horses out of condition, though not positively ill.

Seeing a groom carrying a feed of oats, I requested him to let me examine their quality. The slovenly farming of France immediately told its tale. The oat-crop had been cut with so many weeds in it,—(as high, no doubt, as the

standing grain),—that this sieve exhibited one-eighth of the entire feed consisting of black seeds as big as pills intermingling with the wholesome corn. These were the "Herbes Sauvages" run to seed! to be digested by the horse as comfortably as their taste and hardness might permit. Such rubbish must occasionally qualify the unlucky animal for the Infirmary fare.

Two or three fields of three or four acres each were in another direction, reserved for a run at grass; and two allotments bore a crop of Indian corn and carrots, for the horses. These several plots were in the olden day comprised within the 'enceinte' marked out for René of Anjou and all his chivalry, when he came to Saumur to disport himself after the wear and tear of war; and the Exercise ground, where now may be seen the squadrons of the Ecole de Cavalerie, is believed to have been the area for the lists at the tournament. The old rampart, which looks down into this ground on one side and into the grassy enclosure on the other, commands a wide prospect of vineyards and orchards. It is altogether a very pleasant site, and the Exercise ground is open to the inhabitants twice in every week at eight o'clock in the evening, as a promenade: an indulgence which makes the College very popular; especially as on these occasions the garrison band and the band of the Establishment combine to the number of fifty musicians to perform

select pieces on a lofty stage constructed at the height of twentyfive feet from the level of the great area, with stairs and benches giving access to the players from the rampart side. Thus they are seen of the whole multitude promenading below; and a very beautiful concert is the result of their combined talent. With exception of the Austrian regimental bands, I never heard better music of the kind. Throughout the summer their performance is given not only in the evening, but early in the morning, while the instruction is being given below in the Campus Martius already described,—so that young France becomes a proficient in the manége, and may acquire a taste for good music, simultaneously! This riding-lesson is called the 'Carrousel.' I was presented with one of the programmes circulated by a serjeant on the day previous to my departure from Saumur, and here transcribe it:

Programme des morceaux qui seront exécutés par La Musique aujourd'hui 8 Août.

1. Marche Militaire
2. Le Conte Ory . . . Trio.
3. Lucrèce Borgia . . . Cavatina.
4. Martha . . . . . Ouverture.
5. Guillaume Tell . . . Prièrc.
6. Le Champagne . . . Galop.

Carrousel demain, Jeudi, avec musique—

á 6½ heures pour la troupe

—7 heures ½ pour les officiers.

Unfortunately there was such flooding rain on the morning of August 8th that neither horsemen nor musicians turned out at seven; and I left the the town at nine; almost despairing of fine weather.

While, however, I was sojourning in this interesting neighbourhood I made an excursion to the site indicative of the homes of a population whose existence hereabout was certified (as in all other parts of Europe, wherever they dwelt) by monumental records that Time, all destructive as he is—('edax rerum' and of men, women, and children)—seems, as yet, to have been unable to destroy. I speak of the Druidical remains which are situate within two miles or thereabouts, distant from Saumur, and which stood where they are now seen, before that town rose into existence. The antiquarians deduce the origin of its name from Murus, a wall; the wall of Villa Johannis which stood half way between the river and the Celtic population in the ninth century; and mention is made of it in a very ancient chart as 'Salmurus.' 'Castrum illud quod vocatur Salmurus.' The Celtic settlement was beyond this site, at a distance of three leagues, in the fourth and fifth century; and held their own for two centuries: but the Christian population fled before the Danish invaders, whose ravages here, and, we may say, *everywhere*, made them the terror of mankind—'sea wolves' on the water,—

tigers on land: and the only permanent settlement was in the middle of the tenth century, when Othbert, Hélie, and Renault erected the monastery of St. Florent, around which, in the course of a few years, all the fugitives from Mur or Murus, who had sought safety in Doué (the Roman Doadum), of which Othbert and his associates were natives,—rallied and built permanent habitations. Such, in brief, was the origin of Saumur,—a 'creation, as it is called, of the monks of the tenth century,—about the period of our Edmund the First and Etheldred.

My driver turned off to the left at about a mile and three quarters' distance from the town, to reach the first of the 'Dolmens,' [Tables] the name given to the Druidical monuments,—which is in a grass plot forming part of a small garden attached to the cottages in the hamlet of Bagneux, where the key opening the gate of entry is kept. It is a prodigious structure; and imagination cannot conceive the methods adopted by these mysterious aborigines for lifting such masses of stone to a height of many yards, to rest on other stones which would require thirty men's efforts even to set them up sideways. The utilitarian owner of the premises has, with execrable taste, *bricked* up the entrance into the monument, so as to hang a paltry door, like that of a pig-stye, which is always locked—with what object it is impossible to form any rational conjecture. The appearance of it con-

stitutes a rude, repulsive desecration of the structure.

I stepped the length, and found the inside measure to be twentyone paces:—that of the highest stone was twelve feet. Murray's 21 feet is a misprint for 12. I sat down and made an accurate drawing,—which shows four stones on either side; one at the end—and four at the top, covering in the whole: the average length of each of these upper stones being five yards; and each weighing about eight tons: the principal one could not weigh less than nine. One stone lies in front of the entry, on the right, without any other facing or resting on it. Each stupendous mass touches the other standing next to it: and I found it impracticable to thrust my leg through any interstice. The blocks are of sandstone, and are almost entirely free from lichen or any vegetable mould. A little thin grass was growing on the third and fourth top stones. And, now, what was this Cyclopean structure? We cannot call it a fabric, for nothing was fabricated to produce what, after eleven, perhaps twelve or thirteen centuries, we now behold in almost pristine entirety.

The age in which they rose is pre-historic, and not a record survives to assure us of their real appropriation; but circumstantial evidence has removed all doubt of their having been monuments erected over the dead: tombs, indeed, as well as

monuments; and concealed for centuries, probably, underground: the covering earth which, with a thickness of many feet concealed them, having, in the lapse of time, been removed by rain and frost, rather than by the despoiling hand of man. Such an accumulation of soil, in localities not liable to be brought into cultivation, or to be molested by plough, spade, or mattock, would retain in security the mortal remains therein deposited: and that such interment was adopted has been made manifest, beyond all dispute, by the discovery of skeletons lying under a layer of stone slabs, and these slabs bearing other skeletons, and being covered by a second layer;—an arrangement which would admit of six, or eight, or nine individuals being extended under one covering roofage; as is, indeed, the case at the present day in bricked graves and family vaults in our church yards.

These mystic forefathers, being in Egyptian darkness as regards any religious knowledge, would appear nevertheless to have entertained some notion of a future; as vessels of pottery have in many cromlechs and dolmens been discovered alongside of the skeletons,—indicating the existence of a belief or a guess that the manes of the buried might possibly be conscious of an offering having been made at the time of interment. As for these immense structures having been altars for the immolation of human victims in sacri-

fice, the discoveries here adverted to are all sufficient to negative that theory altogether.

Leaving the larger Dolmen, I pursued my way to the smaller, which I found to be fully as interesting as its fellow. The road leading to it became so bad, when I just caught sight of the monument, that I left my calèche sticking in the ditch-like ruts, and began to scramble up a very steep bank—(thoroughly Angevin and Plantagenistic,—being overgrown with *broom*),—and after some awkward slips and stumbles, found a very narrow path, which led into a vineyard. Following this track, I reached the skirts of the vineyard, and on the summit of a steep grassy eminence, which beetled over the terrible road below at an altitude of seventyfive or eighty feet, I espied the 'Kits coity house' of Anjou, standing within four feet only from the brink of the eminence, and within a yard or two of an oak tree of about sixty years' growth; some of the boughs of which touched the foremost block of sandstone. Before I began to examine the Druidical curiosity, I turned about to enjoy the fascinating natural picture presented in a view of the entire town of Saumur and its suburbs and neighbourhood. The "Providence Hospital," as large as our Custom House, stood out on the Angers side of the river, a noble object, on the slopes the Castle rose proudly from its own eminence on the near side: twentyone windmills,

of that wasp-waisted pattern already mentioned, were in full work, the liveliest of objects in such a panorama;—for I could see around in every direction,—and I only now learned how many spires there were in Saumur. Blue hills in the horizon that must have looked down upon the distant Loire, and rich masses of foliage lying Westward,—green slopes to my right and left, and to a considerable distance behind,—held me at gaze, till I began to distrust the weather, and then walked in (without a gate) to the monument.

There are but six stones in this: but tremendous masses, indeed! The largest, on the right of entry, is nine feet nine inches high. The left side is formed by a single stone, eighteen feet six inches in length: two of vast bulk form the covering; one of which is twelve, the other nine feet in length. The length of the interior is twentyone feet; the breadth thirteen.

Sandstone is visible on the sides of the ravine, through which the road runs; but by what powers of propulsion or elevation were these masses brought into the arrangement here described? And whence were they excavated? Here they stand like the Pyramids—[which, be it remembered, were also tombs]—and we shall never know more of them than we know now: but it is gratifying to be enabled to fix our regards on such marvellous and mythic reliques of a dark age, not with a shudder at the thought of

their having been stained with human blood in heathen sacrifice, but with a feeling of respect and veneration for depositories which were (and may still be held) sacred,—while we reflect that there were immortal souls decreed to stand before God, that passed into the intermediate state, when the last breath was drawn by those very beings who in such Dolmens were laid to rest.

CHAPTER VI.

FONT-EVRAULT.

FONT-EVRAULT is reached, from Saumur, through the cantons of Dampierre, Chouzé, Montsoreau, and Candes; and a very agreeable drive it is: the road running very close to the Loire, between which and the carriage stands a long continuing growth of tall acacia trees, intermixed with osiers; while, on the right, rise lofty perpendicular sandstone rocks pierced by numberless square openings,—the doors and windows of hundreds of the Saumorois, who, like the Moabites, have left the city and made these their dwellings in the rocks. Many of these excavations are systematically shaped with steps or staircases communicating with upper and lower stories, and leading into the gardens that skirt the road below; six-roomed houses formed in the living rock. I saw some of the young children peeping out, like rabbits in those stony places which, from the days of the Psalmist of Israel, have been, par preference, dwellings for that feeble

folk the conies. Similar residences came upon the scene as I rode through Chouzé, and now and then I observed that either from the looseness of the sandstone, or from the Robinson Crusoe-like cave digger having cut it a little too fine, and putting too sharp a point upon it, when fashioning that side of his airy drawing room which faced the river, the mutilated cliff had fallen forward with a rush and crumbled into dust; compelling the tenant or proprietor to build up a frontage of yellow brick work which bore a very unsightly and unnatural aspect.

My way, however, for yet some time, lay principally alongside of broad pastures, reminding one of Marshland in Norfolk (without the churches, dikes and mills) and extensive plantations of alder, birch, lime, and poplar,—maintained, of course, for fuel;—the Loire contracting hereabouts into extreme narrowness, and exhibiting those bright yellow gravel banks which characterize its course, till the perpendicular sandstone rock region and another colony of troglodytes reappeared. The river then widened, and its waters began to exhibit a little more animation, as the barges came in sight which had taken in forage at the quay of Montsoreau. The fine old castle of this name, with its machicolated front, stands actually on the roadside, within less than twenty yards from the river, which here resembles our Thames at Richmond. It is a hundred and fifty feet wide

and sixty in height, and, though the annals of Feudalism are written but too often in blood, one cannot but regret the conversion of so superb a relic of chivalrous and royal France into a warehouse or magazine, stuffed, from basement to attic, with coarse heavy lowland hay, which, when I went into the premises, I found to be all of which I could take note;—not but that I made my drawing, and asked more questions than could be answered. The keepers of the stores stared and looked distracted when I asked whether any governor had oversight of the place in the present day! This was the headquarters of the execrable Jean IV. of Chambes, Count of Montsoreau, and Governor of Saumur, who, on the 28th August, 1572—four days after St. Bartholomew's Day—received instructions from Charles IX. in Paris to lay hand on all Protestants in Saumur and Angers, and murdered several dignified clergymen of the latter city with his own hand. He was devoted to the interests of Catharine de' Medeci, and did her work of iniquity only too thoroughly; but died three years afterwards, to the infinite joy of the whole province. This Castle, a square massive palace, was erected on the present site in the fourteenth century: but the ancient one, which Henry of Anjou besieged in 1151, when it was held by Guillaume de Montsoreau and desperately defended, stood at a much greater distance from

the river. The name of John of Chambes, however, has survived, in its infamy, all the memories of the Count of Montsoreau;—just as the diabolical cruelty of Charles IX and his abettors became its own avenger in the influence of such atrocities on the Protestant mind,—which gave rise to the assertion that if anything out of hell could exceed the wickedness of the September massacre, it was the error of the judgment that suggested it.

I was now near the junction of the Vienne with the Loire, and soon crossed the streamlet which marks the boundary of Candes,—the poor insignificant village of which [they call it a town] must always compel the traveller to halt for just so long a time as may suffice for a visit to its Church, which, in the days of its entirety, must have been a very beautiful object, and even now exhibits features on which the eye of knowledge and taste cannot but rest with delight,—however sorrowful be the aspect of a rose-window being blocked up with rough planks,—of numerous niched statuettes without heads, and of other equally barbarous mutilations. I entered, and beheld the vaulting of the interior porch, corresponding with a hall of entry in domestic architecture, supported by one single solitary column, the shaft ten feet high, in the centre of the pavement,—as we sometimes see at the summit of stone stairs. The buttresses, also, alongside of the

rose-window, were of a very remarkable design; having machicolations such as are seen only in castellated mansions or fortified buildings of the middle ages. This venerable edifice rose in the eleventh and twelfth centuries, and is one of the most remarkable and peculiar in its ornamentation in all Maine;—indeed, it was a matter of regret that I had not given up an entire day for drawing within and without such a rare specimen of the fantastic yet never other than elegant conceptions of remote antiquity. After a careful survey I discovered that the interior had been left unfinished, from the first period of its existence: though the slender columns introduced into the nave and aisle against the wall,—to only one fourth of their due length, and there completed, are designedly stinted of their continuation. There were friezes and capitals introduced with the same caprice. However, I had much to do before the afternoon should be far advanced, and, turning the horse's head about, went out of Candes, which we had entered only to stop before this church,—and, regaining the main road, drove into the Valley of the Maine through an extent of walnut-tree growth exceeding anything I had seen in Europe. The abundance of produce in this valley is altogether characteristic of France, the soil of which in these Departments of the West is so kindly as to repay, like that of Australia and New Zealand, the

lightest amount of labour with the largest returns. Were it but well cultivated,—and this is a very rare occurrence,—the crops would in all probability yield an abundance absolutely embarrassing; for the population is comparatively thin, and the consumers too few to dispose of the kindly fruits of the earth around them: and every market is overstocked. The husbandry, therefore, which would augment the growth of vegetable and fruit produce, by three times, is not called for: and, perhaps, in a country whose able-bodied men are being drafted off so continually into an army comprising nearly half a million of soldiers, this facility of procuring provisions is most providential: one full half of the farm labour is performed by the females, both in homestead and field; in the granaries, orchards, and vineyards; in the dairies and the wine-presses: so that, in fact, their distribution of labour is directly the opposite of ours. In this country the women are supplementary: in France the men are almost, if not entirely, so.

I at length began to see bright stone-built cottages among gardens and vineyards, interspersed with orchards where the boughs of the trees were bending and all but breaking under the weight of fruit—(the wood is seldom cut away, and the apples and pears are small in consequence, but prodigious in quantity)—and to these succeeded some very fine timber, and, further on,

an avenue of acacias and poplars, between which I espied numerous well-built cottages, looking as bright as marble, and presenting a peculiarly ornate appearance from being built up in the white stone of the district, which cuts like chalk, and gives to the cabin of the poorest villager a stylishness belonging rather to park lodges than to rural dwellings. Such pretensiousness in the construction of homes inhabited by a population that live, so to speak, from hand to mouth, is at first sight remarkable enough; for Fontevrault, although its one single street is pleasingly rustic and pretty, is *pas grande chose*, as a village; and all that constituted durability, prosperous condition and importance, lay in olden time in its Abbey, now one of the most extensive *prisons* in France; —its yards and grounds occupying nearly twenty hectares; which exceed forty of our acres; and the number of prisoners amounting to nearly sixteen hundred.

My driver put up at a little inn within thirty paces of the gate at which I was admitted into the Maison Centrale,—the designation now borne by the quondam Abbey;—this being one of the few jails appropriated for the detention of convicts whose sentences condemned them to long periods of confinement without hard labour. Some are here for five, some for ten, others for twenty years: a few for life. Such offenders are sent from Paris and the large towns and cities,

into the Interior, as it is termed, where the transformed monasteries or fortresses or barracks, being adapted, by certain arrangements and changes, to the discipline of a prison, form admirable houses of reception for criminals requiring to be kept in strongholds and roomy and healthy premises. Such undoubtedly are those I now entered. I requested to see the Director. I had my passport in my breast-pocket, but did not produce it: my card was taken to Monsieur Christaud, who presently appeared, and had I been a Count of Anjou, or a legate from the Vatican, he could not have given me a more respectful and courteous accueil. We were *d'accord* in an instant; and entered upon a circuit of the whole of the Establishment, which receives convicts from eleven Departments of France. I found him a very right-minded, sensible man, of a religious, but far from sanctimonious or superstitious turn of mind:—and full of intelligence. His wife had died about three months previously, and, to divert his melancholy, he still continues to superintend the work of restoration in the ancient portions of the Abbey, which, long before the destructive period of 1789, had fallen in many places into decay; and, what was even worse than prospective ruin, had been most wantonly mutilated, disfigured, and divested not only of its architectural adornments, but even of the provision made by the ecclesiastical founders, in the

eleventh century, for beneficial occupation and use of the premises. Only a year ago he discovered in the cloisters—pre-eminently beautiful as they are—as many as eighty arches and a corresponding number of alto-rilievos, built up and covered with plaster, so as to constitute one plain-faced wall: the said wall being six feet in thickness.

Christaud's exertions have brought to light one of the most beautiful cloisters in Europe. I secured two drawings of a capital which drew my attention just as I entered the Consistory court; and the cipher which met my eye on portions of the pavement and of the walls; that of Louis de Bourbon.

The Salle de Chapitre is a noble hall, in which the Lady Abbess used to hold high assembly; and, following out the new order of things under the appropriation, Monsieur le Directeur here sits in judgment to try prisoners brought before him for refractory conduct, or any special offence committed within the prison;—the Prætor, as he said, of discipline. I perceived marks of fresco painting in the cloister, along whose consecrated pavement walked many a royal princess of England as Lady Abbess, in the palmy days of monastic life: and where Francis the First might have been seen,—pacing the secluded courts and quadrangles with the Abbess in 1517. A perfect fresco remains of a certain Mademoiselle

de Blois, sister of Madame de Montespan; and while I was examining this, my sedulous guide invited me to take special notice of the old frescoes in the hall, which illustrated, in combination, Scriptural history and the Abbesses and Prioresses of different dates and generations, whose names still survive in ecclesiastical records of Anjou. These are eleven in number, and quaint and curious enough. The first in order represented Christ washing Peter's feet; the other Apostles looking on, with two Lady Abbesses *in their company!* The next, Judas's kiss; witnessed by two Abbesses. The third, Christ scourged; witnessed by one Abbess. The fourth, "Behold the man!" one Abbess beholding. The fifth,—The Crucifixion: two Great Prioresses, close to the holy women at the Cross! The sixth,—the descent from the Cross:—the Magdalen's features remarkably well painted;—one Prioress. The seventh,—the Entombment:—two Prioresses looking on. The eighth,—The Resurrection: two Prioresses. The ninth,—The Ascension: one Prioress looking upward. The tenth,—The Descent of the Holy Spirit: one Prioress present. The eleventh,—The Death of the Virgin Mary: one Prioress present.

The chapel in which the inmates of this Abbey assembled for worship was, before its alteration, one of the most magnificent in France. It was surmounted previous to 1790 by four domes:

the walls were seven feet six inches in thickness, and the columns in the nave were seventyfive feet in height. The style of these is still seen in the Refectory,—charming in their simplicity; and it was on my way to the inspection of these that I observed a sample of the first dawning of the appearance of the pointed arch. But—grievous to add—the nave of that glorious chapel has been converted into small dormitories; from the beds of which the eyes of the convicts gaze on the beautiful Romanesque arch, beneath whose majestic semicircle moved, in past times, many a long and pompous procession, brilliant with cope and chasuble, at the lightest description whereof 'The quack in Re Ecclesiasticâ' [as the real Romish priest designates our unlucky ritualist] would turn pale,—red or blue,—as the case and face might be! Pauvre homme!! It was a somewhat incongruous community that lived and worshipped within these cloistered walls: monks and nuns [the latter double in number of the former],—amounting to a hundred and fifty; and though such fraternization provoked comment and distrust adverse to the repute and peace of the co-dwellers, the Abbey survived through good and ill report till the outbreak of the Great Revolution, when, all such societies being peremptorily broken up and dispersed, the nuns went one way and the monks another, and solitude and silence alone were left

where old Robert d'Arbrissel, six hundred and ninety years before, had established a union of recluses that were to become a pattern for monastic Christendom to envy, imitate, and admire. He was a monk of Brittany, and laid the first stone of the chapel in the year in which the Crusaders besieged and took Jerusalem.

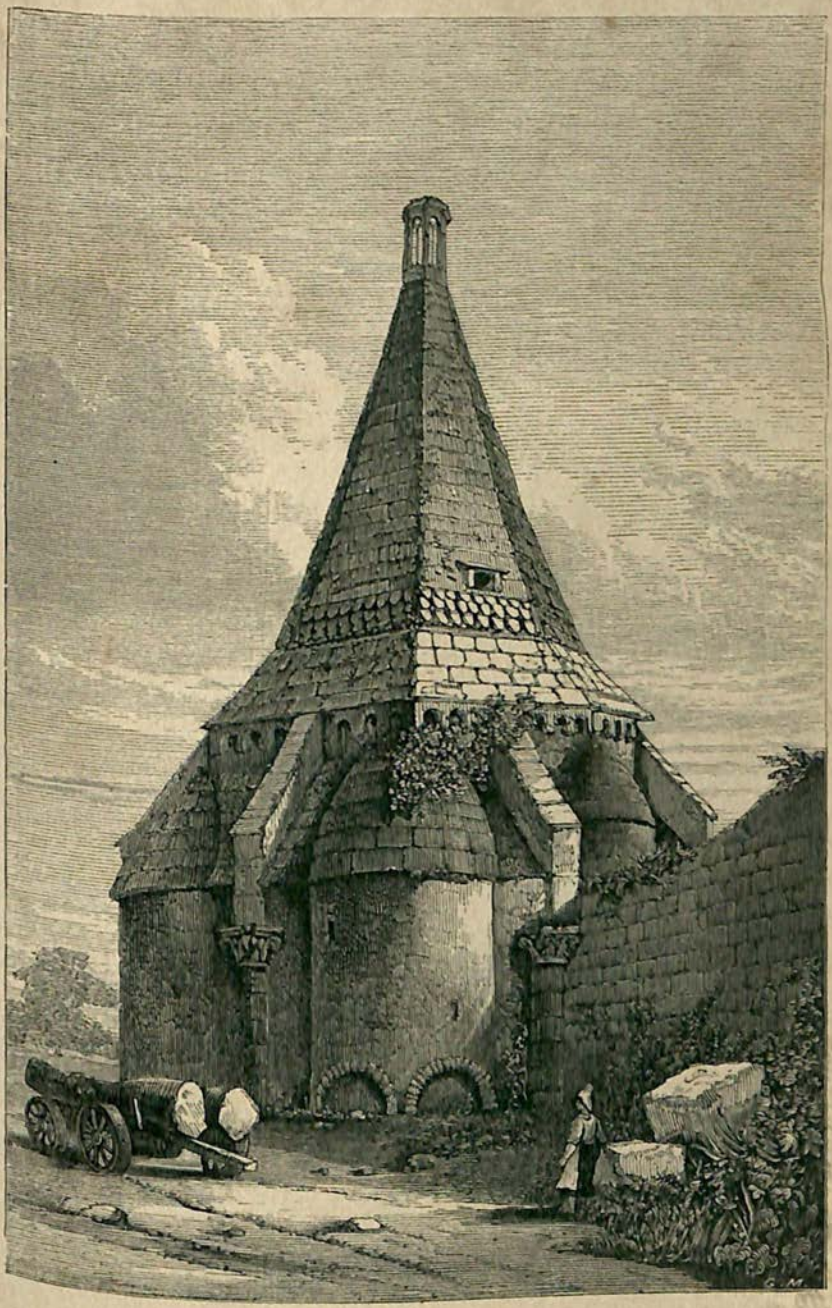
There were escutcheons near the cloister entry on which I saw the arms of the house: two keys crossed,—a representation of the Virgin Mary being introduced at the point of their contact, on a gules shield:—and the arms of the Princesses of France, a Norman shield bearing three fleurs-de-lis, and a small portion of 'bend' in the middle. All the princesses of France exhibit that bend in their escutcheons.

One of the most prominent features, however, that have survived the violent changes and spoliations so destructive of the grandeur of the old Abbey, at the outbreak of the Revolution, is the fabric called by the majority of travellers and archæologists 'The Kitchen;' and whoever has seen the ruins at Glastonbury, and gazed in wonder on the still admirably preserved Cooking Hall of the dead, buried, and forgotten monks who long since went down to that supper where they ate not, but were eaten,—will be strongly disposed to affirm, whenever they may chance to see Fontevrault, that the stone-built cone which

meets the eye almost immediately upon entrance into the Abbatial premises, must have been a kitchen, and a very capital one, too.

M. Christaud, shaking his head, as if to deprecate speaking evil of dignities, assured me Arbrissel of Brittany would never have wasted good money, or encouraged bad habits of gluttony and sensuous living, by erecting such a monstrous structure merely *pour la bouche!* But the rejoinder to this is, that there were as many *bouches* to be fed in the prosperous times of the Establishment as there were days in the year; and that ordinary spits, gridirons, and stoves would not have been sufficient to prepare the enormous number of rations even from an ordinary and limited bill of fare; to say nothing of more *recherché* repasts of ladies of noble family who lived in religious seclusion, but not as professed nuns, and who would not *de rigueur* confine their *menus*, daily, to the diet table of the Sisterhood.

Moreover, Christaud showed me a palatial mansion within the enceinte murale of the Abbey, which in early times was the appointed Residentiary House for princesses of the blood, and of the haute noblesse, who made periodical visits, for a week or ten days, to relatives in the Convent, and who, coming from dainty luxurious Paris or Versailles, St. Cloud or Fontainebleau, would, doubtless, reckon on the abilities of some



AT FONTEVRAULT: SUPPOSED KITCHEN.

Chef capable of sending up entrées and hors d'œuvres, vols-au-vent, purées, salmis, marinades, and so forth, which would effectually dispel the notions of fast-days, self-denial, and the whole routine of chastening mortifications.

M. Christaud felt convinced that not so much as an omelette or fried potato had ever been cooked in the building. It was not for bodies so much as for souls: It must have been a Chapelle Mortuaire or Funeraire; a kind of Mausoleum or consecrated chamber, in which the defunct lady abbesses were laid, as in a Chambre Ardente, previous to interment. "True, there are openings from below, and they have an exit at top, but these are not chimney flues; there is not the slightest trace of the action of fire; no marks of smoke, no soot, nor any deposit indicative of the use of fires. These flues are air shafts for ventilation. Besides, if it were a kitchen, why is there a wall between it and the immediately adjoining Refectory?" I did not consider this last argument so conclusive as he did: because if there had been a communication between this place and the Refectory, the smell from such a vast Cuisine and Laboratory,—when roasted or baked flesh, boiled vegetables, onions, garlic, and fried butter, or condiments of fish, on Fast days, in endless varieties, were under treatment,—would have been overpowering; not to mention how inhuman it would have been to permit the exqui-

site odours of some first class Fricassée, or Soubise, or Sauté, or Compote, to aromatize every cubit foot of air in the Refectory (when a choice 'petit diner' was in preparation for the Marchioness and her company in the visitors' wing), while some two or three hundred *dévots* were being served with haricots blancs, and radishes, at the long bare oak tables; and thus have impelled them to institute those comparisons which are declared, indeed, to be odious, but, in this case, would have been prompted by the most natural feeling that the olfactory nerves, or the palate, or the heart can know!

Having expended an hour and a half on the most interesting remains of the ancient religious Establishment, I accompanied the Directeur through the Prison, and saw a hundred of its inmates. The cells are far from being repulsive in appearance. The floors are boarded: the sides likewise. It appears that the prisoners prefer the severest hard labour in which it would be practicable to occupy them, to confinement without labour. Indeed, it is not uncommon for a prisoner to commit some flagrant offence, the punishment of which he knows to be hard labour for a long period, in order that he may be sent to be tried at a criminal court and sentenced accordingly. But, in all such cases, the offender is recommitted to the prison in which he perpetrated the offence, and there left to the inac

tivity and listlessness he had taken such a senseless measure to flee from.

There were a hundred women here originally,—convicts:—but they were removed some time since to Rennes. I asked whether the whole of the prisoners were thus consigned to indolence and ennui. The well-behaved are permitted to work at any trade with which they may happen to be practically conversant when entering the jail; so far, at least, as convenience permitted. Some work as tailors, cap-makers, straw-weavers, &c. Many are employed in making baskets and large hampers for the wine merchants and fruiterers;—an occupation which my guide said created an almost intolerable litter: but when I went into the large court, under the sheds in which they sit, I thought there was not much to complain of—though I may add, there was a man sweeping up incessantly. "We keep them all in excellent health," said Christaud—"there are only thirty in the Infirmary, out of sixteen hundred."

I now saw something like an explanation of the cause of so many hundred acres of Osier growth in Anjou; the Director said there were miles' length of willow plantation preserved for the supply of osier twigs to Fontevrault Prison.

A wall twenty feet in height has been built up to enclose those yards and outlets where the prisoners set foot when not in their cells; and I

saw sentinels at various points. The discipline is uniformly strict; but no corporal punishment has been inflicted in the French Prisons since 1789. Christaud said he relied mainly on the Frenchman's horror of solitary confinement. Many prefer death to it. He strongly condemned the system of keeping the bad with the bad:—a convict, in his opinion, ought to be isolated: so far from being permitted to converse with fellow-prisoners, the man who enters one of these houses of detention should be allowed to associate, from the moment of his admission, exclusively with individuals who have never been tried for offences,—have never lost character or position in the community. Owing to the intercourse maintained with brother-scamps, while in an Institution which ought to go far towards their reformation, he thought they one and all went out quite as vicious as when they came in. "Humanité bête," he said, destroyed the chance of a man adopting better courses. By this term he implied what we should call mistaken benevolence, or erroneous conceptions as to the kindest act that would befriend a convict. "Let them see," he said, "what a man of steady, moral character is capable of doing;—what he attains to; what position he may win; what favour, comfort, and permanent welfare he may live to enjoy: on the other hand, the combination of bad elements cannot but generate and perpetuate all that is evil." He said they had

an Englishman here in custody some two or three years since—who had been living in Mexico. He thought he had served as a soldier there: a thorough scamp.

We went into the ante-chapel and heard thirty prisoners rehearsing a piece of sacred music with the organist. One of them sung in a tenor voice most affectingly. His clear, ringing melancholy notes reminded me of Giuglini. Christaud said he was eminently gifted as a vocalist,—but he was a desperate thief,—a native of Marseilles, and one of its worst "mauvais sujets!" One can hardly conceive a much worse character than this must amount to!

It was in this Convict's Chapel that, at length, with a heart beating high, I was led into the obscure recess where lie the monumental effigies of the PLANTAGENETS;—the most interesting sepulchral relics, perhaps, of ancient or modern times. The light about them is dim; but they are now seen in what may be described as brightness compared with the gloom to which they had been consigned when deposited on the stone pavement of the Caveau de la Fontaine,—or, in plain English, the well-head cellar, the common watering place for the Chapel side of the old Monastery;—from which sacrilegious degradation they were rescued so recently only as fifty years ago, when, upon the earnest appeal of one of our countrymen to the Secretary of State in the newly established government

of Louis XVIII., a less ignominious depository was allotted to the monuments in the place where they are now preserved,—or, rather, concealed. But England owes to the spirited remonstrance of the late Mr. Stothard the rescue of these treasures from certain destruction. They were removed, soon after his bold protest, from the Well brink: and this proceeding, probably, led to Louis Napoleon's final decision in the matter; for the forcible appeal and reasonable suggestions which Mr. Milner's letter brought under the notice of the Public last autumn, appear, now, to have been anticipated by the Emperor's gracious offer of these precious relics as a gift to Her Majesty and the People, at a date prior to the appearance of that letter. We may therefore hope that they will lie, as in their final resting-place, within the consecrated walls of *our own Abbey* in Westminster, where these royal personages were all crowned,—an edifice, too, reared by the son of Isabelle d'Angoulême, one of the princesses represented;—the grandson, also, of two others, Henry II. himself, and Eleanor his queen; and the nephew of the remaining fourth, Richard I. A stronger claim to property,—or a more cogent and convincing proof of our moral right to possess and become the careful conservators of such memorials of our kings that were—(reversing Tennyson's 'kings to be')—could not be adduced by any nation in the universe; and when Lord Stanley, as Minister of

State for Foreign Affairs, had been requested by a Member speaking, in point of fact, on behalf of the Archæological Institute of Great Britain, to inform the House of Commons upon this subject, and stated what has just been here mentioned, I felt it was almost my duty to place on record in The Leading Journal my own most recently gained knowledge of the condition of these monuments, and my opinion that, if it had been the deliberate design of the French to consign the effigies to oblivion and contempt, they could not have acted up to their purpose more effectually than in locking up the deposit within the iron bars that enclose the dim and dingy recess which I entered last August.

The Abbey of Fontevrault was the rightful mausoleum—while England held so many provinces in France, and especially Anjou,—of the founder of the royal line of Plantagenet; and from his rock-built castle on the Vienne to the deep solitudes and long-drawn aisles of that sanctuary was but a brief passage when "the greatest prince of his time for wisdom, virtue, and ability" (I quote the language of Hume) had in Chinon's chapel yielded up his spirit to the King of kings and Lord of lords; and, when Richard, on his gory bed at Chalus, had bequeathed his entrails to the people of Poitou, in testimony of the contempt in which he had long held them, and his ('lion') heart to his loved Rouen that had been

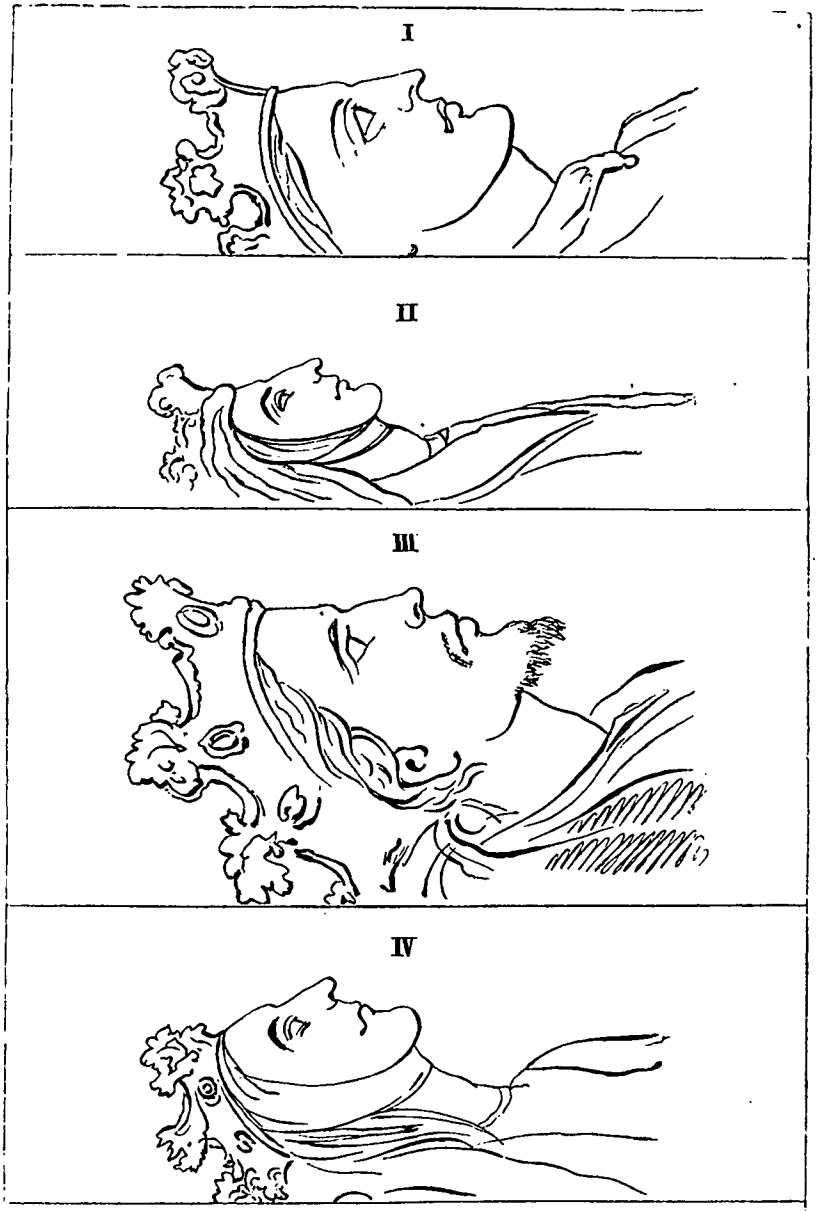
ever true to him, he gave his body to Fontevrault, to be laid by his father; relying upon *Death* to bring near to each other in permanence those whom *Life* had failed to bind in parental and filial affection. Eleanor of Guienne had even in life made Fontevrault her last resting-place upon Earth. The fatal gift of beauty that had made Louis VII. eye even Saladin with the frown of jealousy, and repudiate the loveliest of queens, proved but too hostile, in time, to Henry's peace: Her own intolerance of any rival in his regard, and her ambition as the sovereign heiress of the richest provinces of France, estranged her from her second consort before he attained mid-age, and made her own lot desolate through fifteen years of imposed surveillance. But in their sepulchre "they were not divided." She now lies at his side, and, after the fitful fever of her existence, seems in her yet unblemished counterfeit to sleep well. The calm on that sweet countenance is expressive of rest and peace in the last long repose of death. Till I had narrowly examined and in many places touched this recumbent figure, I believed it to have been sculptured, as the other three are, in stone. It is carved in oak: thus long preserved, no doubt, by painting. Isabelle of Angoulême, second Queen of John, and daughter-in-law of Henry, is represented in the fourth sepulchral image;—the mute memorial of a union on which,

considering her consort's detested character, no blessing could descend: on whose unhappiness all France reflected with dismay and grief;—on whose defiance of Holy Church the Pope denounced fierce vengeance: but she, too, lay down to die in France; and her vraisemblance in Fontevrault Chapel is that of one in whom Nature seems to have done with all resentments.

All four bodies had lain at one period in distinct tombs in this St. Denis of the Plantagenets; but Princess Jeanne de Bourbon caused them to be exhumed and deposited in one, with inscriptions to their memory. A quasi fatality, however, seemed still to cling to the sepulchred dead; and in the vicissitudes and periodical dispersions of all that was sacred, in life or death, that befell France in the course of six centuries, the mouldering remains were eventually lost sight of, and the place where their dust resolved itself to dust, no man knoweth. The mediæval statues alone remain; and even these were not permitted to rest where the Revolution of 1792–3 had left them. In the 'citizen-kingship' reign of Louis Philippe, they were sent for and conveyed to Paris, and being carried into the galleries where artists are lodged in the Louvre for the express purpose of restoring damaged works of ancient or modern Art, a new, but utterly uncalled-for, coat of paint and gilding was then and there laid on, with the intent of

their being transferred, not indeed to Fontevrault, but to the Museum at Versailles,—with no more regard to their sanctity as relics entitled to be preserved, if not religiously enshrined, in a consecrated building, than if they had been mere artistical copies or fac-similes; such as, in fact, may actually be seen in our Crystal Palace, where the Plantagenet Court has reproduced, in elaborate style, all four effigies. I wrote to the Secretary of the Palace, inquiring whether they had escaped in the recent Fire. He hoped they were safe: but this is doubtful.

Louis Philippe, however, having abdicated the Sovereignty, a petition was laid before the President of the new Republic, entreating that the statues should be restored to Fontevrault; which being granted, certain Saumorois or Parisian painters and gilders were summoned to the Abbey (or Prison) for the purpose of removing all the paint and gilding laid on in Paris; and this was effected so satisfactorily as to leave exposed, without appearance of any detriment, the colours that coated the monuments previous to their removal. Blue, red, and gold accordingly appear in their rightful application; and there is no reason to doubt the statement that these have been the colours covering the stone and wood from generation to generation since the beginning of the thirteenth century. I am aware that there are most accurate engravings of these curiosities in



G.M.

I. HENRY II. II. ELINOR, HIS QUEEN. III. RICHARD I. IV. ISABELLE, HIS QUEEN.

Mr. Stothard's beautiful Work, entitled 'Monumental Effigies of Great Britain'—such as would render my own drawings altogether superfluous and uninteresting were the Reader able to turn at once to the volume bearing that title; but for my own satisfaction I made four drawings—in outline—the accuracy of which struck M. Christaud so forcibly that, taking up my pencil before I consigned it to its case, he wrote on my covered paper his attestation to the extreme fidelity of the portraiture. (I.)

'Sufficit huic tumulus cui non suffecerat orbis.'

So wrote the monks on the now extinct plinth of the tomb of Henry the Second: men who had marked his ruling passion, and believed him capable of compassing the world itself in quest of territory and dominion. As I bent over this recumbent form,—its low position compelling me almost to lie on the pavement the more accurately to trace his exquisitely-chiselled features, and transfer them to my paper,—all the recollections of Angers came freshly upon me,—the records of his Christian penitence, the testimony borne to his sincerity as a self-condemning, self-chastening sinner against Heaven and before God;—the churches he erected, the hospitals he endowed, the provisions he made for need, sorrow, sickness, and other adversity: In my mind's eye I saw again the stained glass

window in the Cathedral,—the assassins at Becket's side, and other allusions to Henry's complicity in that crime, burnt in, as it were, with crimson and scarlet hues on what the unforgiving monks had hoped would prove an imperishable memorial of transgression;—and as I laid my arm (to steady my position while drawing) across the literally stone-cold bosom, I remembered that the more his heart was disposed to affection, the more keenly he felt the barbarous return which his sons, successively, had made to his parental care; and that the finishing blow of his favourite John's rebellion, by depriving him of every comfort in life, quite broke his spirit, and threw him into the lingering fever of which he died; to be remembered, nevertheless, after his dissolution, as a monarch and a friend who possessed every accomplishment both of body and mind, which makes a man worthy of esteem, and confidence, and love. (III.)

Whoever may enjoy such an occasion as was mine of coming literally face to face with the intrepid Crusader, RICHARD I., will feel all the force of that familiar expression—"every inch a king:" such a sovereign, however, as reminds us rather of that wrath which 'is as the roaring of a lion,' than of the majesty of the Lord's anointed. The din of his battle-axe falling on the helm or buckler of some infidel Saracen,—

his war-cry at the gates of Askalon, or the shout of assault on the fortress of Chalus, is more vividly blended in all our conceptions of this 'plus brave des braves' than any of the amenities or graces of enthroned dignity. He has been termed a crowned gladiator; and the chronicles of Anjou sum up the history of his reign by the simple statement that it was made up of battles in Normandy and in the East; and so he died!

The monks, however, according to Pierre Matthieu, composed an epitaph more replete with loyalty than good Latin verse, which for some centuries was visible on his earliest sepulchre; and placed the following poetical construction on the bequests implicitly acted upon at Richard's death:—

[TRANSLATION.]

Poitou his entrails hath in Chalus 'shrin'd—
But Fontevrault his whole body, where a tomb
Of marble by his own express command
Preserves the mortal frame: but, Neustria! thou
In thine own Rouen art the guardian chos'n
To watch o'er that unconquerable heart
That throbb'd beneath the bosom of our king.
Thus over three distinct and distant sites
The mighty ruin fell; and nothing less
Than triple inhumation would have born
The semblance of his rightful exequies.

(II.)

Charity will cover all the infirmities (guilt

was never apparent) in the strange eventful history of that royal daughter of France, ELEANOR, Queen of Henry II., whose first and greatest calamity was marriage, at the childish age of fifteen, to that gloomy, unloveable prince Louis VII. (surnamed 'The Young'), only by two years her senior, who gave her his hand and crown, but neither affection nor confidence. The natural result declared itself before she attained the age of thirty, when her ill-matched consort, wedded to superstition rather than to the Queen of France, resented her love of gaiety and admiration, and, as was easy of accomplishment in those times, put her away from him. Six weeks afterwards she became the wife of Henry II. There was but little joy in her earthly lot; but cruel experience and length of years brought peace at the last, and she died in Fontevrault at the extreme age of eightyone. The kinsmen, or whoever they may have been that caused her monumental effigy to be carved, must have determined that it should represent her beauty in its prime; and we have to thank them for their discernment! (IV.)

THE miseries devolving on nuptials celebrated in the tender years of childhood, when the Comte de la Marche made Isabella, daughter of Taillefer, Count of Angoulême, his wife, embittered, even in the earliest period of her life, the destiny of this ill-fated woman. Eloping, before cohabita-

tion, from her affianced husband, through the inducements of her unprincipled father, she plighted her vows to John, who married her in despite of interdicts and threatenings from Rome, and made her partner of a sovereignty degraded by vices and signalized only by disasters and infamy. She bore him two sons and three daughters,—but lingered through life in gloom, and was grateful for that welcome in Fontevrault which secured religious solace and a tomb. She is recorded to have been beautiful; but her effigy exhibits no traces whatever of regular features or comeliness.

In contemplating these curious statues we behold, as it were, an affecting, not to say an instructive, scene in the great drama of our Country's history. Each effigy, without speech or language, tells its impressive, and, we might almost say, awful tale; so many immortal destinies were involved in it! Their voices, like warnings from the grave, are heard among them, —as though exclaiming, 'Behold what, after all our pomp, and power, and greatness, is our last resting-place, and the Plantagenets' eventual doom! Our bodies have been lost amid unknown and undistinguished dust; and our effigies are hid in the gloom and degradation of a Prison!'

CHAPTER VII.

FROM SAUMUR TO CHINON.

IT would have been difficult,—I will say for myself, it would have been despicable, to have made the return journey from Fontevrault to SAUMUR in any mood but musing meditation. The visit, indeed, had occupied only a few hours; but the objects on which my eyes had rested, and the work I set myself to do, in that brief interval, had exercised an unlooked for influence; and, though neither a wiser nor a sadder man, had any one inquired of me what my impressions were when quitting for ever this haunted locality, where all the air breathes, burns with Plantagenet, I should have spoken of a *melancholy* gratification. The lives of two, at least, of the royal personages whose portraits I was carrying homeward, have been written too fully and impartially to leave us in ignorance of the bad qualities that tarnished their human glory; or of the evils to which their uncontrolled passions and culpable infirmities gave rise in those high places where

rulers are observed of all observers; and though, considering the dark times in which he lived, the limited advantages he enjoyed in comparison with our light and civilization, and the standard by which, accordingly, he must be tried, Henry's character will always shed grace on the name of his dynasty, and compel us to admire far more than we condemn, we cannot reflect without pain on his brief, eventful history. The cloud that hovered over his premature decease and melancholy end appears still to cast its gloom around the burial-place; and I shall best explain the effect of gravely contemplating the scene there presented by saying I felt as though I had quitted the bedside of a man dying of a broken heart. In Angers, where the name of Henry II. entered into almost every conversation held with the several intelligent and right-minded men whose acquaintance I formed in that city, the ordinary comment was, "His *sons* killed *him!*" And when I subsequently touched his effigy, and scanned and traced his beautiful features, and reflected on the unkindness that could defeat such a life, and thus requite the most unselfish of all human affections, my heart felt heavy indeed.

I bestowed a farewell thought, also, on my communicative and amiable Directeur, who, while I was inscribing my name on the book kept in his bureau for that purpose, showed me his little library, consisting of about a hundred volumes,

of which three-fourths were on theological or religious subjects. He said he had seen the dark and the light of human nature. He had been in Corsica, where, by order of the Government, he had established five prisons—for training convicts in agricultural pursuits, and qualifying them for places of usefulness and trust: a kind of 'Colonie Agricole,' or Adult Mettray or Parkhurst. A well-behaved prisoner in such institutions might redeem his condition: but in the Hard Labour jails, or Galleys, such as Brest, Toulon, and Cayenne, it was altogether a case of 'Lasciate ogni speranza, voi che 'ntrate.' He said he had formed the highest opinion of our people. He was delighted with all he had found an opportunity of meeting. In 1858 he happened to be on board the French Admiral's ship, *La Bretagne*, one of the officers being an acquaintance; and he saw several of our fleet, and among others that magnificent ship *The Wellington*, whose officers entertained him with munificent hospitality and kindness, and left convictions on his mind with regard to the English which disabused him of all the detestable prejudices of his early life, and taught him how to estimate the superficial notions of his countrymen on the subject of British selfishness and hostility. Christaud and I have, since my return, exchanged letters, and I preserve his writings with no ordinary regard.

Passing again by Chouzé, or Suzay, I took another glance at the excavated rock dwellings, some of which are fantastically set off with an appendage of less primitive material in the shape of a little belfry with pinnacle,—built up at the top, where a tangled growth of briers and maples overhangs the habitation in most picturesque wildness of vegetation. Here and there I distinguished even an attempt at pilasters cut out, somewhat awry, in the frontage!

When found, a note was made thereof, and a vignette therewith; and, thus laden with memories and material for future work, I re-entered Saumur.

Soon after this I started for Chinon. This excursion is made by highway and byway conveyance: the Railroad serving from Saumur, for one hour, to the little station of Port Boulet,—where the traveller must quit the 'allegro con spirito' of steam propulsion for the 'andante' movement of the cross-country carriages. It was early, and, I may add, it was a very rainy morning when I began my journey through large breadths of vegetable garden growth—(potatoes in great abundance),—evidently cultivated for the market of Saumur. This cropping continued to meet the eye for half an hour after our leaving 'the white wall'd, distant town;' and then we came upon flax, wheat, and willows, and reached the station of PORT BOULET at nine o'clock, in

sunshine. Here I found a yellow and red vehicle bound for Avoine, Coulaine, and Chinon: —a hybrid combination of rail-carriage, omnibus, and diligence, horsed 'à l'unicorne.' At a glance I decided where to choose my "coign o' vantage" on this queer medium of transport, and announced my intention of placing a short ladder alongside to enable me to occupy the vacant 'banquette,' where I should be master of the position for seeing every inch of the ten miles of yet untravelled road. The "Espérance" which had been awaiting the arrival of the train since eight o'clock, had actually been standing all this time with her full complement of passengers inside. I thought of Pope's lines on *Hope*, and on man's never ceasing, never realized expectation of being blest; and as I overheard the mirth of the 'intérieur,' all that Viola had to say as to "Patience on a monument smiling at grief," came quite as apt;—but I will back a dozen French travellers in any public carriage,—rail or road,—against the world, for long enduring, uncomplaining, merry resignation to delays. Here were these people, all in high glee and jollity; after being cooped up since eight o'clock in a space where air and inches were, from the first, at a high premium; and expeditious travelling was the very excellence on which the job master of Coulaine had rested all his "Espérance" and the prospects thereof! They smiled at the ac-

tivity and independent proceedings of the 'vieux Anglais,' whom, in the absence of ladders, they espied climbing up aloft;—the single, solitary individual for whom, as it proved, they had been kept waiting in hot imprisonment on an August morning;—and laughed outright when, just as we descended the incline leading down from the Station to the high road, our driver pulled up at the Hôtel (!) de la Gare, *alias* Pot House, where 'on loge à pied et à cheval,' and retail 'bonne double bière de Mars,'—to refresh his inner man again before he could make up his mind to fan along his three white Norman mares to the first *relai*. These halts and "stretching of the legs" (as Mr. Squeers used to express himself), were rather serviceable to me than otherwise, as, upon such occasions, I was enabled to profit by a non-moving, non-shaking position for working up the latest memoranda, casting up the last hotel 'note,' or completing a vignette; and thus every bit of wayside gossip, even of two minutes' length, and every 'petit verre d'eau de vie' for which Hope was made to linger, contributed to favour my progress in Reading, Writing, and Arithmetic, and a little Drawing!

I recognised the prevalent practice of raising wheat in drills between peach and pear trees, and maize, vines, and mangel in alternate breadths; and, specially, the kind of ploughing resorted to in the whole extent of road I was

travelling on. The soil seemed so light, that a dog might have drawn the plough: yet the produce is enormous, and in variety astonishing. This has been mainly brought about by the formation of railways, which here, as everywhere, have induced forethought and stimulated industry. Hence, wherever there are stations, however small, along the line, a considerable breadth of vegetable and fruit cultivation is to be observed in all directions for at least a mile or two of radius from the station, with an eye, of course, to the best (which are not always the nearest) markets. The transport of such bulk is inexpensive, and the benefit to both grower and consumer is all-important. The most recent statistics I have perused show a steadily increasing population in France, without any burdensome increase of prices in *country* produce, while the taxes are regularly paid. This arises, as I was told, from the wider circulation of agricultural products, and the distribution, on an immensely enlarged scale, of edible necessaries which were procurable formerly, in many places, only from remote neighbourhoods, and, perhaps, only once in a week,—after long and fatiguing journeying, which, by loss of time, amounted in every case to loss of money. Weekly supplies have been in innumerable instances superseded by daily; and the facility of living is augmented proportionately:—thus I have found even in villages—of

late years—many articles indicative of comparatively high civilization, which only so recently as at the close of 1860 were not to be *heard* of, even, except in towns.

No country needed this extension of comfort more than France; and the wine-growers are as wide-awake as any of the rural proprietors of the country, to whom it was welcome tidings, indeed, to be told that we could drink 'the small Clarets' and import even 'Vin Ordinaire.' In Anjou, where vines refuse to do kindly, up comes Flax. I saw it in this short ride reappearing in considerable quantities. The height of the plant often reaches nine feet,—but at the Museum of Angers I handled two or three samples, each very nearly six yards in height. The temperature, however, of the summer of 1866 had been so low that few stems had attained in August the dimension of eight feet. It had been a sorry season in France,—that year of startling meteors and senseless 'demonstrations!' The vintage was considered as all but lost when I left the country, after the Fête of the Emperor; and Economy was to be practised *de rigueur* in town and country. When at the little village of Avoine (near which, nevertheless, I saw not a blade of oats—'malgré' its name, which must have fallen very flat on our Unicorn's six ears)—the driver of L'Espérance began to collect his fares, the difficulty of procuring a franc in change,

either at the posthouse or in any other, far or near, amounted to a dilemma he hardly knew how to surmount. The limited amount of coin circulating in these villages, and even in the little bourgs, is hardly conceivable: settlements are at long intervals; credit is long, till that vital period revolves—the Vintage; and then, when every man that had grapes to gather has sold them,—and he who had his gross of wicker-baskets to weave has delivered it,—and the cooper who had undertaken to complete fifty or a hundred casks has rolled these, too, into the 'basse cour' of the Wine-Press,—payments are made in all directions, and the medium circulates. Slowly enough, however, to-day; for, after waiting till I had booked nearly a score of Observations by the Way, our driver just managed to gather a handful of copper coin, and square with so many of the Band of Hope as quitted the 'Intérieur' at this halting-place. The 'sacr-r-r-r' scarcity of silver coin must in these moments have foreshadowed the only too probable loss of his rent in October; for he was as melancholy as Zimmerman through the remainder of our journey; and yet in what a beautiful tract it lay!

We proceeded towards Coulaine. I observed that several modern residences, in the midst of plantations, and even farmhouses, were built up in stone after the style, on a miniature scale, of the mediæval palaces of Anjou: with bartizans,

machicolations, tourelles, oriels, and pinnacles, and other delightful features of feudal strongholds. The effect is charming; and one is gratified by the exhibition of a taste which will revive in a distant generation many of the most beautiful conceptions of architectural *feeling* and taste.

And now, too, as if *in memoriam* of Saumur and its nigh neighbourhood, I noticed another set of those little mills whose term of existence I had supposed to be so precarious. Picturesque and coquette as ever, their wasp-like waists were even smaller than those on the banks of the Loire, whose stream was now to be supplanted by that of the Vienne, creeping through the valley below us. At this point the Vines were rising in all directions till interrupted by the broad growth of forest trees displaying masses of foliage I had never seen surpassed, even in Devonshire. In the generally beautiful landscape which was spreading around, this magnificent timber formed a conspicuous feature. Indeed, France never seems to me more glorious, more truly *belle*,—as her people proudly and fondly call her,—than in these apparently interminable, ever thriving woodlands, which, to eyes that never rested on Transatlantic forest scenery, exhibit the richest, grandest abundance of Nature.

Embowered amid lofty trees, I espied the picturesque modern-antique castle of Coulaine. I believe it is an ancient ruin restored, in accord-

ance with the style of its original architect's designs. The people living around it could give no information whatever on the subject—which is mostly the case: but it is an object of attractiveness, and one of the happiest reproductions of the fifteenth century. I was indebted to a short hill which slackened our pace, *en chemin*, for an opportunity of snatching a sketch which would in my own portfolio justify the eulogium recorded in my letterpress.

The day which had begun in dulness and streaming rain now bade us forget the clouds and shadows of its earlier hours, and broke forth with the brightest of 'summer gladness'—in the warmth and keen enjoyment of which I found myself travelling on the banks of the River Vienne,—the little town of CHINON lying ahead, and the CASTLE already visible above it. To the left, at about a mile and a half distance, stood an immense building,—well placed and judiciously planted out, in a spot whence the prospect must be exquisitely beautiful,—which I understood was a Retreat for infirm and needy Ladies and Gentlemen: a rather unusual provision in France. They are cared for, and the House is altogether superintended, by an equal number of Priests and Sisters of Charity.

That 'Traveller's Joy,' Mr. Murray—(salvere jubeo)—has not a good word for the little town of Chinon, which he particularises as "deserted and

dull:" his correspondent having probably made his visit of inspection neither in fair weather nor on a market-day, as was my luck, who found it all life and bustle; and so gay and fantastic in the rural costumes of Indre and Loire as to occupy my pencil for above an hour or two after I had quitted the heights:—but his description of the Ruins of the Castle in whose halls Philip Augustus, Henry the Second, Charles the Seventh, Jeanne d'Arc, and Henry the Fourth have eternized their memories, is so correct and comprehensive, that were I here to introduce one from my own pen,—which would only too eagerly dilate on such a spot and such reminiscences,—our paragraphs, however distinct might be the impress of original idea and private property (!) would, I fear, jostle one another continually,—as Lady Herbert's seem to have fared in Spain:—and, after all, be found to tell the same tale, with the melancholy disadvantage on my part, that all the pith of the subject matter in the Hand Book for France under this head (of the ruins of the Castle of Chinon) is derived from Earl Stanhope's masterly Essays and Articles,—the most charming style in which the English language can be penned;—and as these were my companions, and still hold a permanent place in my memory, I could not, if I would, avoid re-echoing what has been said so appositely, so correctly, and so well. I shall content myself, therefore,

and probably all my readers, by employing ink to report only what I in my turn saw a quarter of a century later, *beyond* the venerable crag;—and the pencil to portray hereafter, from faithful sketches, all that I considered to be the most interesting features *within* the walls. I refer to the Quarterly Review, March 1842, No. 138. But, before I could place my foot there, I had a rough pilgrimage to accomplish in climbing the steep and slippery incline of that rock on whose summit the widely extending walls and towers were built. I can hardly conceive it practicable for a horse and carriage to make the ascent: but all sense of fatigue was momentarily dispersed as I turned round from time to time to snatch a glance at the scenery that lay *beyond* the Vienne, in that wide and garden-of-Eden-like landscape over the whole extent of which the view from the castle extends. As such brief survey took cognizance of the accumulating beauties of the scene, I longed to take the remainder of the mountain at a run, with EXCELSIOR! on my tongue, and rejoicings at heart in finding myself standing before such a living picture on the finest day in the whole summer, and without let, hindrance, or alloy of any kind; being quite alone,—and yet not in solitude,—for the crumbling halls and ivy-grown towers were peopled with giants or spirits of the dark ages, and I felt I was about to be conscious of their presence, and track them among those chambers,

hearths, and terraced walks where they lived, moved, and had their being; and 'totus in illis,' I at length crossed the short bridge over the first moat, and by sound of bell drew forth the gate keeper, and was ushered into the square tower. The entire area of space comprised within the *enceinte murale* is preserved with as great care and vigilance as though it formed a section of the gardens of St. Cloud or Versailles. Indeed, I have seen no part of Kew Grounds more neatly or brightly gravelled, pruned, clipped, and looked after than the broad walks, flower-beds, and parterres which the gate-keeper, a good gardener (and, withal, a town-constable), piques himself upon cultivating in a style worthy of the noblest castle of mediæval times.

He said it was a long, long time since they had seen an Englishman. He led me into all the principal courts and apartments, and then, to my infinite satisfaction, left me to myself and study; —but it is an *embarras*; one is at a loss where to begin, and equally so where to end, the inspection of so many objects appealing to memory, mind, and imagination. If the visitor be simply an artist, he beholds six months' delectable labour before him. If he be an architect, he may here set up his rest for half a summer: but, if he be an antiquarian, he may, possibly, find himself growing like moss to the scattered stones and mounds on which he takes up his position

before he can satisfactorily decide on the authenticity of half that he may hear or read respecting the several portions of the Ruin, which, though it exhibits vestiges of Norman and Burgundian style in very close approximation,—(unquestionable remnants of the eleventh and four succeeding centuries)—must have been *purposely* reduced to its actual state; for Time, however wont to spoliate and destroy, could not have wrought *all* the injury here apparent. The high walls, —the yet surviving gables, especially,—possess an impressive character of strength which is much enhanced by the extraordinary freshness of the yellowish stone masonry. It is a romantic, fascinating spot. Every successive compartment and area of this fortress-home is associated with the deeds of the mighty and renowned,—with their conquests and counsels, their sins or their sorrows;—but, with every attempt to view the countenances of this or that great personage, or to listen to stern or gentle voices, we are obliged to pause very often, under the influence of a surmise that, after all our musings, we may, with looks towards England, be citing up a thousand heavy times in the twelfth century, to learn, but a little while afterwards, that all our stirring memories were awakened by hearths and niches, doors and windows, that had no existence till the fourteenth!

I was shown, as all other inquisitive travellers had been shown before me since the Castle be-

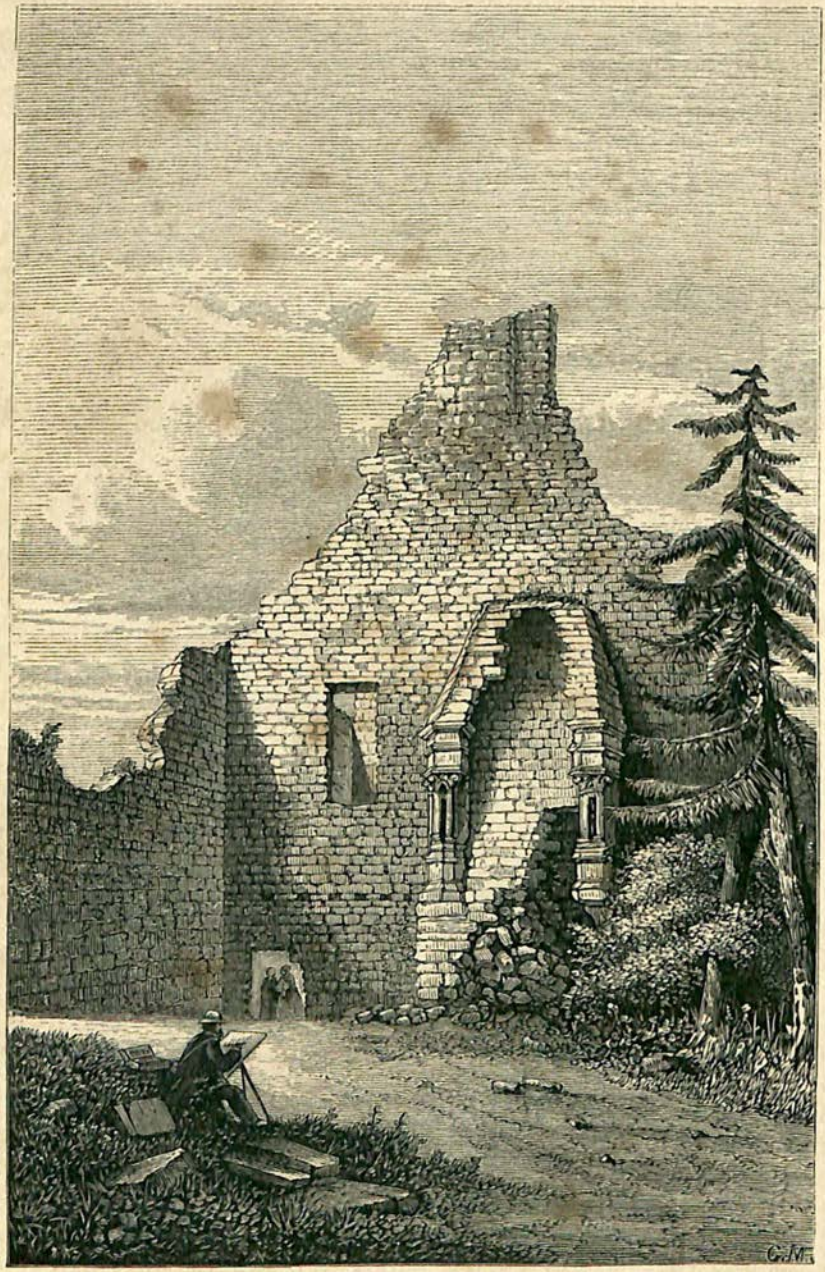
came tenantless, the apartments once occupied by Agnes Sorel, on occasions of her visiting Charles VII. No better evidence is furnished, in this case, of 'la Dame de Beauté' (as she was called, from her own castle on the Maine) having lodged there in that particular spot than exists at the Kenilworth ruins, to show where Queen Elizabeth lay,—or where Amy Robsart, or Leicester himself, was quartered. An enclosed area of equal dimensions is very confidently asserted to be the spot where Jeanne d'Arc detected the disguise of Charles VII. Be it so. I made my bow to both the presences; and took out my pencils. There are large remains of noble fireplaces in each of these halls,—and as there are no other flues visible except in the donjon keep by which the Castle is now entered, imagination is complacently happy to receive the aid contributed by masonry and sundry orifices and provisions for flooring, towards facile belief that one or the other of the two heroines did hold conference, or take secret counsel with the king within these walls. Valeat quantum! I began my drawings. They would have been improved by the intermingling of some of the acacias, sumachs, and firs, that thrive so luxuriantly throughout the ruins; but these were outside, and I never use the painter's license when making sketches of this character. Their only value would be in their faithfulness. The firs, in some parts, have, in

their growth, so pressed upon the walls as to throw them down—which is much to be regretted, however picturesquely they intrude. The fosses are planted with noble trees, so lofty as to shade and intermingle with the towers and battlements, and on every side grouping themselves in beauty.

Four holes only appear as the places in which the joists must have rested for the support of the flooring: hence I infer that the stair, of whatever kind it may have been (something, perhaps, very like a ladder), rose above the doorway, in the wall of partition: but the hearth in the fire-place must have been more than a foot higher than the level of the floor: a construction which, doubtless, was of necessity, but is not easy to account for. The lower apartment may have been a kitchen:—The floor next the roof a dormitory.

The second view I took was of the great Hall, or State Chamber; the height of which must have exceeded five and thirty feet; for there is not the slightest trace of the course of a roof as seen in the "Sorel" chamber.

The chimney-piece breastwork rises to a height of twentyone feet. That which I saw in the Salle des Gardes (now the Hôtel de Ville), at Dijon, in 1856, was thirty feet in height and twenty in width! Upon this showing, as we may imagine that the king would select the nobler apartment of the two for the audience to which I have re-

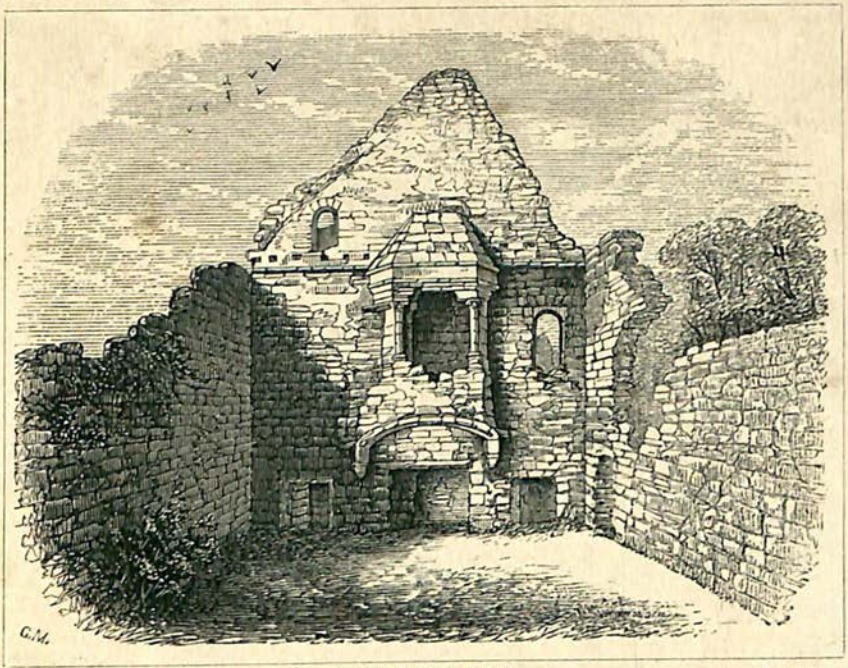


SALLE DE JEANNE D'ARC, CHINON.

ferred, I think we may regard this large fireplace as the one where Charles may have been standing, with his back to it (?), when the Maid of Orleans "spotted" him, as the Americans say, while he believed himself to be invested with an incognito impenetrable by all her cunning. The *locus in quo* of all this, and of councils, greetings, and interviews which may have swayed the destinies of the world, is now a mere shell,—without pavement, without roof;—but Fancy is a very expeditious builder, and her restorations are momentary,—filling up vacancies with perfection of design and execution, and reproducing at will a single individual or a throng; for our strong imaginations, under such happy influence, can not only realize an ancient home, but people it too. And thus by the time we have rambled about the grass-grown courts, and threaded the passages, and stumbled through the winding steps which formed communications with the upper or lower regions of these rock-built palaces, we begin to form very fair conceptions of the uses to which this or that part of the ruinous pile may have been appropriated, and of the object with which a door here, or a cellar there, was made. There are plainly discernible traces of the subterranean passages, headed by arches of Norman character, through which it was practicable to reach the remotest points of the fortified enclosure. Lateral branches gave

off from these: but I think it is very evident that the builders in the middle ages had not attained the art of constructing a flight of stone steps by insertion in the walls. I have never yet discovered a trace of this. I entered one of these passages, which commenced with a winding stair of solid masonry and brought me into a small round tower, from the square openings in which I gazed on an unspeakably beautiful view of the river, and bridge, and country beyond; and the vignette I made there will some day originate a picture.

After the completion of those three sketches, I entered another passage, which stopped short against an opening made in a square shaft or tower, with one window, but no door in it. The bottom of it was in impenetrable darkness. Common report used to refer this to the horrible practice that prevailed in the dark ages of putting obnoxious persons to death by throwing them down headlong, living or dead, into cavities of this construction, which effectually hid them for evermore from the world. My French antiquarian friends, however, speaking of this particular part of Chinon Castle, referred it unhesitatingly to the purposes of drainage, and none other object. Each apartment had a conduit in connection with it from all parts of the main building; and the bottom of it, now choked up with fallen stones and unchecked vegetation, after ages of



SALLE D'AGNES SOREL. Page 216.

TOUR DU MOULIN. Page 219.

exposure to the elements, opened into a large cloacal sewer worthy of the old Romans, which, pursuing its course under the basement of the mighty structure overhead, dived below the quay or street overlooking the river, and discharged itself into the channel of the Vienne. It is a very consolatory solution of what was termed a horrible mystery: it explains the *primary* object of such a 'dead well,'—without pretending to affirm that there had never, at any time, been an abuse of it. But we need not revert to the middle ages for that. 'Lady Audley's Secret' for the nonce may be quoted in illustration.

'There is a stern round tower of other days,' thoroughly Norman, and looking as fresh as though the masons and their Falaisian foreman had left it only a few months since,—standing over the moat opposite to the royal apartments which I have described,—and known as the Windmill Tower. There is no mill on it now;—and a few battlements would wonderfully improve its appearance; but the walnut trees surround it with grand umbrageous foliage, which in summer rounds off the stupendous cylindrical form with deep shading, that brings out the upper courses of stone all the brighter, and makes an otherwise plain and simple fabric a really handsome and imposing feature. In bygone days an arch, springing from the lodge of entry into this Mill,—(now a store-house)—spanned the broad gravelled

walk which crosses the bridge of the third court, in the moat of which it stands;—rising to an altitude of fifty feet. As there are no windows, but loop-holes, only, in it, and very few of these, I conceive this tower must have served as a barn and granary,—and probably for a flour store also; its central position making access to it equally convenient to all parts of the Castle. At the present hour it is locked up; the key being in the possession of a Government agent, who has charge of certain dry stores available for the Department. I hope Gunpowder forms no portion of such deposit! As an ingredient of the picturesque, this royal magazine is of no light value; and I sketched not the Tomb of Cecilia Metella at Rome with greater delight, nearly half a century ago.

Time compelling me to quit these inner courts and recesses of the Castle,—though not before I had secured eight drawings illustrative of the most interesting sites and objects,—I devoted the remainder of the afternoon to a quiet contemplation of the prospect from the ridge on which the line of wall was built when the land was all before them where to choose, and the mediæval architects,—inspired and enviable men,—chose with a discernment which became the standard of taste, and the teacher of a posterity whose indebtedness can never discharge its obligations. From this point,—above a hundred feet higher

in air than our Monument in the city of London, I gazed on the enchanting panorama whose every feature is yet vividly present to my mind's eye; revived, indeed, far less forcibly by the note book whose pages recorded my first and last impressions, than by a memory which still lingers delightedly on both time and place. I doubt whether France has in her possession a duplicate of this living picture. No journey would seem too long which ended in the contemplation thereof. The placid stream of the river Vienne, reflecting a sky whose azure might have been gazed upon with wonder even in Italy or the Archipelago, was gliding onward towards the bridge, beyond whose stone arches I could trace it in bend after bend, till, after leaving the greenest of pastures, where poplars bore the aspect of ornamental groves, it was lost in the blue haze of Touraine.

Immediately below my feet, as it were, and suspended over the town, were vineyards once more exultant in the return of sunshine and warmth; as though to realise the poetry of Nature, hymned by David,—rejoicing and singing in the prospect of abundance. Here, too, in close companionship, uprose those loveliest of all Earth's trees, the acacias,—thronging the borders of the slope where sunbeams were dazzling, and grapes began to redden; yet, as their light and feathery foliage swayed with every breath of the

gentle wind, it was manifest that their near neighbourhood to the vines would interpose no hindrance to the ripening. Across the shining river lay a quarter of a mile's breadth of flattest meadow-land, green as the emerald, and dotted as with pearls by sheep; beyond which was spread out a living map of pasture parcelled and partitioned by innumerable white thorn and maple hedges, which, as they interlaced the broad acres with living fence, were distributing in all directions (yet just where the artist would desire them) some myriads of poplars and certain other trees of less stately growth, which, without the alloy of either sameness or formality, threw liveliness and meaning into the face of the farm lands, and counteracted all the monotony of nine miles' length of uninterrupted flat surface. This net-work of hedge and promiscuous timber-growth extended over an area of about two miles' breadth, and then the land began to rise into an ascent which, by gentle but continually increasing degrees of elevation, attained, in the course of two leagues of natural terraces, an altitude exceeding seven hundred feet above the level of the river. These, in fact, formed a slope of rich and radiant pasturage, here and there dotted with thickets, and skirted by orchards bathed in sunlight, till, as usual in all the landscapes of France, the forest growth —(her only fuel)—asserted its indispensable

claims on many broad miles of the country; and covered a slant which composed the dark middle distance essential to this part of the picture.

Beyond this oak region began a tract of intermixed arable and pasture-land surrounding the villages whose white walls and farm-houses stood out clearly defined against the still rising background;—the Church-towers marking parish after parish over an expanse of country fifty miles in length, and twentyfive in breadth; the latter losing itself in blue misty distance, that shrouded from my view so many localities, the names and reminiscences of which were inseparable from the history of Chinon. Fontevrault lay *perdu* fifteen miles distant, behind an undulating range of forest-land which stretched away into Anjou, and led the thoughts and recollections with it till all the days and hours of the previous week came back to tell of the Plantagenets, and to remind me how Henry died (and Richard bewailed him, all too late) within the walls behind me. But I stirred not from my Pisgah-like eminence. The atmosphere was still clear and singularly transparent: minute objects, hitherto undistinguished, glistened and started forth continually: the windmills, in rapid action, peeped forth like living creatures in the sunbeams; and the distant windows in some old church that was just falling within range, shot forth a glittering coruscation that at first glance

was startling. More and more beautiful grew the manifested glory of created Earth:—A few fleecy clouds, floating high above the glowing landscape, cast transitory shadows that deepened the darker colouring, and brought out into yet more resplendent brightness the lights that were sparkling in every compartment of this glorious picture. The opal and the emerald green tints grew fainter or more vivid as the features of the scenery lay fully open to the sunbeams, or were veiled, for an instant, by the fitful visitation of a cloud; but, before I had ceased to gaze (and I might almost say, worship) the middle distance had begun to assume that evening primrose hue which blends such mellowness with these dioramic effects; and (to use the artist's language) the glazing of the finest parts of the composition was perfected. I took one longing, lingering look at the whole expanse of the distance, up and down the river's course;—glanced once again at the small round tower, whence a long, lofty, yet ruinous wall projects immediately over the road beneath, and out of whose narrow window I made the stone-framed sketch, and then left the spot for ever: to be remembered, however, till it shall

> "——ling'ring haunt the greenest spot
> In mem'ry's waste."

Let me acknowledge, en partant, my indebtedness to the little *Town* of Chinon for a full hour's

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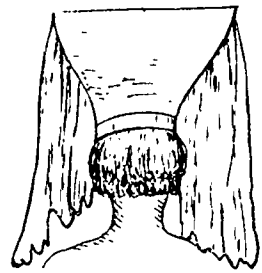

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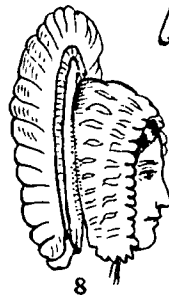

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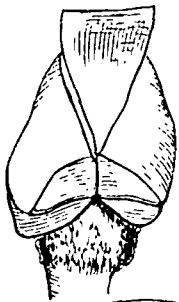

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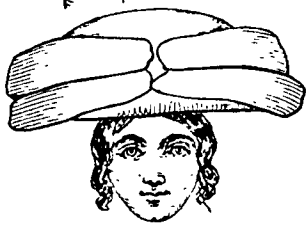

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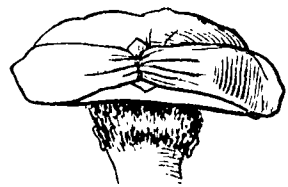

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1, 6, 7, LA ROCHELLE. 2, 3, LA VENDEE. 4, 5, 8, POITOU.

amusement in the Market-Place (it was market-day, fortunately), where if matters and matrons were much the same in the days of Rabelais as they are now, I dare say the old renegade son of the town apothecary used to divert himself and others with most 'excellent fooling.'

The principal entry into the streets is through this quarter; and as we drove along the bank of the Vienne, when coming in on the Coulaine side, I was struck by the bright *riant* aspect of the house fronts, and considered the place anything but uninviting in its general appearance. I alighted, purposely, in the very 'thick' of the principal division of the market, nearly opposite a very large and handsome new Town Hall; and though I was hurrying to the furthest end, or upper market, at one angle of which commences the ascent to the Castle,—I stopped more than half a dozen times to examine the Touraine caps. They were not so wonderful in conception as those I subsequently saw in Poitou and the frontiers of Vendée, but the specimens I copied were of a style known to be as ancient as the fifteenth century. They were of stiffened muslin and black sarcenet ribands; and if seen entering Covent Garden Market, would create a sensation that would bring to a premature close all the business of the day.

A group of the fair wearers thereof were gathered in front of the really very handsome

bronze fountain, not long since erected, in the centre of the smaller and upper market;—and if the 'too, too solid' *bronze* of the countenances of the Three Graces that support the classical vase or basin of that fountain could but resolve itself into equally substantial and healthy flesh, they would smile all day to hear the gossip of the many old crones who interchange greetings and scandal under the Acacia trees around; after disposing of their cheese, poultry, and eggs, and cheapening hardwares in the crowd beyond. As it is, the classical trio seem to be eyeing with considerable displeasure,—with contempt, at least—the efforts of half a dozen Cupids (or, maybe, water sprites) to throttle as many dolphins or gurnets, in order that they may disgorge water for the folks that resort to so convenient a washing-place. There are stalls in the larger market, for the sale of ready-made clothing, and crockery, and sundry odds and ends of rural *ménages;* but the prices of fruit and vegetables were, in my opinion, high, and not usual in provincial France. Small drumhead cabbages found purchasers in all directions at twopence each; and turnips were dearer than in our country. Eggs fetched sixpence halfpenny the dozen. A small landed proprietor's (!) wife and daughter whom I fell in with on my return from the Castle, when in quest of 'L'Espérance,' had made but a poor day's business with a large square

hamper containing a hundred dozen of eggs, which ought to have realized nearly two pounds fifteen shillings;—much less than half only having found buyers.

I was amused at seeing the elderly one squatting on her hams by the side of an empty crate in which she was arranging wisps of hay, in order that the girl might transfer all the unsold eggs into it, for the homeward journey,—and count every dozen as she proceeded with her packing. Marguerite recoiled from such a 'partie perdue,' and would fain have made a cheap lot of the moiety in hand at the kitchen-door of the 'Chêne Vert' inn (just such a house of call as Jeanne d'Arc may have used while sojourning in this little town in February, 1429, while waiting for an audience with Charles VII.) —but 'Mother' was inexorable in reserving her 'très fragile' package for better luck next time, and bade the young one begin to count:—

'Show your wisdom, daughter, in your close patience.'
SHAKSPEARE.—*Measure for Measure.*

CHAPTER VIII.

POITOU.

FROM Port-Boulet to Tours was but the journey of an hour through the valley of the Loire, whose capricious waters, at one season so scanty as to leave little else but gravel beds to mark its course, and at another so swollen and uncontrollable as to terrify and destroy men and their dwellings by inundations,—have been noted by me in a former volume. Yet this river is pleasantly remembered; for it is too intimately associated with the history of France not to awaken the recollections of many a locality, name, and event replete with all the interest of mediæval times; every castle having its tale, and every tower, or arch, or monument, a sermon in its stones. These ancient mansions have yet a name to live, and are still on men's lips; for who that reads and thinks of the past is unfamiliar with Chambord, D'Ussé, Chenonceaux, Chaumont, Amboise, Blois, Luynes, Langeais, Cinque Mars,

&c. Alas! for dynasties and crowned heads! The LOUIS and CHARLES of France come before us, like the speaking shadow in Clarence's dream, "dabbled in blood," and the executioner and the axe are but too often the prominent figures in the foreground of those pictures which illustrate the annals of the Seigneurie or Princes that held sway on the banks of the Loire; and more than half the provinces comprising these ancient and picturesque strongholds are haunted by evil memories and traditions that have no relish of salvation in them.

The river Cher was our companion for six leagues on its way to the Indre; and those Roman-ochre-tinted cliffs, of which I had seen samples in Souzè on my way to Fontevrault,—pierced, or, as it is termed, "honeycombed," to supply lodgings for the peasantry,—became, between Langeais and Cinque Mars, continuous villages. I suppose House Rent, Poor and Highway and Sewers' Rates, and the French tax on doors, are unintelligible words among these troglodytes,—the modern imitators of that Æthiopian tribe whom the Father of History records to have preferred holes and caves to all other mansions. The exemption, however, must be dearly purchased, and the Collector avenged for his loss of percentage, when the waters are out and the deluge is at the base of the rock; for the *tuffeau*, or yellow porous chalk, thus excavated, imbibes

the humidity of the atmosphere, and subjects the tenant to most disastrous chances of ague, rheumatism, and fever. Some few of these abodes (which reminded me of the fullers' earth caves I have entered in England) are scooped out where the cliffs shelve down behind into a lower elevation, and in this case the men, women, and children are set to work in making a tunnel or narrow gallery, so as to bore till they open the cliff in the rear, and thus obtain thorough ventilation. The others are all frontage.

I have elsewhere made mention of the great dike called the 'Levée,' constructed on the banks of the Loire for the protection of the villages or isolated dwellings lying on or below the level of the river; and only too fearfully exposed to the outspreading floods that bear down everything before them when an overflow arises from autumn rains or winter thaws:—a feature of civil engineering and scientific embankments which reminded me of our Eaubrink in Norfolk.

After riding on both banks in turn, we reached TOURS, where, having visited that fine city in previous journeys, I halted at the 'Univers' merely to receive and reply to letters, and after a day's sojourn, hastened into POITOU,—to visit which, after traversing ANJOU, had been my chief inducement to spend a few weeks in Old France.

In the sixty miles of road between Tours and Poictiers we crossed five rivers, and looked down

into many a green and cheerful valley from bridges and viaducts, which, come where they may on the iron lines, are always welcome, for it is seldom that they enable not the traveller to enjoy such a bird's-eye view of the country he is traversing as was utterly unattainable before Railways were constructed. Let him with all attentiveness watch for the occurrence of these viaducts, which will never disappoint him: but, let him not rashly rely on obtaining [as the guide-books, with all good intentions, tell him he will] "a charming prospect," on his right or left, from the *carriage* in which he is being transported from town to town, a stranger to every mile on the route; for it will frequently happen that just as he is preparing to enjoy the promised view, and, probably, craning his neck out of the window so as not to leave a tower or a tile unnoticed, while the train is stopping for five or six minutes just outside the Gare or roofage of the Station, [and on the very spot whence, truly enough, the whole town and its most attractive features *ought to be* most distinctly discernible] he finds himself alongside of some up or down train, which will not move off for yet ten minutes; and he is whisked off without having caught a glimpse of even a chimney-top or a pinnacle where there was a first-rate mediæval castle,—a most ancient and venerable church, a group of ruins equal to Glastonbury, a cross of the age of William of

Normandy, &c., &c., &c., and "ample to satisfy the longings of the most zealous and indefatigable of antiquarians." But what does this teach? It is his duty *not* to see such objects in so desultory, superficial, and precarious a manner—as though he were booked with the merchandise, and travelling *dry, and with the proper side upward*, towards the Terminus! but to make that Station his *Debarcadère*, and the best inn in that town his halting-place; till he has mastered the position, and can with accurate knowledge say 'Veni, vidi.'

There existed not this necessity for my descending Châtellerault, the Sheffield of the West of France, where more than a fourth of its population of nearly fourteen thousand inhabitants are occupied in Cutlery works; besides another section comprised in the Government manufactory of side arms for the Army. It used to be known as Châtellerault le Noir, (like our Bristol, Wigan, Leeds, and Wolverhampton!) from the murky clouds continually evolved from the forges; but the smoke-consuming chimneys have been introduced with happiest effect, and the houses are not only white but bright, and the whole town bears an aspect of sunny cheerfulness.

Soon afterwards we entered the valley of the Clain, which takes an upward direction from the point at which we left the Vienne, and exhibits two or three living pictures of woodland and rugged stony banks laved by the Cher, which re-

minded me of some of Constable's masterpieces of this description of scenery: and I was thinking of him and Lee and Cooper, Harding, Fielding and Dewint, cum multis aliis who have in succession contributed to form Taste and add to our enjoyment of the beauty of Nature, when I found myself in the Station; though nearly half a league distant from Poictiers.

I knew what those strong white horses that are harnessed in France to wagons and full sized 'Diligences' could accomplish when required to run cheerily with burdens against which camels and elephants would protest with successful determination if, being on the scene, they could plead in the language of the country, when aware that the natives were trying to "put upon" them:—therefore I did not permit the apprehension to gain ground of sliding down backwards into the river Clain, or of slewing round into the shop windows or porte cochère in any side street as I was being drawn in the only carriage procurable,—(a heavy Omnibus)—from the Railway station to the summit of that eminence on which stands the very ancient city of Poictiers. The approaches to Ehrenbreitstein, or to Dover Castle, are military roads; and their zig-zag construction affords considerable relief to the animals toiling in harness on either of these ascents: but if the causeway that threads the quiet streets of this Capernaum of POITOU was ever made by soldiers, they must

have been lancemen that fought in armour at Orleans or Maupertuis, and were ignorant of all knowledge of the principles of traction. Had I been attempting to reach the Righi-Kulm in a baggage wagon I could not have felt more misgivings as to the issue. Common sense and humanity suggested that it was absurd to expect we should succeed without a *renfort* of, at least, two additional leaders, in surmounting such a steep: but Bonaparte used to say of the word 'Impossible,' —'Ce mot-là n'est pas Français'—and so thought our driver; for, in less than twenty minutes, we arrived at the Hôtel de France, and my safe lodgment in that dull dingy halting-place was a *fait accompli.* It is glorified in the Guide Book as "excellent." Few, if any, French inns can absolutely warrant such a *signalement*; but this is 'all very well,' as we say, and no more. The only feature about it which made a considerable impression on me was the painting of the high wainscot panelling and of the ceiling in the great Dining Room, which I was praising as a capital specimen, and very costly withal, of old dark oak, when a bystander assured me it was only deal painted. It was beyond all comparison the most marvellous counterfeit I had ever seen: but the spacious apartment would have borne an infinitely more cheerful aspect had light-coloured paint been used instead of a tint as deep as that of the pews in St. George's Church, Hanover Square.

It was in this 'salle-à-manger' that I first saw the commonest Poitevin cap on the head of one of the best waiting-women that ever shifted a plate. She detected me in sketching it, but not before I had secured it for my voracious portfolio: and within an hour afterwards, a second specimen came in full view on the Place d'Armes, the small square (reminding me of the Market Place at Hitchin), within a few paces distance from the hotel. This cap belonged rather to La Vendée than to Poitou, but is frequently to be seen on Market days at Poictiers. It is as ancient in pattern as the twelfth century.

After gazing upon these 'remembrancers' of the dark ages, one is prepared to fall in with some of the sterner sex promenading in the shoes whose points were at a certain period of antiquity, prolonged to such a ridiculous length as to resemble a whip-lash fastened to the toes, and to compel the wearer to tie them to the leg just below the knee. These caps, however, bear some resemblance to those worn by the English nobility four centuries since: the costumes of the reign of Edward IV. exhibiting some head-dresses closely bordering upon them.

Such remnants of a remote age, however, tell with far better effect in Angers than in Poictiers, whose numerous white, bright, clean, and quiet streets exhibit hardly any of the antiquity and charming dinginess and most venerable dirt of

the former city, where the rain-water, in a heavy shower, comes splashing from a gargoyle; and the very pumps and gutters only fail to raise or carry away such overflows because they are worn out as being *incontestably mediæval* and picturesque; which is an apology in full for all shortcomings, and reconciles one to hard blows, bed, or board!

My first half hour's stroll, however, initiated me into the high antiquity of the city which manifests itself in the Ecclesiastical edifices, rather than in any of the dwelling houses. In this respect, again, it will not bear comparison with noble Angers, though, till very recently, the crumbling circular walls of the Roman circus (now the new market) occupied a considerable area of space in the middle of a thickly inhabited district. A half score of bricklayers' labourers were at work removing courses of the primitive masonry, and builders had recently been completing contracts to raise houses on the space which long ere this will have been created by such clearance. I looked in, and distinctly traced the grades or rows of stone seats that once rose in amphitheatrical order, but which for many a century of the Christian era must have been most inconveniently *de trop* in such a locality. This, however, is the only monument of any note recording the settlement of the Pictavi in Ligonum, now called 'Poictiers.'

Next in antiquity to these ruins is the very singular little temple known as 'St. John's' [the Baptist]—in which, I was informed, Christian worship was solemnized some years previous to the landing of St. Augustine in our country. This would trace its origin to the close of the sixth century, and make it coeval with the first appearance of that arch impostor Mahomet. Its exterior is plain and ugly enough, and there is an evident imitation of the Roman reticulated brickwork in the Western wall, through a door in which I entered from the street. It has undergone many changes and adaptations;—as early even as between the sixth and tenth century, especially in its interior, which was limited originally to the uses of a Baptistery only. The apse at the East end was not then in existence;—having been annexed at a subsequent date, to make space for a high altar and the service of the mass. The first entrance into the building startles a stranger, who looks down into a depth of ten feet below the level of the vestibule or porch, and has to descend a flight of nineteen stone steps to reach the pavement below, in the centre of which is a square hole seven feet and a half in depth, into which water used to be conveyed by a pipe from some cistern above, for the daily baptisms.

I counted ten columns, several of which are crumbling in decay, and the capitals of three lying

on the pavement. Eight diminutive columns in the Absidal Choir are in good preservation. There are also some fresco paintings on the walls which, if they be coeval, as was alleged, with Hugh Capet, must be nine centuries and a half old. Thirteen of my paces from West to East, and nine from North to South, measured the length and width of this curious old sample of the Christian Church, than which there is probably not one more ancient in all France.

My next visit was to the Church of 'Notre Dame.' The Western façade, by which it is entered, is suggestive of those ingeniously carved card cases of ivory or wood which reach us from China. Its fourteen niches, occupied by statues, are a familiar feature; but the two pine-cone shaped turrets that rest, each, upon five clustered columns ascending above half way up to the apex of the front, are more like East Indian than European architecture; and the whole of the stone work is of chestnut brown tint. Among the rilievos which entirely occupy the space between the arcade of those portals and the niches, I distinguished the favourite group of our First Parents, the serpent, and the tree.

Above the niches, and just below the apex, in the tympanum, is that most ancient mystical figure, the pointed oval frame, called the "vesica piscis," or rough outline of a flat fish,—discernible in several mosaics in basilical churches, and also

in Saxon manuscripts. There are two statues in it, but not distinctly visible. In general, these vesicæ are filled by a sitting statue of Christ, with the right hand uplifted in the act of benediction. Some contain St. Michael and the Dragon. There is one of the former at Ely Cathedral, in the beautiful doorway on the South side of the nave; and one in stained glass, of no ordinary excellence of design and colour, in Christ Church, Lancaster Gate, Hyde Park.

The interior shocked me. It has all been painted, varnished and gilt within a few years, in the worst conceivable style; reminding one of the gayest oil cloth patterns exhibited at Baber's manufactory in Knightsbridge; and I should have returned speedily, as is my wont in such cases, into the Market Place outside, had not my attention been arrested by an entombment group in a recess in one of the South aisle chapels. The body of the crucified Christ is a wonderful imitation of nature, and must, no doubt, have been moulded from some corpse; but the appearance of emaciation is ghastly and shocking in the extreme: a palpable error in the judgment of the artist, A.D. 1450—as we have no reason for believing that our blessed Lord yielded up his life otherwise than in full health and strength; and certainly without any injurious influences from previous sickness, as here displayed.

Close at hand, however, in the same group,

was a sample of that grotesque which so frequently characterizes such personifications,—one of the Maries having on her head the very counterpart of the Poitevin village maiden's cap just mentioned; and Joseph of Arimathæa wearing one of those dark brown felt hats we see on the heads of Italian *pifferari* (bag-pipers) in the streets of London.

The Market Hall, facing this old church, is a noble edifice, and reminded me of the same kind of building at Exeter. The butchers engross all four sides of the interior: and the vendors of poultry, butter, vegetables, fruit and flowers, occupy six long counters and a certain number of stalls in the remaining portion of the area; but the spectacle which induced me to make a note was outside this building. Here, on long boards and trestles, was displayed every variety of printed cotton goods; calico, muslins, gown prints, and shawls: stockings, gaiters, boots, shoes, hats, and necklaces: cutlery from Châtellerault,—teaboards, necklaces, buttons, dolls, looking-glasses, stationery, prints, and in fact all that seemed requisite for replenishing either the house stores, the parlour, the bedroom, or the wardrobe. On the stalls, however, nearest to the church were crosses, crucifixes, beads, rosaries, breviaries, 'immortelle' wreaths, and tapers!

The sale of these is immense, and the outlay on

decorative offerings for the greater adornment of the churches seems still to constitute a standing religious obligation. On my visit to this church, at a later hour in the day, I saw a lady busily engaged with an upholsterer, who was measuring the pavement in front of a very rich shrine, where she was desirous of laying down a suitably handsome carpet, and "bringing no small gain to the craftsmen," who, with their prototype in Ephesus, of old—suck no small advantage from the *devots* and *devotes* of Christendom, and, it must be acknowledged, do occasionally enrich our own temples with works of highest excellence, not only in execution, but in taste. In the latter essential, I think the foreign churches exhibit woful defects and transgressions, as has been shown in preceding chapters.

WEATHER proving favourable, and my work of sightseeing and prying into 'Nooks and Corners' requiring a brief pause for relaxation, I ran down for the day to La Rochelle;—not indeed so much for the sake of forming intimate acquaintance with the little insignificant port and its tidal harbour in the bottom of a small gulf of the Atlantic, as for the novelty of finding myself for the first time, by way of a divertissement, "in the Bay of Biscay, oh!" with which Dibdin's pen and Braham's voice, during the Long War, had alone made me familiar. There were two

periods, however, in the annals of France and England, interblended as the histories of the two countries have ever been, which brought La Rochelle into prominent notice: the siege of 1628–9, carried on by Louis XIII and Richelieu; and the embarkation of Bonaparte on board the Bellerophon, ship of war, in 1815—on the occasion of his surrender to Captain Maitland, then lying in the Basque roads off Rochefort. It was in the very offing, also, of this harbour, that the late gallant Earl Dundonald, then Lord Cochrane, six years previous to that startling event, achieved one of his most daring exploits in French waters.

Intending to make this excursion with a return-ticket for the day, I left Poictiers soon after sunrise, and travelled in the dimness of the morning-mist through some flat ugly breadths of arable and pasture lands, presenting not any features of interest; but reached Lusignan in broad daylight, so as to get a charming prospect of the noble forest of Colombiers, which enters the pasturage lying thereabouts with a lengthened curve, and is almost immediately succeeded by such an extent of timber growth (fine old oak), as no country but France—America always excepted—could display in only two hours.

The soil was as stony and as red as that of North Devon, but not a head of cattle was visible from morn till eve. Stone-built farmhouses and cottages, stone mills and stone hedges,

marked the universal use of quarries as far as Niort,—the town whose little castle, in connexion with the name of Madame de Maintenon, I referred to in the beginning of Chap. IX. Vol. 1. After this point, I may say the Vineyards engrossed almost all the foreground and middle distance of the landscape till within a mile of La Rochelle. I think I must have seen between nine and ten thousand acres of grape cultivation:—my rapid progress seeming to realize to me that well-known exclamation of Horace,

> 'Quo me, Bacche, rapis tui
> Plenum!'
>
> Whither, O whither, full of thee,
> Bacchus! art thou snatching me?

La Rochelle is a bright, clean, sunny, and almost attractive town—reminding me, in odd combination, certainly, of Margate, Leghorn, and Bologna: of the Thanet port, as regards its quays and harbour and approaches thereto: of the Italian city, with reference to its arcades, about eleven feet in width and eight only in height, which, in the two principal streets, form excellent shelter from the "heat o' sun" and "the furious winter rages,"—and are highly characterestic. One of the streets is named after Reaumur, in honour of the Thermometrical philosopher who was born here in 1683. This was a pleasant reminiscence, and carried the thoughts to Newton's 'Principia' and Halley's 'Demonstrations'—

and very primitive wranglers;—some of the adjoining streets, however, are more ancient than airy or salubrious,—one of them, for instance, not exceeding four *feet* in width. This was designated 'Petite Rue St. Sauveur.' It might well be placed under such guardianship; for in the day of epidemic fever the residents must be in no light peril. I wandered up and down without any prescribed course, which was just the most delectable way of seeing a town for the first time;—setting up surprises, and falling by merest chance into the most interesting localities; and thus, after a charming succession of blunders and ludicrously wrong turnings, debouched on the Quai Maubec, which brought me up incontinently to the stupendous remains of the oldest Gate, with its arch of fifteen feet span; and the next turning to the right introduced me to the equally venerable round tower. These towers were manned by gallant defenders and held against fearful odds when the beleaguered citizens, backed by old Guiton's (the Mayor's) indomitable courage, were subsisting on rats and leather! Hereabouts are most of the ancient remains of the town; and many dwellings are still habitable whose occupiers in the seventeenth century constituted part of the remnant of fifteen thousand nine hundred and fortyfive, when ten thousand four hundred and seven had perished; either at the hands of their besieging enemy, or by fa-

mine and hardships of the most fearful forms of suffering.

I left the Port and rambled again into the middle of the town. The Exchange is a pretentious building, of the style of Louis XIV. The Town Hall is a fine old Gothic pile of the beginning of the sixteenth century, with parapets over which one would have desired to see such a man-at-arms, with halbert and lance, as fought at Crécy and Maupertuis, peeping under a helmet. I saw only a little girl playing with a doll!

The Grande Place would be a good-looking square but for its uniformity being altogether destroyed by the widely extending frontage of the principal church, the façade of which, in the ugliest style of Italian architecture, is so utterly inappropriate to the antiquity of the town, and, indeed, to the locality in which it rears its conspicuous vulgarity, as to make one regret it ever rose into existence. The Interior, however, may be characterized as magnificent. It is of the Corinthian order, and of noble proportions. Several domes,—rare features in Christian temples—admit more than sufficient light, and, in fact, the whiteness of the stone in all parts is quite overpowering,—all being as brilliant and garish as snow when the sunbeams are resting on it. A passage of six yards' width surrounds the back of the choir, and there are great capabilities for all manner of ornamentation through the

medium of pictures, statues, monuments, and stained glass; but, at present, it would be a positive relief to the senses to be able to step forth into some dingy dim sanctuary of the eleventh century, wherein the contracted pupil might recover its normal condition, and the mind its composure.

Not far from this Square I lighted upon the Hôtel de France—[there is no Hôtel de la Poste: it disappeared seven years since.]—and here I secured a very good breakfast, where they were boiling three pounds and a half of ground coffee in two gallons of water:—the whole household turning out to see a live Englishman! and two of these making most laudable efforts to address the illustrious stranger in his own language; one of the graces of a *bon accueil.*

The garçon en chef, however, had but one word at command, which, I thought, would have been more suitable in Germany, where if a man exclaim 'So,' he is presumed to mean 'Ah!' or 'Ay, well! yes,' or something as lucid; but, in repeated ejaculation, Anglicè, it approaches the utterances of fatuity. Pierre surmised not this when he fetched and carried, or smiled and bowed on all sides of me, as he threw in the monosyllable three times in a minute. The waiting-maid, a very comely specimen of the Pays d' Aunis (whence comes the finest brandy in the world), was little blest with the set phrase

of English speech, and as yet had caught but one sound, in her turn, wherewith to astonish or please; standing at gaze, or whisking up to the back of my chair to enunciate, very energetically, 'YEZ'! She brought me an omelette,—she poured out coffee,—with this running fire of 'yez,' till the under-strapper, on the other side of the long room, who was laying the plates on a horse-shoe table for the mid-day dinner—more ashamed than envious of such progress in our Vocabulary—exclaimed, with a significant grin [which meant, 'Non equidem invideo! Miror magis:'] 'Faut-il de génie, dire toujours, yez, yez!'

Ascending the tower of St. Laurent, I gained a capital 'vue de ballon' of the whole town and harbour and roadstead, including the remains, still distinctly visible, of the dike or break-water thrown up by Richelieu's engineers at the time of the fourteen months' siege, to prevent any boats bringing provisions to the inhabitants. The Isles of Oléron and Ré were within my range, and the whole extent of coast which during the long war was under the galling surveillance of our cruisers: a dolorous time for the inhabitants, who dared hardly to venture out, even at low water, to catch a shrimp,—or at high tide to export a barrel of their renowned brandy. This Church of St. Laurent must have been a beautiful pile. The ruins of its Western porch are a morceau well worth close inspection,

and indicate what hath been where now a carpenter stores away floor-boards, and sets up his poplar planks for seasoning. The steps by which I mounted are not of the smoothest,—but the prospect from the summit repays all trouble and fatigue. Two of the original bells are still hanging, and are sounded for various services in the modern Church, which has been erected as an annexation to this tower. I entered this church, and found, to my astonishment, as goodly an arrangement of family pews (all locked!) as may be seen in St. James's, Piccadilly, or any of Queen Anne's Churches in our metropolis. There were ledges, also, for books—and slanting boards below, with hassocks, for kneeling: the only instance I ever met with of such provision in a temple consecrated for Roman Catholic worship. The Chancel was most lavishly adorned with wood panelling and decoration; and as is very commonly to be seen in foreign seaports, a large model of a ship hung by a long wire from the roofing. This may be a church used by Protestants.

There are most excellent baths in La Rochelle. One large Establishment, designated 'Les Bains de Richelieu,' is on the level of the shore: the other is situated at the extremity of a long road beautifully planted with elms, oaks, and limes, called 'The Mall;'—nearly three quarters of a mile from the nearest pavement of the streets, and laid out in the most delectable arrangement

for making a promenade issue in a pleasure garden, and that garden the site of a spacious Bath House. I was the better pleased to make a visit, and bathe in Biscay water before bidding adieu to the old town, in that my way to the Mall lay through the portcullis gates, bastions, counterscarps, and drawbridges, that still survive to tell of Vauban's fortifications, and to intersperse the picturesque, though they have ceased to infuse strength into the enceinte murale.

On my return, as the afternoon was far advanced, I jumped into the little Omnibus des Bains, and rattled over the dry moat, and under the battlemented gates, with a passing thought for poor old Guiton, who placed only too firm reliance on them when he hoisted his flag with 'No Surrender,' and bade the besiegers do their worst. There was an English garrison in Rochelle when Philip Augustus was on the throne; but we lost it in the early part of the thirteenth century. It was in those days famed for Conger eels and fine pears; and there is an entry in the City of London accounts showing that the Sheriffs sent to La Rochelle for a hundred pears for King Henry the Third's dinner-table!

Appended to the velveteen lining of the Omnibus des Bains was a large card, informing the public (especially the passengers) of the hours at which the tide was high throughout the month. I dare say Rochelle is a very comfortable little

town for a French family to live in. It has a population as large as Canterbury, and looks, upon the whole, more lively. Moreover, I would earnestly advise any one that has found his way into Poitou to make a point of pushing onward to the coast to see it. A day and night might be well spent there; and a good sketcher would make out a pleasant week, with a memorandum to halt an hour or two at Niort, and make a vignette of its little mediæval castle. I gave it another glance on my way homeward.

Most French towns have their pleasant promenades and rendezvous: few a more delectable resort than the Jardin Blossac is to Poictiers,—where it forms one extremity of the city on a rocky platform of considerable altitude overlooking the river Clain, in as beautiful a vale as the eye would fain rest on at any season of the year; the stream, passing under a pretty bridge of three arches, flows slowly through vineyards, gardens, and the greenest of slopes, dotted with white and shining houses, that bear the aspect of the cottage-orné; and beyond these slopes spreads a richly-cultivated country,—undulating and varied in its surface, and attracting the eye in every direction. The Garden or "Vauxhall," is nearly half a mile in length, and four hundred yards wide;—laid out in four alleys—with one central and very broad walk, admirably gravelled, and planted with eight rows

of limes, which are trimmed square, Dutch fashion, as at St. Cloud. There is a handsome fountain in the centre, surrounded by blooming orange-trees and oleanders:—and interspersedly among the trees are placed many beautiful stone and marble groups of statuary. The garden is built up in its South Eastern side into a very high and massive wall resembling a rampart;—over which the eye ranges up an incline of about half a league's distance, which lifts up the variegated surface of the country most charmingly to the view,—a country of deep red loam and emerald green meadows, in which dwellings are studded as with no other design but that of ornamentation. One of the faubourgs, with a very picturesque belfry and spire, forms the middle distance; and in this delightful spot the inhabitants of Poictiers breathe the morning prime, the genial noon, and sweet evening air, in the healthiest region of the province;—and read, or converse, or meditate, or hear beautiful music, and occasionally get up large dances, are served with coffee or ices, and stay till darkness favours the fireworks; or, if it be still daylight when they are about to return into the streets, they watch for the arrival of the train, which is descried by its vapour, coming across country from Bordeaux, and is to wind round the Blossac as they regain the two handsomest streets, Rue de Baume and Rue des Capucins.

There is a great concourse to this South Western end of the town, and well there may be; for it would be difficult to conceive a site more highly favoured by Nature, or more judiciously and ingeniously adapted by art and efforts of man for the delectation of his fellows: but in France these happily combined advantages are of frequent occurrence, and it is difficult to speak of them too highly; for they most assuredly reconcile a poverty-struck population to a very mediocre condition of existence; and foster in every mind and heart, whether among the old or the young, that best and happiest of convictions, that there is no place like HOME.

With passing reference to this sentiment, I should have been not a little amused had I reached Poictiers a few weeks earlier, while the comedians were enacting a popular piece, entitled, as I saw by the placards on the pillars of their Theatre, "Les Anglais en Voyage."

Milord Archibald Flamborough .	Pair d'Angleterre.
Pénélope	La Femme.
Moulins	Aubergiste.
Gaspard	Postillon.
Garçon.	
Rose.	

I have no doubt we were duly shown up in some foible or mishap, to the full contentment of the audience; not but that a piece I saw represented some four years since in Paris, exhibiting a sort of English COOKE with about twenty Parisian ex-

cursionists in London, was the dullest attempt at drollery I ever witnessed.

In an announcement of the spectacle that was to be given at the same theatre on the fifteenth of August,—the Emperor's birthday,—a special notice was inserted to apprize the audience that an interval of three quarters of an hour would be granted between the comedy and the farce, in order that everyone might be enabled to go out and see the fireworks.

Fancy an hour's 'entreacte' at Her Majesty's Opera House, to enable any of the young gentlemen or their seniors to run down to Cremorne Gardens, before all the rockets were sent aloft!

I paid several visits to the Cathedral,—the great bell of which is infinitely finer in tone and more solemn in its knell than our 'Tom' at Christchurch, Oxford. The French churches, in general, are still in possession of many bells of the highest order of excellence, though pillaged most cruelly and sacrilegiously at the period of the great Revolution, before which they had in most cases five; in many, eight, in every tower. Now we rarely find more than two.

These resonant appendages to the temple were mostly melted down for the Mint; and many two sous pieces are even now in circulation, deriving their origin from the 'Grand Bourdon' of St. Sulpice, St. Eustache, and similar parish churches.

The West façade was seen to great disadvan-

tage;—a scaffolding being set up before it to its full height; but the porch detained me some considerable time: it is of triple construction, and abundantly enriched with statues, which, nevertheless, seem to interfere prejudicially with the pillars and mouldings. In the door of the North aisle the architect had actually formed the capitals of the pillars with human figures. The Church of St. Médard in Paris exhibits some such fanciful decoration, but it is an appendage only to the capital, not the capital itself. The general *coup d'œil* of this Cathedral would be very impressive but for the Northern tower being decidedly too far apart from the Southern. Had they been twenty feet nearer to each other, the effect would have been infinitely superior.

The Choir, however, is the spot to linger on: another of Henry the Second's days; and here the columns revive all the recollections of ANJOU. They are clustered, and crowned with capitals of most beautiful design and execution. Modern *improvements*,—(I always tremble when I hear that word in an old Christian temple)—have here, too, marred the simplicity of the Transition Gothic. About a century ago a balustraded Gallery was constructed, which runs round the whole of the Interior,—not wider, indeed, than an ordinary balcony, nor ugly in its aspect, but for the introduction of a small vase-shaped baluster, which would be suitable enough in our Regent Street

Quadrant, where the balconies show something very similar, but is positively offensive in an ecclesiastical edifice of the twelfth century.

I discovered traces of actual barbarism on the Southern tower, which, to the honour of the living Poitevins, has been redeemed from such degradation: to the height of fifteen feet were distinct marks, not unaccompanied with injury to the stone, of roofs built up against it; on the same principle of holding in contempt holy places or holy things which, in the decadence of Ecclesiastical wealth and power, singled out these sacred edifices in every part of Europe to serve as gables and backs for the most ordinary dwellings of the people.

There are other churches and several other relics of high antiquity to which Guide-books and Manuals direct the traveller's notice,—some well worthy of note, some of little or no interest;—all, however, meriting the attention of any one resident for a week or two in the old city, but hardly warranting my more extensive mention of them in these pages,—especially after such frequent references as have been already made to the architecture and archæology of the Plantagenet age. I shall therefore ask my reader to accompany me in one more excursion, on which, when I left England, I had based my chief design of visiting POITOU; we will endeavour to fall into the track of JEAN of France hurrying from Chartres, in the fourteenth century, in

search of our Edward "The Black Prince," and ascertain with somewhat more precision than has yet been brought to bear upon this matter, where the two gallant and right royal antagonists met, —and having met, what came of it.

While I was in study on this subject,—for it seemed to be worth more than ordinary attention, now that Poictiers had actually been reached,—I fell in with a French explanation of the quasi sobriquet "Black Prince": to wit, that Edward had struck such terror into the provinces he overran in his advance upon Touraine and the adjacent country, after the first few days' march from Bordeaux in the Summer, as to be spoken of in the language of almost superstitious terror. As, in the phrase of Holy Writ, all faces had gathered blackness at his advance, so did the inhabitants of the invaded and pillaged cities and villages behold in him that dark and dreadful foe before whom they felt it was impossible to stand, and he was named accordingly, 'Le Prince Noir.' The French writer did not speak of this with any reference to Satan; but simply to the gloom that fell upon the natives, as success following upon success appeared to make all resistance to the invader's progress unavailing. Shakspeare seems to allude to this in the words, 'That black name, Edward, Black Prince of Wales.' I suppose the more generally accepted explanation is the better. Painted armour seems to have been in vogue

some two thousand five hundred years before the day of Edward Plantagenet: or, what are we to understand by Virgil's "pictis bellantur Amazones armis"—"pictis Arcades armis"—"pictis conspectus in armis":—"Astur equo fidens et versicoloribus armis?" I have seen two coats of mail, shining in intense black, with a slender line of inlaid silver. They were foreign; as, most probably, the Prince's cuirass and armlets were.

I expected to find MAUPERTUIS lying to the North West of Poictiers. On the site that anciently bore that designation, the ever-memorable 'Battle of Poictiers,' so disastrous to France, was fought on the 19th of September, 1356; and I suppose that the French have in every succeeding year been glad enough to bury all recollections of such a galling and hardly credible defeat, and to exclude the word 'Maupertuis' from their maps:—in which policy of concealment they have long since succeeded so well, that whoever has endeavoured to find the village bearing that name, has, for *centuries* past, instituted the inquiry at a point diametrically opposite to that where the battle was fought. It is not to the North West, but to the South East (!) of Poictiers. The word 'Maupertuis' had, for many a year, remained in total exclusion from all existing Topographies of Poitou; as if by universal consent it was missing in every chart and map, and ignored as a locality in the province. At

length Monsieur Foucart, Dean of Faculty in Poictiers, and President of the Society of Antiquaries of Western France, entered into a close inspection of all the ancient archives and charts deposited in the Bureau of the Prefecture in Poictiers, and after a long and persevering analysis of certain grants and leases in the arrondissement within a radius of seven miles from that city, discovered that the small estate now known as La Cardinière, within three miles of Beauvoir, was formerly designated 'Maupertuis;' and lost this name when the Cardinière family, purchasing the estate at the close of the seventeenth century, gave their name to the property.

The traveller proceeding along the old posting road from Poictiers to Limoges would find the village of Noaille on his right hand at about the same distance from Poictiers that Guisnes is from Calais, or Montmorency from Paris. It lies equidistant between Lusignan on the West (through which I passed on my way to La Rochelle) and Chauvigny on the Eastern bank of the river Vienne. Between Noaille and Beauvoir lies La Cardinière. Immediately adjoining to it is a very wide expanse of arable land called 'Le Champ de Bataille;' and when the builders, engaged in erecting the most recent barns and granaries of the Farm House premises at La Cardinière, were digging trenches for the laying of foundations, they came upon quantities of

human bones and pieces of armour, weapons, &c., a discovery which strongly corroborated the decision reached subsequently by the antiquarian above mentioned.

With this information, which appeared to be authentic in every particular, I started on the 11th of August for La Cardinière, and, having crossed the river Clain, began to take the long hill outside Poictiers, and to enter a tract of country which appeared to me the exact counterpart of that between Ramsgate and Margate. At the commencement of this hill (in the faubourg forming a picturesque object from the Blossac Gardens) stands a wooden cross, painted dark blue and richly gilt; twenty feet in height. These are now exceedingly rare in France. The landscape continued to be genuinely English for upwards of two miles: with the exception, however, of the husbandry. I never had seen worse. One large field of barley was completely choked with what the French term "herbes sauvages." (They should call them "herbes honteuses") This is one of the earliest results of petty ownership; without money to pay labour-wages, to purchase manure, or to provide proper implements of agricultural industry. Thus the lord of the soil (!)—some peasant, receiving, as his whole income, some five and forty pounds a year,—not having a drill plough, sows the grain broad-cast; effectually precluding the use of a

hoe; and realizing, as in this instance, among thousands, a harvest of thistles; each four feet and a half in height,—which, when seeding, disperse the germs of another crop, so long as the wind blows favourably for such dissemination, over the proprietor's other fields,—or his neighbour's! Is this the sort of ownership which, in the 'good day coming' of Manhood Suffrage and landed estate for that blest fraternity called 'The Million,' is to make England the most contented and flourishing and powerful of all nations?

I found myself still in the *terra petræa* of Poitou. Great boulders of rock were visible on both sides of the beautifully macadamized road, cropping up in the wheat stubbles. The hedges were also formed of stones, as in Oxfordshire. The face of the country is as flat as Norfolk, and not a hill is visible in the extreme distance. The cultivation was chiefly of Wheat over an extent of surface which might have been shown as a sample of Kentish table-land, intersected by maple and white thorn hedges, and at the fourth mile expanding suddenly into a wide heath, on the confines of which I espied, as might be expected in France, dense forest growth.

All this was in the greatest conceivable contrast with the country between Poictiers

and Tours. At length we came to a newly made bit of road over an arch that had been turned over a cutting intended to form part of the railway in progress of formation between Limoges and Poictiers, as a branch given off from the main line to Bordeaux. I descried an embankment and large mounds of loose clay and gravel at about half a mile's distance, and I calculated that five miles lay between us and Poictiers. It was now time, therefore, to inquire for La Cardinière; and my driver made at once for a large clump of buildings within three hundred yards of the spot, where, having summoned the bailiff, as it proved, by ringing at the great gates in the centre of a very high wall (encompassing, as is the custom in France, the whole of the Farm Yard and homestead), we ascertained that we were at La Cardinière.

The Battlefield—for he recognised the word as I uttered it—was 'higher up;'—pointing to a tract of land alongside of which we had been driving for nearly eight or ten minutes previously, unaware of our having reached the site I was seeking.

There was no visible roadway or passage into this vast field,—originally, I conceive, a grassy plain,—but my driver who, all unconscious of the tarnished glory of the French arms, five hundred and ten years before, appeared to enter with enthusiasm into my earnest investigations, took the

broad ditch or hollow, between the road and the field, at two bounds, with a shock that shook me out of my seat and almost out of my senses; and which certainly ought to have broken all the four springs of our calèche, besides the horse's knees, —but we all four,—*i.e.*, driver, passenger, horse, and carriage,—came safe to land, and stood where many a mailed knight had caracolled (or wheeled right about, more probably!) on the day of defeat.

After a long gazing contemplation of the scene before me, I drew forth Eustace de Ribeaumont's report to King John of France of his *reconnoitre* of the English position. I gradually recognised the points he specified, and having secured these, felt all the more confident in ascertaining the rest. Though so many centuries have elapsed, the face of the country has but slightly changed in appearance; the principal feature,—a grassy plain, having long since disappeared, to be replaced by arable loam, which at the time of my visit was lying fallow.

I must admit it is as tame a bit of landscape as could discourage an artist desirous of making an interesting picture. There is not a post or a landmark to break the dull monotony of the scene;—very unlike Crécy, which richly requited all my pains; and I suppose that if I had appended my drawing, which extended itself, ere I had completed the whole, to upwards of two feet six inches in length, the 'discerning public,' and that

excellent personage 'the candid critic,' would severally have exclaimed at sight of such an unsensational illustration, 'There's nothing in it!'

Here I was, however, on Maupertuis, "and no mistake." The source of its celebrity, on which, of course, my French acquaintances were naturally very reserved and uncommunicative,—(story they had none to tell, indeed!)—and the tale which, to this hour, is as interesting as the Romaunt of 'Chevy Chase,'—are only to be told by chroniclers whose pages are come down to us in black letter, and remain to the general reader as sealed books; in consideration of which I have drawn up an Analysis which the Tourist in Poitou cannot but find useful, and the Traveller by the fireside will, I trust, find decidedly entertaining; and so I commend both to the following Chapters.

CHAPTER IX.

EDWARD, THE BLACK PRINCE.

THE occurrence that led to Prince Edward's invasion of France and his landing on its South-Western coast was simply this: In the year 1355 JEAN, the reigning monarch of the realm—in succession to Philip—bestowed the Dukedom of Aquitaine, otherwise known, also, as Guyenne, on his son, the Crown prince, Charles. As Guyenne had, by Queen Elinor's marriage with Henry II., devolved, in her dowry, to the English Crown, this creation of title, derived from a province exempt from French sovereignty, exasperated Edward the Third in no light degree; and his first step, upon intelligence of the Dauphin's investiture, was to confer the same Duchy on his own son Edward, with an injunction to assert and defend his claim to the title against all adversaries.

This was followed up by an authorization from the English Parliament to go forth in command of a thousand men at arms, two thousand archers, (two thirds of whom were on horseback), and a

considerable body of Welshmen, with whom, having the Earl of Warwick and many other noblemen of eminent rank as commanders, young Edward being then only twentyfive years of age, sailed in a fleet of three hundred ships, and arriving in July on the shore of Gascony, augmented his slender armament by fresh levies under the able command of Sir Jean de Grailly, entitled Captal or Capitalis of Buch. This nobleman was hereditary proprietor and commandant or Captal of a fort on a small promontory thirty miles distant from Bordeaux; and the place is still known as Tête de Buch. His services were eminent in this most eventful expedition and campaign, and claim this distinguishing mention, *par parenthèse.* Reinforced thus, at his first landing, the Prince entered at once on an incursion signalized by numerous successes in the recovery of towns, and in the redress of affronts to the British Crown, till he entered the usurped duchy of Guyenne, and passed on through Languedoc, Toulouse, and Narbonne to Bourges, the very centre of France. Pursuing his progress as an almost resistless conqueror, he reached Remorantin between Bourges and Blois, and went on by Tours, Poictiers, and Saintonge to Bordeaux, which he re-entered laden with spoil.

Hence the Prince would have embarked for England but for intelligence received of the King of France being up in arms, and intent upon finding him, and contesting his right to

exercise sway in those provinces which had, nevertheless, fallen two hundred and four years previously under English rule. Thus we find JOHN levying forces at Chartres, and thence proceeding to Blois. Having halted there two days, he crossed the Loire; dividing his army into sections, which might avail themselves of so many bridges as were still left uninjured, at Orleans, Tours, and the two next passages. From Blois he passed on to Amboise, and next day to Loches, when tidings were brought by a French knight, detached in quest of the English army, of the Prince of Wales being with a small force on the frontiers of Touraine, and returning to Bordeaux by way of Poictiers. Resolving to bring his enemy into action, the King proceeded instantly from Loches to La Haye in Touraine. Here he found, upon mustering the several regiments collected up to that point, that he had thus far led onward twenty thousand men; and in that body were enrolled the most eminent of the haute noblesse of France, who, rallying around his four sons, Charles, Duke of Normandy, the heir to the Crown, Louis, Duke of Anjou, John, Duke of Berry, and Philip, Duke of Burgundy,—came on with a hundred and twenty banners, and formed a staff of twenty-six dukes and earls, and many barons and knights of high degree. With this foremost division he pushed onward in an Easterly direc-

tion to Chauvigny, on the Eastern bank of the Vienne, and remained there on Thursday the fifteenth of September. On the day following he made his entry into Poictiers, and, crossing the bridge, expressed his sanguine expectation of encountering the Prince on the opposite side;—close upon the suburb, in fact, of Blossac. In this, however, he was disappointed; for reports arrived of Edward having turned off to the right in the direction of a village called Bonmatour.

At Poictiers, all the contingents having joined, the entire bulk of the French army was reviewed, and again formed into three marching divisions, the collective force of which was materially strengthened by incorporation with those regiments, chiefly cavalry, which had crossed the Clain at Chatellerault, and had hastened forward with all speed to overtake the King at Poictiers. His Majesty, therefore, on this day, Friday, was at the head of sixty thousand [fortyfive may be nearer the truth] well appointed but ill disciplined troops, and with this large armament crossed the bridge at Poictiers, in full pursuit.

As the evening of this day drew on, Prince Edward felt certain that his royal adversary could not be far off; for his foraging parties and commissariat officers returned to camp empty-handed, announcing that every particle of food, whether for man or horse, had been sought for

and carried off by many a rough emissary from the French quarters, so as to secure ample provision for yet some days:—a judicial and most vexatious rebuke to Edward's senseless waste of stores in Berry and Touraine, only two months previous, when he permitted his soldiery, gorged with meat and wine, to stave wine casks, and scatter the flesh seized in the shambles to the dogs or the winds: all which might now have supplied most welcome and beneficial rations to his half-starved followers. As the day began to decline, he sent out a detachment of sixty troopers, under command of Sir Eustace Dambreticourt and Lord Jean St. Guislain, to ascertain with exactness the King's whereabouts. These fell in with a troop of two hundred and forty men, under command of three captains, nobles of France, who had, as a rear-guard, crossed the Clain some little time later than the King's passage, and were not a little pleased, on this occasion, to be able to show fight with only three score; but the Englishmen, discreetly judging that one man would be no match for four, turned right about face, and made the best of their way to the Prince's camp, the Frenchmen giving chase; and this with such hot speed and disregard of peril, as to rush full tilt upon their enemy, whose troopers, closing immediately round, made the three officers prisoners, and cut down all their men except forty, who, in

the melée, contrived to reach the hedges and run off, some still on horseback, some on foot:—a good beginning in the opinion of the English, when they were now so soon to test the prowess of either army.

On the next day, Saturday, the 17th, Edward, aware that the whole of the French force was close upon him, went forward with the determination of taking up the best position that the country before him might offer; and soon decided on making a final and resolute stand on some rising ground in the hamlet of Maupertuis, from which station he despatched five noble lords and two hundred cavalry, to keep a sharp look out, and report the movements of the enemy. By some casual turning in their circuit and survey, this exploring party lighted upon the rear of the Royal Army, and with what might be termed the very effrontery of valour, fell at once on the nearest stragglers, and then on the hinder ranks of the mighty column,—killing some, and riding off with several prisoners in their grip at the saddle bow. The French officers were astonished, and their ranks were thrown into a confusion bordering on panic; but the 'Britishers' wheeled away in good time. Their foe had suffered this exposure in consequence of the king having fallen into the error of supposing that Edward had entered Poictiers and gone in the direction of Chatellerault (already mentioned); and the right

about movement enforced by this false step brought his rear guard within reach of the Prince's reconnoitring party, who, flushed with this second good omen of success, reported their feat, and informed him that the French were close upon them, and in force so stupendous as to defy calculation.

"If this be the case," said Edward, "it is for us to take counsel, how we may to best advantage cope with them: for when such overwhelming numbers are threatening attack, we must adopt that policy in our mode of defence which may best meet it."

The expedient which he accordingly adopted was to station himself and the ten thousand men constituting his whole army,—one moiety being Gascons,—in such a position as in those days, when fire-arms were not in use, might be deemed impregnable. He chose an area of space on an eminence from which the whole of the great plain may, even now, be viewed diagonally: an enclosure formed by very densely grown hedges, in which thorn bushes were abundant,—and beyond which on one side were vines now nearly ripened for the vintage, and screening the hedges in that direction. To prevent a circuitous movement, on the part of the French, for attacking the rear of this position, Edward ordered every baggage wagon and carriage that had entered the field over night to be drawn up in a curve

following the long line of hedge which gave off into the plain from the right front of the incline (and which to this day is most distinctly seen), and bent towards his rear. By thus massing such "impedimenta,"—so appropriately called by the old Romans,—he effectually defended his only weak side. The ten thousand were grouped, with but little room for ease or locomotion, in a space which admitted not of more than four square yards for the foot soldier, and six for a trooper and his horse;—their 'locus standi' not exceeding eight acres in a parallelogram, the first acre of which became the place of onset throughout nearly the whole action; for the French could not at any moment succeed in attacking anywhere but in front,—seeing that if they could even have attempted to take their enemy in flank by breaking, if possible, through the hedges or vines, the ground was so unfavourable for cavalry on either side, as to admit of only four troopers abreast—which appeared to be a force altogether inadequate for such an assault: so admirably had our countrymen and their comrades in arms been posted to fight a battle at the odds of one man to five, if not more.

This was the attitude of the English Prince on Saturday, the 17th of September. The French host lay encamped over the whole plain of seventy acres, and in the road along which I drove last August, and on a short slope to the

left of their adversary: and, thus opposed, the two armies kept watch upon each other throughout the night; the baggage train of the King's army being so immense as to encumber not only a great part of the road to Poictiers, but also several acres of meadow land alongside.

MEANWHILE, two personages of note, albeit no warriors, had reached Poictiers in quest both of King and Prince, with high commission to interpose and mediate at this critical beginning of a strife which might involve the loss of a kingdom. These were emissaries from Pope Innocent the Sixth, who had been Cardinal Bishop of Ostia, and became Pontiff four years previous to these events: a man of great learning and ability, and the author of some literary works which are still extant. It is interesting to form acquaintance on this occasion of difficult and highly responsible diplomacy with the ancestor of one of the most remarkable ministers that ever figured in French politics,—Sully, Richelieu, and Colbert not excepted, and whom so many of us have seen even in our own Capital: an ambassador and plenipotentiary at the most eventful period of the modern history of France,—who, however compliant and astute under the most violent changes of Government and dynasties in his own country, was more upright in principle than inconsistent in opinion, and afforded sufficient proof, long before he died, that the great

wish of his life was the permanent alliance of England and France as constitutional governments; which he considered to be the surest guarantee for the peace of Europe. I speak of Charles Maurice, Prince Talleyrand Perigord, who quitted this scheming and deceptive world about nine and twenty years since, but lives in the memory of many a nation. It was one of the traditional *mots* of that eminent satirical wit in which his conversational powers emulated Voltaire's, that the gift of language had been bestowed upon Man to enable him the better to conceal, at will, his thoughts and feelings. There can be little doubt that he acted upon this notion, and most successfully; for he died quietly in his bed at the age of eightyfour; though he was forty years old at the fall of Robespierre, when the guillotine had throughout the Reign of Terror been demanding as victims the ablest and best men in France. His history, in fact, will in due time illustrate that of the Church and State of that country from the accession of Louis XVI., at whose Coronation he was introduced as L'Abbé Perigord, to the middle of the reign of Louis Philippe; and as Minister of Foreign Affairs he exercised his reticence with enviable self-command, while many a shrewd *diplomate* was speaking most unadvisedly with his lips and looks, under that shortlived monarchy.

Herein the quondam Bishop and Vice Grand

Elector of the Empire was the worthy rival of his Austrian contemporary Metternich; of whom it used to be affirmed, that if, in any assembly, an infuriated scamp were to kick him from behind, his countenance would not indicate that he had been touched. His uncle Alexander Talleyrand Perigord (son of the Marquis) resided some time, also, in this country while Louis XVIII was at Hartwell, and became Archbishop of Paris and Cardinal, in the year 1816. This mention of Ecclesiastical dignity brings us back to the personage whose appearance on the Scene of War in Poitou induced me to make such a digression. It was Cardinal Perigord, Lord Talleyrand, who, with Cardinal San Vitali, hastened in September, 1356, with urgent instructions from the Vatican to adjust, if possible, the conflicting claims of John of France and Edward, and to make a lasting peace. We shall presently see how they acquitted themselves of their holy commission.

On Sunday morning, September the 18th, King John, albeit impatient of delay in coming to hard and decisive blows, heard mass in his field-pavilion, and, by virtue of a privilege long before accorded to him (!), took the Communion in *both kinds*, and with his four sons received absolution. This done, he held a council of war with eighteen of the chief nobles, marshals, and commanders,—among whom was Lord Eustace

de Ribeaumont, who, on King Edward the Third's challenge, had fought in single combat with that monarch at Calais. The unanimous resolution was almost immediately adopted, that the whole army should be drawn up in battle array, every nobleman taking the field, with his banners and liegemen, in the name of God and Saint Denis. The King's standard was already raised on the open, and waved in the wind; and around this, at sound of many trumpets, were seen gathering the uplifted banners and pennons of the Haute Noblesse and chivalry of the realm. The lords sprang into their saddles, and the preux chevaliers and esquires of the best blood of France came onwards all glorious and scintillant to that great and solemn rendezvous at which none dared to be reported as wanting now that the storm of War was up, and all upon the hazard;—every prince and baron, every seigneur and vassal in the land being summoned to the defence of the country and the battles of the Sovereign. The suits of armour that have survived that period, and the painted glass and vellum, still rich in colour and gilding, that illustrate the pomp and lavish ornamentation of the middle ages, bear witness to the splendour of that gathering from the provinces and principalities of France. The noble stature of those high-born chiefs, the caparisons and harness of their chargers glittering in gold fringes and housings, and all the profusion

of bullion and jewels that characterized the appanage of aristocracy in those days;—the steel and inlaid suits of complete armour, the burnished morions and visored helmets crested with significant device and many a plume;—the silken surcoats of each lord's and knight's old family-arms blazing in richest embroidery of gold and silver-tissue, or in azure, amber, and scarlet velvet or satin, repeated in still more glorious and boastful blazonry on the banner and the shield,—combined to render this staff of mediæval princes and marshals the most splendid array of allegiance and loyalty that ever took the field since the muster roll was called of Godfrey de Bouillon, and the coroneted warriors of the First Crusade:—

> "Forthwith from ev'ry squadron and each band
> The heads and leaders thither haste, where stood
> Their great commander":—
> "In arms they stood
> Of golden panoply; refulgent host!"

The assembled forces were now marshalled into three divisions,—the smallest comprising six thousand cavalry and fifteen hundred infantry: the first division being (most injudiciously) placed under the command of Philip, Duke of Orleans, brother of the King,—a mere stripling of twenty years of age; thirtysix banners and as many pennons signalizing the exalted rank that mingled in that foremost and proud battalion.

The second division fell to the Duke of Normandy, Dauphin—eldest son of the Sovereign, and his two brothers, Louis, Duke of Anjou, and John, Duke of Berry. In the third there was "the shout of a king." There came forth JOHN with his youngest son Philip, not yet fourteen years old, but fearless as the hero of a hundred fights, and appropriately named in after times Philip the Bold; and in this royal host were massed eight thousand mailed combatants on the handsomest horses of the whole collective force; —a breastwork, as it were, in front of two and thirty thousand infantry, banded to fight and die around their Sovereign "in the highest places of the field;"—a phalanx of fast allegiance and loyalty.

The tripartite armed multitude of fortyfive (some have said, *sixty* thousand men; but I deduct many thousands as camp-followers and the mere rabble that in those times hung on to large armies)—at length presented their full front to the astonished English force, whose position and, if possible, *dis*position, the king was now most eager to ascertain and act upon; believing in his heart that they must be in no light dismay and embarrassment, and wondering what their first expedient or action in such deadly peril would be. He was already aware of their being en masse on an extremely limited space, not exceeding five and forty feet in elevation above the level

of the plain, but as yet he saw not his way clearly into their presence. Outposts they had none; skirmishers they had none to spare. Without ostensible centre or wings, their whole number exceeded not that of the cavalry attached to his own division of foot soldiers;—yet, there they stood,—with that dogged determination to hold their own which in their lion-hearted descendants irritated to fury old Napoleon, who used to inveigh against the British troops being never able to comprehend when they were beaten! John, at this moment, bethought him of sending three of his noble aides-de-camp "to mark the countenance of the English,"—to form a correct estimate of their whole number, and ascertain which would be the better plan of attack;—to make the first assault with cavalry or with foot soldiers. It reminds us of the French Emperor's self-gratulatory exclamation on the day of "l'affaire de Mont St. Jean," as our opposite neighbours designate 'Waterloo;'—"Enfin, je les tiens, donc,—ces Anglais!"

While this reconnoissance was being made, the gallant king having mounted a very large white charger, conspicuous at a great distance, rode up to the advanced front of his legions, and in a loud tone of voice, unmistakeably indicative of the high confidence with which he beheld his quarrel coming at length to a triumphant issue, addressed them in words to this effect:

"Milords! Messieurs! when you show yourselves in Paris, in Chartres, Orleans or Rouen, you are in the habit of using the fiercest threats against the English, and saying you wish you could but be brought face to face with them to try the fate of war. Now, you are about to have your ardent wishes fulfilled; for I myself will be your leader to where you will be sure to fall in with them; and I trust you will let me witness the natural result of all this animosity, and see how thoroughly you intend to avenge on them all the insults and wrongs they have offered you: for of this you may be sure, that we shall not part from this place without stroke of sword."

Hereupon so many as had stood within hearing shouted with all alacrity, "In God's name so be it! It is the very end and aim of our desire, and we will face them joyfully."

Soon after this the three noblemen who had been dispatched to take observations of the enemy returned and made to the king the following report; Lord Eustace de Ribeaumont saluting his Majesty, and speaking thus:—"Sire! we have gotten sight of the English, and we reckon that their number does not exceed four thousand infantry and cavalry, three thousand archers, and about fifteen hundred other armed men. But, be this as it may, they have taken their stand in a position of considerable advantage, and, so far as I can discern, form but one compact body or

battalion, posted at all points with excellent judgment. They have rendered the very hedges a place of strength, and made the bushes serve as a fortification, Throughout the whole line of the hedges they have stationed their archers, so that no one either on foot or horseback can approach that quarter without being immediately taken in flank by their arrows. Nevertheless, if we are to make the first onset, we must be prepared to encounter this peril, and thread the narrow passage or lane which is so scant as not to admit of more than four armed men abreast: and at the end of this defile, out of the sides of which no man could force his way either on foot or mounted, is drawn up a solid square of men in armour, all on foot; having in their front a body of archers disposed in a diamond or lozenge form, like a harrow; which it would be no easy matter to break."

"Well, then," said the king—"what, under the circumstances, do you consider the best plan we can adopt?"

"Sire," replied Sir Eustace—"let us one and all dismount, with exception of three hundred, the prime of all your cavalry (that is, the best mounted of that force, and the most completely armed), who shall be deputed to make a dash at these bowmen, and so open a way through them, in order that your foot soldiers, close behind, may rush in and commence fighting with theirs, man to man. Let your German cuirassiers remain in

saddle, stationary, to reinforce the marshals after this attack, should they require it. I cannot better advise you; but if any one here can suggest a preferable course by all means let him do so."

"No!" rejoined the king—"we will have it so."

Hereupon, the two field-marshals rode down the ranks, and singled out three hundred knights and esquires, whose general bearing and appearance seemed to point them out as the most soldierly, stalwart, and able men-at-arms that had joined the expedition; each accoutred in complete armour, and mounted on powerful chargers, whose harness was amply strengthened with all the defensive plating and bosses worn by horses at that period: and a message was conveyed to the German Cuirassiers to hold themselves in readiness for any advance in aid which they might be called upon to make under the leadership of their several commanders.

Long after the close of the fourteenth century, the opinion was held that this selection of the chosen band of three hundred to lead the attack was the primary cause of the French king's defeat. His cavalry,—the German Contingent especially—considered themselves underrated and slighted; and when brought, afterwards, into action, fought with a want of energy and spirit amounting to indifference. The

favouritism evinced in the choice of those few hundred men of rank and superior qualifications, became at this precarious juncture an occasion of falling; and, except for the "forlorn hope," as it is called (in which the circumstances are altogether different), such preferences may in general be regarded as errors in judgment, and productive of that ill-will which destroys all *esprit de corps*. It was asserted also by many of the French writers who preferred making the King singly responsible for a discomfiture which a better organized army might probably have averted, that John, conceiving a mean opinion of the diminutive English army, thought of carrying all before him by a 'coup de main' with this handful of three hundred horse. So far, however, from this being the fact, the French monarch outdid, on this occasion, the King of Israel's tricky arrangements at Ramoth-Gilead, and ordered *twenty* of his mounted warriors to be armed cap-à-piè, in closest imitation of his own personal accoutrement; so that the English might not discern, in the melée of fight, which was the Sovereign: and his second son, Louis, Duke of Anjou, calling upon Lord Arnauld de Cervoles to figure as the Jehoshaphat of the day on *his* behalf, was in like manner *duplicated;* though very unnecessarily, as it proved,—as his royal highness ran away long before the bloody business of the next morning was brought to an

end. His representative was, in all probability, found among the slain. Command was now given for every dismounted horseman to take off his spurs, and cut short each his lance into five feet length only; seeing that they were about to enter into close combat, in which any longer weapon would be useless. At this moment up came Cardinal Talleyrand Perigord, on horseback,—having ridden from Poictiers; and now asked audience of the King; which being granted, his Eminence began to urge the desirableness of resorting to other arbitration than that of the sword, and the expediency of conference which might suspend hostilities, and lead to a treaty of peace: an issue the King would do well to seek, instead of jeopardizing the lives of the very élite of the Noblesse of France. The Cardinal offered to go, at once, in person, to the Prince of Wales, that he might apprize the young warrior of the deadly peril that surrounded him, and induce him to reflect, ere it would be too late, on what might be his own and his followers' destiny. To this proposal John only yielded consent on the express condition that the Cardinal should with all expedition return to the camp.

Monseigneur accordingly rode off to the English position, where he found the Prince of Wales fully armed, with exception of his helmet. He was received with all courtesy, and invited to

declare at once his message. The holy man lost no time in laying before Edward an estimate of the French forces, which he stated to be overwhelming in numbers, and stupendously more powerful than his own, and begged he might be permitted to mediate between the two powers, and bring this unhappy feud to a peaceful termination.

The Prince, who at this time was but twenty-five years of age, but old in discretion and judgment, was not slow of reply, in language befitting his predicament of imminent danger, yet entirely consistent with his dignity.

"Father! provided that neither my own honour, nor that of my country be compromised, I am quite disposed to accept reasonable terms."

"Friends, then, you shall become," said the Cardinal, "if I can but make peace between you both. How deplorable would it be that so noble a host should be laid low in the bloody antagonism of battle!"

This brief parley being ended, the Cardinal rode back to the King, and accosted him thus:—

"Your Majesty had need not be in excessive haste to rush into battle. The English cannot retreat from where they are, if they desired it ever so eagerly. The position they are in holds them fast. Pause, then, at least, for to-day; and before daybreak to-morrow it shall be our endeavour to adjust all your differences on a

footing which shall reflect discredit on neither party."

The King evinced no slight repugnance to acquiesce with these suggestions; and many of his chief councillors protested against any further negotiations; but the Cardinal pleaded so earnestly for a truce of only that day as to persuade the royal mind to compliance; and both armies remained still in camp: the King's pavilion of red silk, ornamented with golden lilies, being set up near his standard; and the vast multitude around him betaking themselves every man to his tent, with exception of the above-mentioned élite of the cavalry, who bivouacked in the fields, as men appointed to be foremost in the very first onset, should action ensue.

With a pertinacity in good intents which well became his calling and chosen office, and might have been expected to accomplish more than it did, the Cardinal spent the greater part of the Sunday in riding to and fro between the two armies, and reiterating his strongest arguments in the cause of reconciliation and peace; but the fierce determination of the King of France, impatient of control at a crisis which fortune seemed to point to for his own, defeated the ecclesiastic in all his efforts to make equal terms of adjustment; and the English were very certain not to treat on any other.

John urged the undeniable fact of his having gained an immense advantage and hold upon the English prince; and, on view of their widely different positions, refused to relinquish the right to dictate terms. One only condition should obtain his concurrence, that four English noblemen of distinction should be sent into the French camp, of whose persons the king should have free right to dispose according to his own will and arbitrement: the Prince of Wales at the same time to surrender himself and all his forces as prisoners of war, to be redeemed by adequate ransoms.

As a matter of course, the Prince rejected with disdain a proposition so derogatory and humiliating to himself and adherents, and returned for all reply that he was willing to relinquish all the towns, castles, and prisoners that had fallen to him by right of conquest in the Summer, and to give an undertaking at the same time not to set foot again in France with any hostile intents for seven years from that date.

This, too, found no favour with the King, who cut short all further negotiation with a final demand to this effect, that the Prince of Wales, and with him a hundred knights, should yield themselves up as prisoners of war: the remainder of the army to have right of progress homeward. If this offer were rejected, His Majesty would at once proceed to avail himself of all the favour-

able circumstances of his actual position at this juncture, and exterminate the enemy; with single reservation of the person of the Prince.

On receipt of this insulting intimation, fraught with shame and contumely, the Prince of Wales, who, however indignant, could hardly forbear smiling at his French foe's effrontery, returned as in definitive reply on his own part, that *he* hoped to prove conqueror; but if that hope should not be realized, he knew how to die, and would never lend ear to terms involving the utter degradation of that good name which he prized far more dearly than his existence. Whatever conditions, therefore, might tend to compromise his own honour, outrage the fair fame of his ancestors, or tarnish the glory of England, he should emphatically spurn as ignominious. Death would be infinitely preferable.

War has its episodes; and even while the fate of myriads hung in the scale, an encounter occurred to mark the chivalrous pride and jealousy of mediæval 'blue blood.' Pending the negotiations on which Monseigneur Talleyrand Perigord employed all his diplomatic zeal and ability, reconnoitring parties rode forth from either camp, all eager to take note of the tactics and general aspect of the two armies; the French commanders still believing it quite possible that our countrymen might wear the appearance of downhearted troops on the verge of panic: and

the English, cooped up between their hedges, being really anxious to learn how the French, who were dispersed all over the surrounding champaign, were being manœuvred. Lord John Chandos, one of the great ancestors of the present Buckingham and Chandos and Pole families, was the field officer who singly rode forth from the front of Edward's position on this occasion; and Lord Jean Clermont in like manner galloped round the plain with intent to make report at the King's headquarters of the manner in which the English might happen to be fortifying their ground. Returning from their respective explorations, the two high-born cavaliers met face to face.

Milord Clermont hereupon called aloud to the English noble:—"Since when, my lord, has it been your good pleasure to assume for your own my device?" [Field, azure: Virgin Mary, or, surrounded by rays of the sun, argent.]

"No assumption, milord! You wear *my* device. It is altogether mine own: mine, at least, with quite as good right as you can prefer to it!"

"I say it is not!" retorted Clermont—"and but for this temporary peace I would here, upon this spot, make you feel that you are not entitled to carry my ensign armorial."

"Indeed!" shouted Lord Chandos. "Well, then, to-morrow you will not fail to come to

close encounter with me on these very plains, and you shall be taught that the shield, albeit you claim it for your own, is mine also."

"Ay! such is the braggart speech you English use! Your dull brains can never invent anything original: so that whatever you light upon which seems appropriate and stylish in the possession of others, you seize upon without respect to right, and arrogate to yourselves!"

Sir John Chandos well knew the French: he had led the Van at Crécy, ten years previous. It was now Sunday night, and Cardinal Talleyrand, after expending the entire day on the labour of mediating between the two princes, reluctantly abandoned all further attempts, at present, to make peace, and returned to Poictiers; though not without intent to seek a conference early on the next day. The French troops, by favour of a well arranged commissariat, took ample refreshment and ease throughout that night; while the English, whose scant store of provisions left every man fasting, and from whose beleaguered camp not a scout could be dispatched to order up supplies in aid from any quarter, were in but sorry plight. They had turned, however, to the best possible advantage the interval of inaction created by the suspension of hostilities, and in the course of this Sunday and all through the night till daybreak on Monday, were working might and main to deepen their trenches

along the line of hedge; and to set up a sort of stockade around their bowmen, to repel any charges from the enemy's cavalry.

The morn of Monday, September the 19th, rose upon the Prince of Wales and his adversaries arrayed and fully accoutred for the fearful alternative which alone remained upon abandonment of the mediation and on the fixed purpose of either antagonist. As early, however, as seven o'clock the Cardinal was descried cantering up to the king's pavilion, in accordance with the purpose, formed overnight, of renewing his parley and overtures of peace. He was now, however, to learn, without preamble of courtesy or indulgence, that his mission was ended; and the principal noblemen and gentlemen about the king at once went forward and gave his Eminence distinctly to understand that he if did not immediately withdraw and betake himself with all speed to whence he had set out, he would find himself more roughly handled than became his dignity, and might, in fact, incur personal hazard. Hereupon Talleyrand who, while the announcement was being made, had dismounted and slowly approached the King, addressed his Majesty in the following words of the Royal Psalmist, "Ego pacem diligo; at quum loquor illis ad bellum se parant: I labour for peace; but when I speak unto them thereof, they make ready for battle." Ps. cxx., v. 6.

Having taken leave of King John, the Cardinal went over to the Prince of Wales and delivered his last address in that quarter: "Your Royal Highness has at length to learn that nothing is to be relied on now but the certainty of a battle: provide for your defence as you best may; for the French king will comply with none of my solicitations to the contrary."

"Be it so," replied the prince—"and this is our resolve,—the firm determination of everyone around us, to stand our ground against him, attack when he may."

"Amen!" replied the man of God, and giving him his blessing, remounted his palfrey, and returned, not a little discomfited, to Poictiers.

It transpired that when this issue of the negotiation for peace was announced, certain companies who had been embodied with the Gascons in the English camp, yet, as it proved, affecting the royal cause more loyally than that of the young invader, forsook their allegiance and went over surreptitiously to the French lines, where they joined a contingent furnished almost entirely from the estates of the Talleyrand family: but it is added that the Cardinal was totally ignorant of this partizanship, and was blameless in the matter. Nevertheless, when Edward, after the battle, found an officer of high rank desperately wounded and likely to die,—lying among this contingent,—and

discovered that he was a Talleyrand, he sent him into Poictiers to the Cardinal, telling him to look to his *own men!*

And now Prince Edward having just learned the ill success of the Cardinal's mediation, and the absolute necessity of the dernier ressort, vaulted into the saddle and rode slowly through the companies of his ten thousand followers, and addressed them to this effect:—

"Now, sirs! though it be very certain that, compared with the host arrayed against us by the enemy, our whole collective force is but of small account, we must not for this cause be put out of countenance: for, to win the day in the approaching conflict lieth not so much in the might of vast numbers as in the dispensation of Almighty God, who will award the victory as it shall seem to Him good. If it be His divine will that we shall prove conquerors, our English people will attain to the highest repute and glory attainable in this world; and should the worst extremity befall that we all lose our lives in the rightful redress of our injuries, we shall but have discharged a little earlier in life than we might otherwise have done the debt we one and all owe to Nature—with this difference, that all the greater will be our honour. And there are the King my Father and my brothers; and you will also have gallant comrades in arms, kinsmen and fellow-citizens, surviving you, and they will take ample vengeance for the blood

we shall have shed. For all which reasons, gentlemen! I charge you, for God's sake, to show a gallant spirit and do your duty as soldiers with right resolute valour; for, please God and St. George! you will this day bear witness that I shall acquit myself as a true knight and right proper man: and, rely on this—England shall never become chargeable for my ransom. Here will I prove the victor, or lay down my life."

This exhortation, and more to the same effect, from the lips of Edward, inspirited and cheered his troops to such a degree of lively daring that they would have faced the world in arms against them: and, independently of their prince's address, the leading captains and commandants, each, at their respective posts, spoke to their men in terms of such manly courage, and exhibited so bold and light-hearted a confidence, as to arouse every one to the highest pitch of valour. Among these chiefs were Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, Sir John Chandos Vere, Earl of Oxford, Montague, Earl of Salisbury, the Earl of Stafford, Reginald Cobham, Spenser, Lord James Audley, and his brother Peter, Lord Mawley, Lord John Willoughby of Eresby, and fourteen others enrolled in the English host; besides the Chaptal of Buche,—of whom we have already made advantageous mention, and many distinguished nobles of Gascony and Hainault.

About half an hour before the French army

were put in motion, advancing towards the English position, the Prince of Wales sent to request the presence of the Earl of Oxford, and several other chief officers of distinction commanding the Archers' Division, and gathering around him almost all the other military chiefs, foreign and British, he expressed himself in the following terms of complimentary encouragement: 'Gentlemen of England! it having fallen within my experience to bear witness to the gallantry and soldierlike bearing evinced by you on several occasions when the perils of conflict were more than ordinarily felt among us, I regard you as warriors who have never yet failed to emulate the intrepid bravery of your forefathers. And you, too, our dear brethren in arms of Gascony,—you have proved how in every respect you have inherited the courage and loyalty of your progenitors who in past generations have fearlessly and devotedly fought for the King, my father, and his predecessors in this land of your birth, his ancient Dukedom. I can read in your countenances the expression of that irritation and anger which well becomes you all. I recognize there your indignant sense of the insult cast upon such men in any King of France lightly esteeming that heroic fortitude in whose regard no toil has ever yet appeared too arduous, no adversary too powerful, no mountain height too steep, no castle too strong to be

taken, no mortal prowess too fearful. I distinguish in your features, my lords and gentlemen, the reflected visages of those fathers whose indomitable valour hath time after time defeated these overbearing Frenchmen, wrested from them, and laid desolate the Isle of Cyprus, subdued the military strength of Syracuse and Calabria, routed the Saracens and the hosts of Palestine, bent Scotland to our dominion, and bade Ireland relinquish her ruggedness for submission and docility, and Wales yield acquiescence to our laws. If even accidental cause, opportune moment, imminent peril, or the impulse of sheer desperation, have availed ere now to quicken men of slow conception, and roused the energies of timid souls, what far greater incentive must be yours, in whom affection for the land of your birth, and a keen longing to lay hands on the rich booty to be won from these Frenchmen, are at this hour stimulating your gallant spirits to exceed all former daring, and to act up to the noble precedent left by the authors of your being! Fight, then, with all constancy of courage, each man by his banner; and carry out every order of your commanding officers with all good will and untiring perseverance! If we be spared to conquer, our friendship will grow more and more in strength and reciprocal confidence. If Fortune grudge us this, and decree (which may Heaven forbid!) that this day we go

the way of all flesh, closing at once our existence, and the term of all our toil,—rely upon this, that the glory of your names will be imperishable; in thirsting for which we who are here in command, and all these of gentle blood, the sharers of our love and companionship, have formed the resolve of sharing the same cup with yourselves:—And sure and steadfast is our reliance on the certainty of obtaining, by the Divine blessing, a name that shall live for ever, and endless renown therewith, as the men that on this day vanquished the best born heroes in all France: for, to yield in defeat (which Heaven grant be not our destiny!) must not be laid to the account of overwhelming perils, but to want of resolute determination in encountering and bearing down all such threatening dangers.'

EDWARD, having thus delivered his parting exhortations, proceeded to make the last needful arrangements. Observing an eminence immediately contiguous to where he had been standing, formed by a gradual rise from the level ground at the foot of his own chosen sloping position, he remarked that on one side of this lay a meadow fenced off by a line of tall rough briers, forming a long hedge, and bounded by a vineyard facing it. It had not escaped his notice while scanning the enemy's movements, that in the rear of this elevated ground the French commanders had posted a body of troops; separated, nevertheless,

from his own encampment by a considerable breadth of undulating ground, part of which was a mere morass. He, therefore, commissioned one of his generals to make a détour with three hundred infantry and as many mounted archers, and hover in the background till, in the height of conflict, they should seize opportunity on the sudden to dash in upon this detached force, and take them in the rear. The officer, thus instructed, accordingly managed to introduce his men through a defile, which led them over the hollow on to the rising ground, where the thorn bushes rose to such a height as to enable him to screen the detachment from observation of the enemy; and to hold them in readiness to charge when the action should have become general.

The French king had made himself acquainted with every particular of Edward's strategical arrangements except this, which came to his knowledge about half an hour, only, before the battle commenced.

As has been already observed, the English army covered a comparatively insignificant surface; so much so, indeed, that the scouts sent out by their enemy reported them to be drawn up in one solid square. This, however, was not the case. Either the French watchers had fallen into an error, or the Prince had changed his plan of defence, and ranged the English force in three

sections, with a view to wielding as many weapons at one and the same time as could be brought into action; in addition to which he had, as just shown, cut out work to be done by the six hundred detached to take the enemy in the rear. And now Edward himself was to be seen choosing such a point of advantage as might enable him to enjoy oversight of whatever came within immediate view. The hedges surrounding his camp concealed the gathering masses of the French army; but this was all the greater advantage in protecting him from any flank attack, and in bringing distinctly into view every successive body of men brought on by the French commanders to act against the English troops who thus compelled their adversaries to fight hand to hand without divergence to the right or to the left.

The three-pointed body of Archers stood, as they did afterwards at Agincourt, in their allotted space to receive the first shock. Behind these was stationed the Earl of Warwick in command of the Van. The Rear division, not above fifty yards distant from the lane through which the enemy must of necessity enter into conflict (but thrown back to the left of the foremost occupiers of the eminence where Lord Chandos stood), was commanded by the Earls of Salisbury and Suffolk. The deep ditch which the English had completed by the time that

Cardinal Talleyrand's protocols had been disposed of, served effectually to entrench the Prince's army where quick fence was deficient; and secured them from the French where the vineyards and white thorn disappeared and failed to offer any shelter:—One end of it terminated in a marsh impassable by troops, and the other touched the hedges in the upper ground.

The Prince sat on his charger in the centre of the Van division, at that point where the vines trained from pole to pole superseded the maple and white thorn fences;—prepared to fight in the main body whenever the Archers, having exhausted their quivers, should wheel right and left to be incorporated, as wings, with the men at arms, horse and foot, who would then take up the business of the main battle.

Alongside of Edward, 'towering in pride of place,' sat, mounted, Lord John Chandos and Lord Audley, till the three hundred select cavalry of the French Army, already described, began to emerge, after heavy loss, from the lane leading on to the open. Lord Audley then appealed to the Prince with mention of a vow he had made several years previously to the effect that if he ever should find himself in a battle under command of EDWARD III. or his son, he would ask as a special act of grace to be permitted to ride foremost and strike first of all the Captains of the host. He now solicited this in-

dulgence, and besought Edward to grant it forthwith.

The Prince, shaking hands with him very heartily, exclaimed—'Go, my Lord! and God grant that you may this day distinguish yourself as the most gallant of all our Chivalry!'

Upon which Lord Audley, with his four esquires, went forward; the Earl having his shield on the left shoulder, and his spear couched;—the very impersonation of mediæval noblesse: an entire silken surcoat of armorial bearings (Creation, A.D. 1297), gules, fret or, covered his burnished steel cuirass; the same blazonry glared on his buckler; and thus accoutred he gave up body and mind to 'the bloody business' before him;—his lance indeed in rest, but his thoughts and sole ambition intent upon the honour of his race and the hand to hand struggle for mastery—'the shield, the sword, and the Battle.'

CHAPTER X.

ISSUES OF THE BATTLE.

IN accordance with their projected plan of attack, the French field-marshals, it being now nine o'clock in the morning, were seen advancing on the trot with a long column of heavy-armed infantry, preceded by the three hundred élite of the Cavalry, who, though at a glance they perceived all the perils that threatened them as they found themselves compelled to thread a lane through whose sides they were to be taken in flank, spurred instantly forward with impetuous valour, so as to penetrate the lane to the distance of many hundred yards without check or hindrance: but the English archers, who lined either side, reserved their shot till they saw three-fourths of the squadron of Horse fairly enclosed, and then drawing their arrows to the head, discharged a murderous 'volley' (if the term may be used) at every man and horse within aim; the effect of which was instantaneous in throwing the whole troop into disorder. The screams

of the transfixed horsemen who were thus mutilated or killed without stroke of sword, and who fell or were dragged in maddening agonies, mingled horribly with those of the horses whose pierced sides and legs disabled them from advancing, and impelled the wretched animals to throw themselves to earth, dismounting, rolling on, and crushing their riders, who, utterly unable, even when untouched by arrows, to regain their feet, perished beneath the tread of hundreds of hoofs. The bowmen were as eager to hit the horses in their hindquarters as in front, for the anguish of these wounds caused the animals to wheel round and rush frantic with pain in the opposite direction, whereby the advancing cavalry and, indeed, the foot-soldiers beyond them, were thrown into helpless confusion. Even the horses who had not been struck were so scared by the whizzing shafts which flew just under their eyes and about their ears, as to rear violently,—plunging, bellowing, and crouching down under the influence of overwhelming terror; a state of panic which unseated many a gallant chevalier, and left him an easy mark for the archers, who slew three-fourths of this advance-party.

Unflinching courage and good luck had enabled some of this chosen band to penetrate into the open as far as the harrow-shaped company of archers already described, only to meet certain

death; for these skilled marksmen picked off each his man as they approached, without thought for the horses, and in full gaze of the Prince of Wales (whose station has been particularized in the preceding Chapter), annihilated all that the hedge-side marksmen had failed to hit: for, independently of the "arrowy sleet," these chosen Frenchmen had to encounter as many of the Infantry as, seeing their total discomfiture, rushed forward from the solid square and cut them down without mercy. Their destruction would not have been thus total had the marshals been sufficiently on the alert to bring up the German legion at an earlier moment, when it was but too evident that not a man of the French squadron would survive this leading attack: but the foreign contingent appeared not till the ground was strewn with the three hundred slain; and when they at length showed themselves, Lord Eustace Dambreticourt, one of the best mounted nobles in the vanguard of the English force, dashed forward with couched lance at the foremost rank of the cuirassiers, as if to drive full tilt through them, and was gallantly opposed by a certain lord Coucibras, a knight of Germany. The violence of the encounter threw both to the ground, from which the German, desperately hurt in the fore-arm, could not rise; and the uplifted Sword of Dambreticourt, who had sprung to his feet unscathed, was just on the point of

dispatching him, when four or five of the troopers rode down upon him and laid him prostrate; but, hoping to obtain a costly ransom for the living man, forebore to kill him, and dragged him away as a prisoner. Having hurried him off, half-stunned, to the rising ground where their troop had been stationed, and there having found an old chair or bench, they fastened him, hand and foot, thereto,—and left him in this plight, with a solitary guard, till the close of the action.

The dispersion of these Cuirassiers, many of whom, in their turn, fell victims to the archers in the hedges, brought the masses of infantry into hand and hand conflict. EDWARD'S project of assault from two sides simultaneously was the prelude to triumph; illustrating the sound military maxim, that a line brought to bear upon the flank of a column is the alternative wherewith skill prevails over numbers: and his policy was carried out in leaving to the advancing columns of the enemy the single choice between flight and a hand-to-hand struggle for life or death. This, indeed, seemed to rule the tactics of the day. Lord Audley was not wanting to his vow. With his four esquires he rushed with uplifted battleaxe on every disengaged adversary that came before him,—hewing, hacking, and thrusting with that desperate courage which, blind to all peril, appeared to defy resistance, and cut his way up to the great banners which were waving

around the field-marshals. The latter having perceived the necessity of bringing up the largest masses of infantry that could be forced through the fatal lane still lined with archers, were shouting in full cry to the soldiers on every side of them to press onward and get out of range of those deadly bows, by leaving the hedges behind and running with all might into the clearer space upon which the lane opened, so as to come face to face and sword in hand with the English massed there in close column. While voices and trumpets were thus sounding the charge, Lord Audley was cut and thrust with Milord Arnauld D'Endreghan, who, being no match for the English swordsman, received wound upon wound and was fearfully maimed; but finding shelter, ere it was too late, in the thick of the column which opened ranks to receive their blood-stained leader,—he escaped a death-stroke only to be soon afterwards made prisoner by a body of English infantry, who, taking advantage of fresh disorder created by the archers, had pushed on and borne down before them with inconceivable prowess the densest mass of a yet unengaged column, and slaughtered the French, thus taken by surprise, in hundreds.

At this unlooked-for and alarming juncture, Lord Clermont (whose angry parle with Lord Chandos was related in the preceding Chapter) drew off with some hundred of his retainers out

of the main body, and assuming it to be quite practicable to force a passage through those fatal hedges, exhorted his devoted followers to make their way in at the first gap that might offer itself, and so get round to the rear of the main body of the English.

The lords Salisbury and Suffolk, instantaneously detecting the object of this sally, rushed forward with hundreds of the rear division to the weak point just singled out by the Frenchmen, and, forming in semi-lunar front, stood firm as a stone wall, with spears, swords, and battle-axes, threatening instant destruction to any that should approach the aperture, and making all such essay hopeless. The baffled enemy were consequently obliged to retreat across the meadow, from the skirt of which they had, unluckily for themselves, espied the attractive breach in the green-leaved encampment; and the result was that the archers who till that instant had been standing up to their shoulders iu the deep ditch dug by the English on Sunday, while the negotiation for a truce was occupying invaluable time at head-quarters,—sprang up to the brink, turned right about face, and aiming at the diagonal line of the running and outwitted French, shot them down far and near with a precision in every discharge which killed with continuous slaughter, and left hardly one of the detachment alive to report Lord Clermont's failure. This advance of

the rear division of the English induced the Van to occupy more ground in front, and assume a more demonstrative attitude, not, indeed, of offence, but of readiness to cope with every battalion that might continue to advance upon them from the bulk of the French army, which stood all about the plain like the population of some vast city, and out of which half-disciplined multitude the marshals and knights were momently bringing up fresh numbers, not only without succeeding in making any advance on the English position, but without checking that which had been gradually made,—as prudence tempered valour,—into the plain so widely occupied by a stupendous majority of force.

The shouts of combatants and the groans and cries of wounded and dying were now rending the air with horrible din—knight fell upon knight, and barons upon their fellows in one promiscuous melée; the spear, the falchion, the mace, and the battle-axe slaying without reserve or quarter; and here fell, never more to rise or revile, the Lord Clermont and his azure, or, and argent device! The edge of the sword was now smiting thousands into eternity, yet it was matter-of-fact that, however sanguinary the conflict of troops armed with all the steel weapons known to armourers in mediæval times, the unremitting arrow-shot did more to overthrow the myriads of France on that eventful

day than any other implement of war. Yet were there stalwart frames and the bravest of hearts engaged in this dreadful contest. Three thousand Scots were on the muster-roll of the French king's legions; and William, Earl of Douglas, was their chieftain, and, as became a Douglas, he "foremost fighting fell." "In one red burial blent" lay a Stuart and a Gordon. Lord Archibald Douglas,—seized and captured by overwhelming numbers, was not to share their grave, being borne off as a prisoner; but his eventful release, upon payment of a most insignificant ransom, was effected by the ready wit of a canny countryman, Sir William Ramsay of Colluther, also a prisoner, and placed alongside of him, who, to beguile their captors with the belief that Lord Douglas was but a simple retainer attached to his own clan, made him draw off his boots, and otherwise do his bidding as a serving-man!

The battle was not yet progressing as JOHN had augured. A gloom hung over the scene of death. The thronging companies of heavy-armed infantry that were summoned by trumpet and signal into action from the hitherto vaunting host of the King of France, as rapidly as hostile arms struck down their precursors in the horrid strife, came on like doomed men, and began to cast anxious glances around and behind for chances of escape, rather than assume bold

fronts to press forward with hope of subduing a seemingly invincible foe. The frequent cause of rout and self-abandonment lay in the bow and arrow practice of our countrymen, who, on the right hand and on the left, ceased not to gall their opponents into fury, as dart following close upon dart entered their flesh, and doubled them up in torture, which, horrifying the yet unstricken, compelled them to turn round, and, as fugitives, rush upon and overthrow their fellow-soldiers sent up as supports. Such panic arresting any advance, the closely-engaged multitudes were detained in a dead lock, striking, wounding, slaying, yet without power

> "——'mid that sturdy strife,
> To stir a step for death or life:"

Every archer that had yet a quiver to supply his bow, pouring in his fatal shot, till the result of thus "running the gauntlet," as it were, was a universal retrograde movement on the part of the French, which threw the whole of the panic-stricken battalion that had survived these shocks and discomfitures, full upon the front of the Duke of Normandy's reinforcements. These untried followers, scared and distracted at the spectacle of their own countrymen rushing thus impetuously into their ranks, reeled and staggered as men without presence of mind or power of exertion to rally, reform, and bring their numbers to the rescue: at which critical moment down came

Lord John Greilly (the above-mentioned Captal of Busche) with three hundred archers and as many men at arms, a legion of Gascons, whom Edward had stationed on a gentle acclivity, mentioned in the preceding Chapter, previous to the commencement of the Battle; and this unlooked-for and gallant charge, and the ringing shout, and the hurtle of the arrows, and the sight of the Captal of Busche and three hundred lances levelled in line at their flank, threw the disheartened and raving French into irrecoverable dismay and confusion. No trumpet, no banner, no voice,—neither threat nor entreaty, nor the name of God or His saints, could induce them to show manly courage, or to try fortune with their enemy;—a mere handful of combatants in comparison of their own immense army. The Archers entered at once upon their bloody work on the side from which they issued—supported by their brethren of the bow who now came down from their stations in the lane-hedges, and began shooting on the side opposite to Greilly's detachment, so as to keep the French between two fires;—a roar of mingled rage and agony and despair throughout their ranks (riddled, so to speak, with arrows, and ghastly with streaming blood), indicating the horrors and the peril of their position. In such a moment the shout upraised by the whole collective body of the English soldiers was, in itself, a clamour sufficient

to make every troubled heart sink, and every failing spirit despair and die, while tramping down from the vantage ground of their first standing place, was heard the rapid trot of the Standard-bearers' chargers, now hastening towards the front with the banner of St. George, at sight of which flapping in the breeze, the war cry rose to Heaven from every soldier in Edward's army,—'ST. GEORGE, ST. GEORGE, and ENGLAND!'—a sickening spectacle and sound to the unhappy French, whose field-marshals, at this moment, had more than enough to do in checking their thousands from rushing into a pell mell retreat. Lord Chandos, with eagle eye, saw this crisis; an hour and a half had not elapsed, yet he beheld the miserable van of the French Army thrown back upon the Dauphin's division,—men becoming almost delirious with amazement and terror, and shrinking from contact with any opponents while all hope seemed taken away that they should be delivered from what seemed impending annihilation. The vital import of such a reverse was not for a moment unheeded by the veteran, and, galloping up to the Prince, he exclaimed loudly—"Now! now! let your Royal Highness head your cavalry and charge the enemy; the day will be your own! God has given conquest into your grasp,—but we must not lose a moment; on, and at once, and make for the solid square yonder that is standing

around the King:—The brunt of the battle will be there; not here; and among those better disciplined troops will be the final, decisive struggle:—The King is too brave to budge from where he is: I know his gallant spirit will not permit him to fall back; and, therefore, please God and St. George! he must fall to our good sword:—If he meet with a foe that knows how to cope with him and do him justice, he will fight, but we shall win: and I overheard Your Royal Highness announce that we should on this very day attest your chivalrous bearing and gallantry."

"Even so!" exclaimed the Prince,—springing into his saddle:—"To horse! every man of us! Forward! all! No man shall this day see my back in retreat. Forward! Standards! in the name of God and St. George! Advance!"

At the sound of this warlike summons, the royal trumpeters blew such a blast as thrilled every nerve. Three thousand horsemen that till that moment had stood by their saddle bows, spectators only of the fight, vaulted into their seats and formed close order, each man pressing close alongside of his fellow, so as to constitute a compact and serried mass that might bear down with the irresistible shock of a charge on the gallop. These, too, took up the shout and war note of Britannia's legions in those proud days of our noblest chivalry and ancestral and hereditary

courage:—"St. George! St. George! Guyenne!" All were now on the move: this loyal squadron followed close upon the Prince,—and the whole solid square that had so long been compelled to do little else than stand unmoved, unscared, for two hours, began to advance, in number about seven thousand five hundred, and to make their venture on the plain from which their sloping encampment rose, so as to confront the very flower of the haute noblesse and royal army; a narrow and slender body opposed to forty thousand,—but proof against any flank attack, by the wary disposition of the wings, composed of that most formidable of all European forces, the Archers, whose weapons, while yet their enemy was at a distance, brought down hundreds, and made their ranks flinch and waver in momentary dread of being pierced and destroyed by an unapproachable and inevitable messenger of death, against which no swordsman or lancer availed for an instant, but, which, before courage and constancy could try the chance of fight, or gain a step towards mastery, levelled the bravest with the puniest, to mar and crush the pride of glorious war.

This disposition of Edward's little force was rigidly maintained to the last,—occasional sallies, indeed, being made by daring spirits from the front, to single out a duel-like encounter,—but the compactness of the column in parallelogram

suffering no relaxation;—every man's life depending on the repulse of any onset made on their sides, which the arrow shot rendered unapproachable: yet the safety of the English lay not so much in the numbers or in the enduring efficiency of the Archers, whose quivers were now almost empty, as in the dread felt by the French troops that had not yet come into close quarters with them, but were well aware of the fate that had befallen so many of their countrymen, out of whose bodies, as they lay in the agonies of death, it had proved so difficult to extract the barbed dart penetrating the tissues of their flesh like fish-hooks: an operation which all but killed the wounded man. The Commanders of the royal army, therefore, perceiving that the conflict must be maintained by opposition of front to front, continued to bring up companies of twenty to thirty men abreast, backed by seven or eight hundred, hoping to exhaust the strength and energies of their adversary, whose numerical force compared with that of KING JOHN'S must have suggested to any one in either army familiar with Grecian History the little band around Leonidas contending with the multitudes of the Persian Xerxes. At the head of one of these companies fell Lord Walter de Breune; not one of those who fought under his banner surviving him;—while the French shout of 'Mountjoy and St. Denis!' and the English war-

cry of 'St. George and Guyenne!' raised as either foe prevailed for a moment in the heady fight, stimulated the combatants to fresh struggles, and awakened the memories of former fields and triumphs: yet any one watching the French men-at-arms would have noted a decidedly retrograde movement in that body as the soldiers cowered beneath the aim taken by the archers, and flinched from the twanging of the bow as young recruits in modern warfare (brought for the first time into action) are seen to "duck" at the sight of descending shells. This continued misgiving and faltering made the French infantry lose ground at a crisis when 'en avant!' was the cry, and ought to have impelled every man amongst them to dash through a hedge of steel; but they had already lost heart and all *esprit de corps;* and their officers perceiving this and the immense advantage that was aiding and saving the English army, brought up their best reserve, the remnant of those Cuirassiers who had been charged so valiantly by Lord Dambreticourt at the beginning of the day, and upon whom the Prince of Wales's Cavalry, up to this moment inactive, dashed headlong with swords and battle-axes, beneath whose stroke nothing could live. The shock inflicted at full gallop broke, prostrated, or scattered the Germans before they could assume any available attitude of defence; and men and horses dashed out to the right and left into the

plain, where they became instantly a mark for every archer that had an arrow left in his quiver, and not a man of the whole squadron rejoined his company: such as were not struck down by the sword, axe, or arrow, took to flight, and made for the main body of the royal army; leaving their two brave commanders, the Comtes de Salzburg and Neydo dead under the hoofs of the English cavalry, and a third, Earl Nassau, a prisoner in their hands. Lord Chandos now dispatched a mere Corporal's guard to the Station just quitted by the Cuirassiers, and which, by their steady and sure advance, the English had just reached; and here to their great joy they found Lord Dambreticourt still bound by the arm and leg to a bench!

The fury with which, after chafing in rage and indignation for two hours, he rushed forward, battle-axe in hand, to do execution on every Frenchman he could come across, was almost ludicrous: he addressed himself through the next hour to the exclusive business of slaying every one within his reach, and, as the phrase is, "performed prodigies of valour."

The turning-point, however, was now past. When the king's eldest son, the Dauphin, Duke of Normandy, beheld the extermination of the Cuirassiers, and the wholly unlooked-for and astonishing advance made by Edward's soldiers of all arms, he, believing all was lost and

beyond remedy, adopted that policy of discretion which Falstaff deemed the better part of valour, and, fairly or unfairly, ran off—accompanied by his two brothers, Louis and John, who with him commanded the Second Division, and nearly a thousand of cavalry, who had sat inactive in their saddles (in no light apprehension, probably) since nine o'clock in the morning. It was now twelve o'clock; and about the time that the great bell of Poictiers Cathedral was sounding the 'Angelus' at noon, Prince Charles, heir to the kingdom's crown and sovereignty, was on the high road to Touraine, leaving his gallant father to whatever fate might befall him on that bloody field. The viciousness of so mean and abject a character, whose argument for flight was not 'Noblesse,' but 'Poltronnerie oblige,' needs no execratory comment here. Generosity would impute such behaviour to youthful distrust of self in the moment of danger and despair; but it will be seen that his brother Philip, a mere lad, acted far more worthily. This Charles, nevertheless, lived to be called "The Wise," and even "The Valiant;" and with the celebrated General Duguesclin, enjoyed the satisfaction, at an after period, of discomfiting on more than two or three occasions the English in France. (The French, be this as it might, owed him no thanks for erecting the Bastile.) Two noblemen left the scene of action with him in

order to escort his brothers, placed under their charge, into some place of safety,—which done, they very creditably returned to the head-quarters of the king, though not without having met another royal runaway, the Duke of Orleans, brother to the Sovereign, who with thirty 'nobles' (!) of France, and a very large body of fighting men (?) were in full retreat upon Chauvigny and Loches: the squires, however, in attendance on the numerous knights swearing roundly at their being thus compelled to incur the ignominy of runaways.

The French king soon learned the intelligence of this most discouraging and unworthy desertion, and, withal, that the English were every instant gaining ground; but swore indignantly that no power on earth should drive him from his station and standards: he would still avenge the loss of so many brave men, that had done their duty to their king and country, and whether that was to be accomplished at the cost of his life or his liberty, he would fight it out to the last. Even at this extreme distance of time, between the memorable event of that day and the present, we cannot but pause to admire the exalted courage and magnanimity of this intrepid monarch, whom France in her annals has rightly surnamed 'The Good,' and to whose enviable public character and private virtues no one

among the English nation, in whose Capital (at the Savoy in the Strand) he died eight years afterwards, paid more signal homage than the Conqueror at Maupertuis. Had John's noble retainers and army at large evinced only half of his own individual energy and determination, the issues of the Battle of Poictiers might have been very different: the position of the two royal personages might have been reversed. They were well matched, but not equally well served; and when Edward, in the spirit of true heroism, ascribed his victory to the blind chance of War, or to a superior Providence, which had controlled all the efforts of human force and prudence, such tribute to patriotic valour was due but to few, relatively speaking, besides those half hundred of the body-guard, who died around their brave and true-hearted king.

JOHN, acting on his manly resolve, instantly detached two battalions of yet untried men against the Prince, and put in motion his own royal reserve of eight thousand: a resolute and final struggle for the mastery, which, as has been stated, was anticipated by Sir John Chandos, and for which the English field-marshals had begun to prepare with a cool, deliberate presence of mind, under impending danger, which left not an effort or expedient untried to meet what threatened to become, and did indeed prove to be, the most arduous conflict in which they had

been engaged. Even one of the Gascon veterans at the side of the Prince beheld with terror and dismay the approach of John's vanguard of two whole battalions. "By heaven!" he exclaimed, "it is all up with us doomed beings!—There will not be a man of us left alive!" The Prince, turning round sharply upon this croaker, upbraided him most bitterly:—"You lying poltroon! while life is in *me*, we are not to be beaten."

Now it was at this trying juncture that, as I have just said, the field-marshals were making superhuman efforts to bring into full operation the self-same system of defence which had protected the English through three long and anxious hours against the most fearful odds ever encountered in modern warfare. The archers,—that mainstay and hope of the whole body,—had for the preceding half hour been overhauling all the dead and dying French that lay in thousands around the Prince's position, in order to extricate from their wounds the arrows that had inflicted them. In this way the whole of the archer wings of the diminutive army, now much thinned by deaths and casualties, were so completely equipped anew with their deadly implements of destruction, as to be enabled to enter upon the final struggle with all their powers in full force: a source of encouragement and confidence among the brave now closely massed around the Prince

which, probably, wrested from France a victory that a myriad of her armed warriors might reasonably have relied upon securing as their own.

The French soldiers, however, stood their ground for some time on the aggressive. They pressed upon the English, but could not circumvent them. Had this been practicable, the Prince must have been overwhelmed by thousands of fresh and momently reinforced assailants: but to take him now in flank was as entirely out of the enemy's power as at the first. The Archers reserved their shot for those among their advancing opponents whom they espied endeavouring to effect a lateral movement; and the divergence of any portion of the French columns with a view to fetching a compass and attacking in the rear or flank was a signal for sharp shooting, which brought arrows upon them like lightning strokes, and compelled the French to stand up in column and abide their enemy hand to hand. What is now termed the English "bottom"—that deep seated, inexhaustible and doggedly obstinate courage which resists even to the last gasp of life breath—was now manifesting all its mighty influences on an emergency involving the final destiny of the belligerents. Possibly, the superior *force physique* of the English and Welsh [not but that the Gascons, who had now for two centuries been British subjects,

and mingled with our race, were men of stalwart frame] began to tell upon the less muscular subjects of John,—a miscellaneous body of troops composed in great measure of raw levies from the provinces, that had never been in action—(as was the case ten years before at Crécy), and who relied more on the exploits that might be achieved in the duel-like encounters of the nobles and knights, the fighting chivalry of the realm, than on their own mettle, unprotected as the rank and file were by armour, except helmets; and, what was of infinitely greater importance, unmanned by the spectacle of thousands of their brethren in arms scattered all over the gory plain, writhing and dying in anguish, which there were no surgeons but monks that hovered about the armies in those days, to mitigate;—in the midst of carnage, from which there were no ambulances to remove them.

The English marshals at length descried the King on foot, battle-axe in hand,—his youngest son Philip on one side of him, similarly armed, and evidently wounded: the Duke de Bourbon on the other. Around them were grouped the very *élite* and flower of the Poitevin nobility: and loyalty could not have done more in the cause of King and Country than those devoted champions did, while sword crossed sword, and lance encountered lance in the ghastly encounter of infuriated foes; but now, again, when the

mere preponderance of superior, if not overwhelming, numbers must, under any other circumstances, have borne down the six thousand to which the Prince's *ten* were reduced after three hours and a half of continual conflict, the Archers resumed their peculiar tactics of throwing the enemy's cavalry into irremediable disorder. As the battle began, so at this most critical and heart-stirring period of its bloody course, it was waged anew by the horses backing on or turning right about against the men, mounted or on foot, behind them; for the Archers, at every discharge, opened gaps through which the English infantry rushed in, and laid about them with sword and battle-axe before any rallying was possible. Aided, in fact, most effectually by the panic which they beheld increasing every moment, as the wounded animals kicked out and mutilated or killed whoever stood in their rear, these foot soldiers who, only a few minutes previously, had seen a solid mass of unwearied troops in full front bearing down upon them in the hope of crushing resistance by the mere momentum of such a multitude set in violent motion, felt that though they were as one to eight, they were, themselves, advancing upon Victory. As the feathered shafts flew like snow flakes upon the wind before and beside them, they saw paths cut to afford them passage. They were thus, beyond all hope, enabled to penetrate and terrify those serried

battalions; and, calling the Archers from time to time to their side, provided for themselves wide spaces, right and left, through which the mounted officers of Edward's little legion dashed impetuously at every plumed and surcoated antagonist within reach; and peer with peer and hero with hero fought then and there in true nobility of courage and allegiance, till, as if in the presence of the ruler of all those brave spirits that had fought a good fight, and made full proof of human valour, as they fell and expired at their Sovereign's feet, the English Guards of Edward caught sight of JOHN himself whirling in air his battle-axe, and hurling defiance at every approaching foe; supported, in this the highest place of the field at least, by the noblest of his Court and the bravest of his brave ones:—

> ——— "no thought of flight,
> None of retreat, no unbecoming deed
> That argued fear,—each on himself relied
> As only in his arm the moment lay
> Of victory—"

The Prince was now not more than a furlong distant, contending hand to hand with nobles of highest rank and with spirits as gallant as his own; the wrath of political hostility and the peril of mortal conflict now culminating to its height. Edward himself, exulting, as it appeared, in the growing hazard and excitement of the fearful strife, rushed sword in hand or with

lance in rest on every lord or knight, that would measure weapons with him, and levelled to earth some scores of high-born and brave-souled antagonists. Skilled and excelling in the manége, his control, in such hand-to-hand encounters, of the noble charger he rode that day, became, under God, his safeguard: the Frenchmen's horses and horsemanship not being universally on a par with the English.

The Earl of Warwick, with battle-axe dangling from his saddle-bow, to be used alternately with long sword and spear, as the Squires might bring either weapon to hand, fought, as some years before at Crécy, from hour to hour, till the palms of his hands and his fingers were excoriated. In one of his fiercest onslaughts he took the militant Archbishop of Sens prisoner, and therewith in no light measure amplified his fortune; the prelate being eventually ransomed at the cost of eight, which would now be equivalent to fifty, thousand pounds. Lord James Audley was caught in the arms of one of his esquires falling into a swoon, as much from sheer fatigue and exhaustion, as from loss of blood, and was removed to the rear.

The Royal Standard still waved. Its station was marked by a dense crowd that was seen to sway to and fro, as either hostile party advanced or receded. It was manifest that all the life and soul of the lion-hearted John's army were mus-

tered around his royal presence: for, in their devotedness to his person, and faithful zeal for his cause and preservation, they formed a living breastwork at every turn and in every movement, till more than fortyfive, shot down by arrows and then hewed to pieces, surrendered life in that glorious crescent of the Crown's defenders. Even then the French knights and squires poured in, and with well-organized ranks interposed a breadth of fighting men between the King and the advancing English. Fourteen princes and dukes lay dead where John had met a charge of English infantry who had endeavoured, in a sally, to hem them in; and the King, apprehensive of some final cavalry charge, had ordered up a squadron of horse from his reserve, to ride down, if possible, the archers,—when, after a prolonged and bloody struggle, the Standard was beaten down; its gallant bearer Sir Geoffroi Charny, who heaped the ground around him with slain assailants, being at length overpowered and killed, as he was enveloping his arm in its folds. The Prince had at this very moment summoned his Gascon cavalry, and, with the remnant of his own tried body-guard, was preparing to make a desperate charge on the square that had encompassed the royal banners. They came up at a canter, and dashed at once on these disconcerted men-at-arms just deprived of their colours, and this, too, in sight of their

King—and drove them inward and outward with fatal discomfiture, which the agile and terrible archers, at once perceiving, rendered more and more disastrous as they formed in line while the Gascons were wheeling about, and shot in semi-circular discharges upon all that yet faced them: a renewal of miserable maiming and killing, which took such direful effect upon their adversaries, that whole multitudes whose sole duty, at such a crisis, it was to hasten up to the rescue and secure the personal safety of the King, turned right about and fled from the field. Sir John Chandos hereupon perceiving all resistance to have virtually ceased, permitted a hundred of the troopers to pursue the fugitives, and this hundred was quickly followed up by another, who not only overtook and cut down whole companies, but having mounted many of the redoubtable archers, pursued the runaway horsemen up to the gates of Poictiers. The gate-keepers, fearing the city might be sacked and given over to rapine, refused to admit any one, and hereupon there ensued a fresh encounter before the very gates; the archers dispersing hundreds, who, panic stricken before they were touched by stroke of arrow, ran to the river, and left a large mass of their comrades prisoners in the hands of the English.

The Prince, meanwhile, had gained full assurance of victory. About five thousand men still

remained under his banner, in unbroken order, and acting implicitly under command of their leaders, who were now in quick march to that point where the great and final dispersion of the royal forces had left the King surrounded by little more than the numbers of an advanced Guard. Many of the Prince's soldiers were straying among their wounded comrades, and had necessarily become separated from the main body now advancing towards the King's head-quarters; which Sir John Chandos perceiving, he ordered the trumpets to be sounded, and the Prince's tent to be set up, to which, as to the rallying-place, all his followers should at once be gathered in; and here, at his able and devoted General's suggestion, the Conqueror drew rein, and consented to snatch an interval of most needful rest. "Your Highness," said Chandos, "worn as you are with heat and exertion, may now halt. Let your banner be erected and your tent be pitched alongside, around which we shall presently muster the English forces: but as for the French, not a pennon or standard of theirs is any longer in sight."

Hereupon EDWARD, divesting himself of his helmet, commanded that his standard and pavilion should at once be set up at the spot indicated; the trumpeters at the same time giving their signal note for all the surviving companies of the English army to rendezvous at this

point. The field-officers were prompt in obeying this welcome summons, and brought up not only the dispersed of the Prince's followers, but, likewise, innumerable prisoners who were at once delivered into the custody of provosts charged to make arrangements for their safe detention till they should be ransomed. It was now high time, however, to take thought for the King of France, with regard to whose predicament, at this moment, the Prince made particular inquiry of the two field-marshals, but could gain no information beyond this, that he certainly had not left the field, but must either have been taken prisoner, or killed in the last great struggle which preceded the dastardly flight of his reserves.

On the hearing of this vague report, Edward, impressed with all the grave responsibilities of the situation, detached Lord Warwick and Lord Cobham to the locality above mentioned, with strict injunctions to bring decisive intelligence of the king's whereabout and actual predicament, at a moment when all the concomitants and results of murderous combat were rendering every rood of the battle-plain a scene of tumult, pillage, and licentiousness: the camp-followers in those days being in all points as vile and brutal as those that have rifled the dead and dispatched and stripped the dying in our own times. These were now pouring in from all quarters, and

intercepting a clear view of the military and their proceedings. The two aides-de-camp, therefore, selecting four or five score of horsemen, rode up the gentle acclivity alongside of the thicket, where the Prince had erected his tent and banners, in order to discern more distinctly what might be a-foot where the royal standard had been so recently waving, and the decisive blow had been struck;—with what immediate consequences was presently to transpire. They had hardly reached the slope, when they espied a crowd slowly approaching the middle point of distance between themselves and the late headquarters of the French. It was a promiscuous group of horse and foot surrounding KING JOHN, whom they distinctly saw in the centre, and around whose person it was evident there was no slight commotion on the part of those who were bringing him along with them. We must revert, however, to the moment when the thousands that should have laid down their lives for the preservation of their Sovereign and commander abandoned him to his fate. There were not wanting many in the English force to whom the features of the king were familiarly known. These, as they perceived His Majesty's desperate condition of forsakedness and risk of being cut off by any excited man drawing a bow at a venture, shouted out to him, and warned him to surrender, if he would save his life.

"If your Majesty yield not instantly, you will be slain."

And it was at this very instant that a certain knight of Artois, serving in the English army [which, after having escaped from France to avoid a trial for murder, he had joined five years previously] gained sight of the king, and, forcibly making his way through the throng, exclaimed aloud to him, "Surrender, Sire!—surrender!"

In recognition of this eager cry, JOHN cried out, "Surrender to whom? Where is my cousin, the Prince of Wales? Were I but brought into his presence, I might indeed exchange speech with him."

The knight replied, "The Prince is not at this moment among us: but, if it shall please your Majesty to surrender at once, I myself will take upon me to conduct you into his presence."

"You?" exclaimed the King—"then let it be asked whom you declare yourself to be?"

"I am St. Denis de Morbeque, a knight of Artois; but, being an exile from France, and my possessions in that country having been estreated, I have taken service under Edward, King of England."

At these words JOHN gave his gauntlet into the knight's hand, saying, "To you I surrender." Denis, however, found it no easy matter to secure this momentous captive. A lawless

throng of armed men pressed hard upon him; every other individual of whom laid claim to the honour of having personally made the King and his young son Philip prisoners. Some Gascons, more daring than the rest, actually seized the unhappy monarch, and drew him forcibly from under the guardianship of his knightly captor; each man claiming him as his own prize: on which the King, seeing no other way to avert serious, and, might be most fatal, consequences, exclaimed, as he stopped short: "Let there be no more of this wrangling on my account. Only conduct me to my cousin, the Prince of Wales, and, be any man's claim what it may, he shall be none the poorer for relinquishing it now:—In my dignity I enjoy ample means of giving him all that his claim is worth."

This appeal availed in some degree to repress the tumult and prevent further rude assault, though the dispute had well nigh led to the use of weapons; when, fortunately, the Lords Warwick and Cobham rode up to the spot, and at sound of the volleys of abuse and most indecent altercation, exclaimed, "What is all this contention? What does this disgraceful rioting and disorderly behaviour mean?" Upon which several voices exclaimed, "There are nearly a dozen of the English Knights who severally claim the honour of having been the first to secure the person of the King!" At hearing of which the

two noblemen, in somewhat the same position with that "chief captain" in Jerusalem who, "fearing lest Paul should have been pulled in pieces of them (that were about him), commanded the soldiers to go down and to take him by force from among them, and to bring him, &c., &c.,"—set spurs to their horses' flanks, and without ceremony rode right through the crowd till they reached the King, and then, turning about, made proclamation that it should be at any man's peril if he presumed to make further outcry, or dared to approach His Majesty. Hereupon the riot was quelled, and the disputants lost no time in withdrawing to a distance; leaving the two lords free access to the unhappy King, before whom they worthily bent their knees in homage, requesting permission to conduct His Majesty to the Prince of Wales.

While all this was afoot in one part of the field, the Prince was addressing words of comfort and high approval to Lord James Audley, who, being severely wounded, was brought to the tent on a litter. Edward commended him as the most gallant combatant that had fallen under his immediate notice on that eventful day: conferred on him a special mark of distinction, which attached him more nearly than other courtiers to the Royal person; and, in addition, an annual grant from the privy purse of five hundred marks, equivalent in value to about two

thousand pounds a year. Lord Audley's squires were by their wounded and dignified lord at once requited for their devoted services on that day by the transfer of this munificent bounty to themselves in equal division. It is on record that the Prince at once acquiesced with the nobleman's self-denying generosity, but insisted on his own right to double the amount of his own bountifulness, and by compulsion, so to speak, enriched Lord Audley to the full extent. An entry of this very grant may be seen in the accounts and charges of the Stannaries in Cornwall;—whence, as everyone knows, the Prince of Wales derives so large revenue.

These four loyal and lucky esquires were all Cheshire men:—Sir John Delves of Doddington, Sir Thomas Dutton of Dutton, Sir Robert Fulleshurst of Crewe, and Sir John Hawkstone of Wrynehill.

It is no light gratification to be able to speak of living descendants of two, at least, of these gallant spirits,—possessing patrimonial estates in the present day. Thanks to the law of primogeniture, —Thanks to our entails,—England's landownership will never be without the representatives and reflected honours of her ancient Aristocracy. While that benign Providence which hath so long maintained all things conducive to this kingdom's welfare on the best and surest foundations shall continue to direct and prosper the consultations

of truly patriotic and right minded men, we may religiously believe it must ever be thus. The heirs of real property will be still holding their own, as conservators of the Country's strength and proud distinction among the nations, when agitators and demagogues shall have been taught, by disheartening conviction, that "The Million" desire not false positions, and the Working Classes, preferring *quieta non movere*, are content to let well alone. The family of Delves, one of consideration for centuries, in the counties of Stafford and Chester, is derived in direct descent from Sir Henry Delves, of Delves Hall, brother and heir of this Sir John Delves, who was from the date of A.D. 1356 privileged to annex to his coat of arms a chevron bearing exact similitude to their Captain's, the Lord Audley's, coat. The Audley shield, at the present time, exhibits the chevron for the Touchets who came into England with the Conqueror; and Sir John Touchet married Joan, eldest daughter of James Aldethley, or Audley, Lord Audley of Heleigh, a barony created in 1313, fortythree years previous to the Battle of Poictiers.

Robert Dutton, Esq., of Burland Hall, Cheshire, twentyfifth in direct descent from Rollo, first Duke of Normandy, displays the fret in his coat of arms which was assumed by his brave ancestor immediately after the Battle: and Lord Audley and his squires from that date bore the same shields.

Upon this subject I have obtained some very interesting information. Sir Henry Delves Broughton, Bart., is at present exercising the office of High Commissioner in Australia; but his near relative, Edward Delves Broughton, Esq., of Wistaston Hall, Cheshire, has most obligingly sent me a description of six stone statues yet in existence in the Porch of the so called "Castellet" at Doddington, representing Edward the Prince, Lord James Audley, and the four esquires. This curious document will be found in the Appendix, with some further particulars brought under my notice a few days since by Lord Audley, to whom I showed the account of the actual condition of the said statues. The picture drawn by Virgil, in the sixth Book of the Æneid, of Deiphobus in the realms of the dead, is almost the counterpart of that statement. It is not true that Lord James died of his wounds in Poitou. He departed this life in England; and his Will is preserved in London, besides certain parchments relative to ransoms, following on the victory of Poictiers: a copy of one of which I have now in my possession.

At length the two noblemen led King John into the Prince's pavilion, who upon the instant knelt and made obeisance to His Majesty, with many generous expressions of the admiration he and all his staff had felt on view of the gallant bearing and resolution of the King, in the order-

ing of the whole of an engagement which had been prolonged from nine o'clock in the morning till one o'clock in the afternoon, and in thus manfully facing those results which the casualties of a campaign, or the inscrutable counsels of an overruling Providence had induced, when it was but reasonable to anticipate a totally different issue. Edward then ordered the most sumptuous repast that the "ministres de la bouche" on a battle-field would enable him to offer, to be served in the Pavilion before the King, on whom he insisted on giving his immediate personal attendance.—To use the words of Hume:—The Prince "himself served the royal captive's table, as if he had been one of his retinue: he stood at the King's back during the meal; constantly refused to take a place at table; and declared that, being a subject, he was too well acquainted with the distance between his own rank and that of Royal Majesty, to assume such freedom . . . John in captivity received the honours of a king . . . . his misfortunes, not his title, were respected."

There were eyes in that tent that overflowed with tears at sight of this generosity and chivalrous courtesy;—this true nobility of nature. The lad Philip, smarting with his wounds, was seated by the Prince de Bourbon, the Comte de Ponthieu, the Duke d'Artois,—all of the blood-royal,—and the Norman Earl of Tancarville,—with several other nobles, prisoners of war, who,

with their sovereign, were for two days afterwards engaged in preparations for making entry with the Prince into Poictiers, where consternation was at its height: the runaways (as was the case in Brussels during the battle of Waterloo), bringing in reports of the most terrifying character, and leading the inhabitants of the ancient city to apprehend that their homes might be given up to rapine and pillage. Nothing, however, could exceed the considerate kindness and forbearance of every soldier, gentle or simple, that survived the bloody encounter of Maupertuis, in treatment of the vanquished;—especially of prisoners. This generosity was emulated by the Court and Nobility in England, who, upon the return of the Prince with a throng of prisoners of war, comprehending many of the most illustrious personages of France, were lavish in courteous attentions and hospitality offered to these unfortunate warriors. The Earl of Tancarville, and several of his eminent fellow-countrymen, were guests of Queen Isabella (widow of Edward II.) at her castle of Hertford, in the November of 1357; where also the distinguished Gascon commander, Captal de Busche, already mentioned as doing such good service in Prince Edward's little army, was a welcome visitor.

Indeed, the vassals of Gascony were an ingredient of no ordinary strength and prowess in the

ten thousand that had defeated fifty. Valour, constancy, and good generalship asserted their predominate worth in the late hardly earned conquest. The English had been hard pushed, and had suffered no light deprivations: many hundreds having tasted nothing beyond dry crusts for three days, when they were ranged in array for the battle. This well authenticated fact—to which reference was made at first mention of the Prince's discovering that he must meet his adversary in arms where he did,—must make it apparent to every one that if King John had not, with all a Frenchman's violent impetuosity, decided on rushing immediately into hostile encounter, he might have saved all that he in a few hours lost,—the lives of nearly fifteen thousand men,—including the highest nobility of the realm,—his provinces, his kingdom's wealth and glory,—and his own personal liberty; for, to have surrounded Edward, and sat down about him and his mere handful of troops, for whose sustentation not the smallest provision had been made, and to save whom from famine would have been impossible for their leader, where not an emissary could be sent forth to seek for provision,—was the dictate of common sagacity, and the course that should have been adopted on even an inexperienced soldier's reflections. Less than three days would probably have compelled the Prince to surrender at discretion, or to have

made an attack which must have led to his total defeat. Perhaps the discovery of his gross and lamentable error in this matter inflicted the most cruel pangs that tortured the royal captive throughout the whole residue of his life.

The next morning—Tuesday, September 20th—the Prince of Wales sent for his chaplains, and heard mass in his pavilion—while field-officers and the subalterns and orderlies were dispersed in all parts of the field and places contiguous, taking account of the dead, and of their rank and families.

This melancholy duty having been discharged, and the English soldiers of all arms being mustered for review on the day afterwards, the Clergy were again assembled, and a general thanksgiving rose to Heaven from men who, from the conquering Prince to the lowest sutler in the camp, might in that solemn orison and offering of the heart and tongue's utterance, have truly exclaimed with the Psalmist, "If the Lord Himself had not been on our side when men rose up against us, they had swallowed us up quick"—for we may readily believe that Edward spoke from deep and solemn conviction when he attributed his conquest to the decrees of Heaven. "It was the Lord's doing," and he might well have added, "It was marvellous in our eyes." It is marvellous in ours that are now living to write, read, and think of it; and he who has

gazed upon that narrow slope, where the half-starved English began the day, and has paced the plain where France left her noblest chivalry in their blood, ere four hours had sped, learns most impressively that while it is God that giveth the victory, it is discipline and order and patriotic virtue, working in Man with the Omnipotent, which, by His blessing, can alone do these great things: for, at sight of the limited area on which our devoted countrymen and their comrades took up their ground to go forth and conquer, when their opponents might have covered the plain, as the rising tide covers the sea-beach, the insurmountable conviction alone prevails that this conquest was *ordained;* and that, though England in those times might well trust in her *bow*, and in swords that right nobly helped her, there was a right hand and a terrible arm that fought for our Israel, and humbled their foes beneath them; with what counsels, was learnt in the hereafter.

It may appear, nevertheless, almost incredible to us, in the present day, that the enormous multitudes which came thronging under the standards of the French kings and nobles in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries should have sustained such overwhelming defeats, and proved, in every recurring trial of prowess with our comparatively insignificant numbers, so incapable of gaining the mastery. But, in point of fact,

there was no standing army in France in those times: no enrolled force, organized, drilled, accoutred or disciplined for War. Regiments trained for military service and armed as fighting legions to whom, as among the ancient Romans, Warfare was a sole occupation, and military command a supreme law, were to be found in England only; and, even there, large sections of such battalions joined the main body only upon special summons,—like soldiers of the 'arrière ban,' or Reserve, who in time of Peace lived in the towns or villages as simple citizens. The Infantry of France, however, was a far less trustworthy arm; and for many centuries consisted of peasants, petty tradesmen, artizans, and adventurers called up by command of feudal lords or of the Sovereign, to rally under one standard and fight for home and life itself whenever the realm was threatened, or intestine feuds led to the fierce arbitraments of civil war. These mustered in disorderly array, more like banditti or guerilla companies, than banded troops of Regulars,—soldiers from youth upward, animated by *esprit de corps*, and marshalled by commanders familiar with strategy and military manœuvres. The French infantry was massed very much after the fashion of an armed mob. The English, on the other hand, were trained soldiers, familiar with the hardships and hazards of campaigning. Thus, when the shock of war called into active exercise

the full practice of arms and a due sense of military rule, these troops stood firm in an attitude of conscious strength, which gave even to diminutive numbers prodigious advantage, and to gallantry an almost certain victory. Fighting men of this character were more than a match for any amount of the armed rabble that swarmed on the fields of France, and whose shortcomings at Crécy only shadowed forth the result of subsequent conflict with our steady veterans at Maupertuis, and the crowning disaster at Agincourt.

Thus much *par parenthèse.* The next act on Edward's part was to cause a vast distribution of various meats, wine, and other provisions, brought up from Poictiers, to be divided in rations among the whole of the surviving army, who, in that ample feasting and reintegrating nourishment, forgot the stint that had preyed upon their vitals a little week before, and shouted in hilarious rejoicings. This done, another distribution, to many far more precious than daintiest feeding, was made (upon report of the marshals and other officers), of rewards and marks of distinction to those of the common soldiers who had most signally distinguished themselves in the battle, and earned the crosses and the guerdons of that day. The men, however, had already amassed enormous and most valuable booty. Some had "invested," as we

may say, in prisoners; and held in custody each his dozen or two of the hapless Frenchmen, whose throats they had spared, and who were now to procure good ransom as the sole condition of regaining liberty. [A nobleman's ransom was ordinarily one year's rental of his estates.] Some had secured a score of horses, each, to be sold in Poitou, or Touraine, or wherever they might be quartered. Others had gathered up the housings and caparisons, of which many were most gorgeously enriched with bullion and silver ornaments:—for the French, never dreaming of more than a casual skirmish, had brought up in baggage-wagons coffers of plate, and gold and silver articles, that might have figured to advantage in royal banquets; and plainly argued their anticipation of success and jubilant revelry. The caskets of precious jewels were so abundant amid all this baggage, as to be hardly regarded by the soldiery, in comparison with costly suits of inlaid steel and gold or fluted armour, which became prizes for England's noblesse and chivalry. The loss of such aristocratical defenders of the royal throne and territories as had owned these valuables, in the French army, was deplorably severe; although so many of high degree had secured for themselves an opportunity of fighting again at some future date!

Two dukes, nineteen earls, and fifteen hundred barons and knights and esquires were

recognised among the slain; and their corpses were removed to Poictiers, where they were interred in vast pits dug in the cemetery of the Convent of the Jacobins.

With regard to the Prince and his illustrious prisoners, it is needless to re-echo the reports of History, which justly dwell on the real and truly admirable heroism of the conqueror who, at the age of twentyseven years only, when so young a man might reasonably have been elated in triumph, and exhibited a proud consciousness of success, made the capture of his defeated adversary the commencement of an unbroken series of kindly and graceful attentions. It remains only to add, that Edward hastened with as little delay as possible from Poictiers to Bordeaux, accompanied by his trusty and well-beloved "Cousin," JOHN OF FRANCE, and all his royal and noble fellow-prisoners; and there remained for seven months, in ease and pleasure, of which His Majesty was a free and welcome participator. It appears, however, that secret intelligence reached the English prince of a project to rescue the King on the voyage to England; and this intimation, which was in all probability based upon idle rumour, induced him to send for a considerable reinforcement of ships and men before he should embark; and to enter into a two years' truce for yet further security at a period so critical in the eyes of both nations.

The embarkation was at length effected on the 24th of April, 1357; and after a tedious voyage of nearly a fortnight's duration, the Prince and all his retinue and the remnant of his gallant army anchored off Sandwich, from which port, where they tarried some days, they sailed for the Thames, and at length landed in Southwark, to which quarter more than half the population of London went forth to meet and welcome them on the 24th of May. With what chivalrous courtesy Edward the Third received and entertained the King is too well known to be subject matter in these concluding pages. Such generosity and high-minded respect for the dictates of true Christian feeling was only equalled by the sense of Honour evinced two or three years afterwards by JOHN, when, having been permitted to return to France to confer with the Councillors of State upon Edward's terms of Peace, and finding his presence and commission unavailing, he faithfully returned to England, and, excepting an occasional stay at Hertford Castle, lived and died in the Palace of the Savoy,—which had been deferentially assigned to him,—in the fortyfifth year of his age and in the eighth year subsequent to the Battle which had hurled him from his throne.

The Prince, dying about the same age, survived him by only twelve years. The beautiful monument in Canterbury Cathedral marks his

last resting place, but is characterized by a defect, —we may term it a blemish,—which is as astonishing as it is regretful:—there is no mention in that still daily perused Epitaph, above which are suspended his helmet and gauntlet, and hauberk, either of CRÉCY or of POICTIERS! but the tale of those victories could not be rehearsed without his honoured name: they will ever be identified with EDWARD; and when and wherever courage and conquest on French soil are glorified, 'he, being dead, yet speaketh.'

THE Analysis of the best authenticated records of that century, which, in construction and phrase of my own, has just been laid before my Readers, is suggestive, even in the day that now is, of many grave and important considerations.

It is a tale, indeed, of long bygone years,—of a remote period when men and manners, kingly rule and foreign campaigning, were weighed by a judgment which had nothing in common with the institutions and sentiments upheld by us who are now living under a happier dispensation: but while English History shall continue to find readers (and we may, though with trembling, hope it will), such themes must awaken curiosity and interest. Perhaps the recital here furnished is the most convincing on behalf of Peace and Contentment under the blessings of our almost faultless constitution and an enlightened and

moderate rule, to which the restless spirit of these present times could lend a listening ear, whether in England or in France.

These brilliant displays of courage,—all this outpouring of human blood,—the destruction of whole cities, towns, villages and families in the territories of JEAN II., ended in the most miserable anarchy and wretchedness that had ever desolated that fair land. He was a brave and an honourable man; but without that sagacity and sound discretion which are essential to Autocracy, and which alone could preserve his daring valour from affront and overthrow. Even Philippe de Valois had done more to secure the sacredness of the kingly throne, and the safety of a people that seemed to live only in the element of discord and war; though to him, as to his successor, might the Divine rebuke of the ancient King of Babylon's rule be applied—"Thou hast destroyed thy land, and slain thy people"!

A few expressive lines tell of the unenviable destiny of EDWARD the THIRD himself,—great and prosperous as he was accounted among the rulers of his time,—yet an unconscious worker of ill to himself and to many:—

> 'Mighty victor, mighty lord!
> Low on his fun'ral couch he lies!
> No pitying heart, no eyes afford
> A tear to grace his obsequies—

Is the sable warrior fled?
Thy son is gone! He rests among the dead!'

It is shocking to Humanity to recount the internecine quarrels of France and our country. Glancing at England and Edward the Third's reign, we learn the extent of the powers that ought to be vested in the monarch, and the nature of the checks by which the limitation of those powers should be rendered effectual. None should be given to the Sovereign (in the matter of making war, above all others), beyond what are evidently required for the public good; and on the exercise of which the spirit of the Constitution may exert a just and reasonable control. The love of expedition and annexation, the thirst of ambition, might transform the First Magistrate of the realm into a mere military conqueror: the possession of uncontrolled power may involve the danger of his becoming a despot at home. We need not travel far to form this opinion. Now, in our own happy country, we have passed through all the intermediate stages between autocracy and sound constitutional Government; and Society having attained its full measure of civilization and intelligence, is filled with wealth and industry, and thought, forecast, and reflection. When a vast proportion of the whole population, thus improved and improving, takes a natural interest in the fortunes of the Country, and possesses a certain intelligence as

to the public conduct of its rulers, the substantial power of the country may correctly be said to be vested in the Nation at large, or, at least, in those individuals who, being endowed with wisdom, discretion, and talent, but guileless of pernicious agitation and lawless leagues, can command the good will and support of the greater part of them. And the actual condition of England's prosperity and peace, in contrast with the state in which EDWARD the THIRD, when all his conquests and military glory were complete, was constrained to leave it,—has resulted from the progress of innumerable beneficial influences to which the Fourteenth Century was totally strange, and which have grown up with the stupendous progress that the Community has made in civilization, religion, and refinement. These are indeed the most blessed advantages of our rational and universally envied Freedom, and the surest of all guarantees for our present and future welfare.

I NOW LAY DOWN MY PEN:—When I set foot on the plains of Maupertuis, I had reached that Brundusium which was to be 'longæ finis chartæque viæque'; for, from early days in life I had conceived an ardent desire to visit those four great Battle-fields which in ancient and modern times asserted the prowess of the British arm! It is at length a *fait accompli.* I cannot expect all my Readers to share my enthusiasm on this

theme, or the interest awakened in heart and mind by many others that roused deep thought and feeling in the course of a leisurely tour of five weeks, replete with incidents of ever-varying nature; but, if any who peruse these pages shall derive from them hints and information worth remembering, and such amusement as may render that memory pleasant, my only object in publication will have been attained—the contribution of some few fresh and well authenticated facts to the store of useful and entertaining knowledge.

APPENDIX TO THE FIRST VOLUME.

CHAP. III.—The subjoined is an authentic Copy of the letter penned by Queen Marie Antoinette of France on the day of her execution : October 16th, 1793.

All the errors in spelling and punctuation are preserved : such blemishes arising only from perturbation of mind, and the apprehension of being detected in writing, after strict interdicts forbidding the use of pen and paper.

The asterisks denote blots in the original.

" Ce 16 8bre. à 4 h. ½ du matin.

"" C'est à vous ma soeur que j'écris pour la dernière fois, je viens d'être condamné non pas a une mort honteuse, elle ne l'est que pour les criminels, mais à aller rejoindre, votre frère, comme lui innocente, j'espere montre la même fermeté que lui dans ses derniers moments, je suis calme comme on l'est quand la conscience ne reproche rien, j'ai un profond regret d'abandonner mes pauvres enfants vous savez que je n'existoit que pour eux, et vous ma bonne et tendre sœur ; vous qui avoit par votre amitié tout sacrifié pour être avec nous dans *** qu' elle position je vous laisse. J'ai appris par le plaidoyer même du proces que ma fille étoit

séparée de vous. helas la pauvre enfant je n'ose pas lui ecrire elle ne recevroit pas ma lettre. je ne sais même pas si celle cy vous parviendra. recvez pour eux deux, icy ma benediction, j'espère qu'un jour lors qu'ils seront plus grands, ils pourront se réunir avec vous, et jouire, en entier de vos tendres soins. qu'ils pensent tous deux à ceque je n'ai cessé de leur inspirer; que les principes, et l'exécution exacte de ses devoirs sont la premiere base, de la vie, que leur amitié et leur confiance mutuel, en fera le bonheur. que ma fille sait qu'a l'age qu'elle a, elle doit toujours aider son frère par les conseils que l'expérience qu'elle aura de plus que lui et son amitié pourront lui inspirer: que mon fils à son tour rendent a sa sœur, tous les soins les services, que l'amitié peuvent inspirer; qu'ils sentent enfin tous deux, que dans quelques positions ou ils pourront se trouver, ils ne seront vraiment heureux que par leur union. *** qu'ils prennent exemple de nous, combien dans nos—malheurs votre amitié nous a donné de consolation, et dans le bonheur ont joui doublement quant on peu *** le partager avec un ami. et ou en trouver de plus tendre de plus *** i que dans sa propre famille. que mon fils n'oublie, jamais les derniers mots de son père que je lui repette expressément, qu'il ne cherche jamais a venger notre mort. j'ai a vous parler d'une chose bien penible a mon cœur: je sais combien cet enfant doit vous avoir fait de la peine, pardonnée lui, ma chère soeur; pensée a l'age qu'il a et combien il est facile† de faire dire a un enfant ce qu'on sent, et même ce qu'il ne comprend pas, un jour viendra j'espère ou il ne sentira que mieux tout le prix de vos bontés, et de votre tendresse pour tous deux. il me reste *** a vous confier encore mes dernières

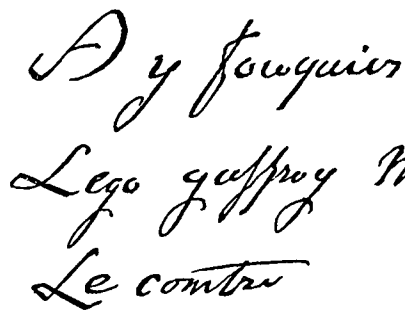
† The first page ends at this word 'facile.'

pensées. j'aurais voulu les ecrire des le commencement du proces, mais outre qu'on ne me laissait pas écrire la marche en a été si rapide, que je n'en aurais reellement pas eu le temps.

"Je meure dans la religion catholique apostolique et romaine, dans celle de mes pères dans celle ou j'ai été elevée et que j'ai toujours professe nayant aucune consolation spirituel a attendre, ne sachant pas si il existe encore ici des prêtres de cette religion, et méme le lieu ou je suis les exposeroit trop, si ils y entroit une fois. Je demande sincerement pardon a dieu de toutes les fautes que j'ai pu commettre depuis que j'existe. j'espere que dans sa bontè, il voudra bien recevoir mes derniers voeux, ainsi que ceux que je fais depuis long temps, pourqu'il veuille bien recevoir mon ame dans sa misèricorde, et sa bonté. je demande pardon a tous ceux que je connois et a vous ma soeur, en particulier, de toutes les peines que que sans le vouloir j'aurois pû leur causer. je pardon a tou mes ennemi le mal qu'ils m'ont fait. je dis icy adieu, a mes tantes, *** et a tous mes frères et soeurs. j'avois des amis, l'ydée d'en être separe pour jamais, et leurs peines sont un des plus grands regret que j'emporte en mourant, qu'ils sachent du moins que jusqu' à mon dernier moment j'ai pensé a eux. adieu ma bonne et tendre soeur; puisse cette lettre vous arriver pensé toujours a moi je vous embrasse de tout mon coeur, ainsi que ces pauvres et chers *** enfants, mon dieu qu'il est déchirant de les quitter pour toujours adieu adieu je ne vais plus m'occuper que de mes devoirs spirituels. [The second page ends here.]

"Comme jè ne suis pas libre de mes actions ont mammenera peut être, un prêtre, mais je proteste icy,

que je ne lui dirai pas un mot, et que je le traiterai, comme un être absolument étranger."



CHAP. IV., page 121.—In illustration of prejudice, Dr. Johnson, in 1776, observed that "If a physician were to take to eating of horseflesh nobody would employ him; though one may eat horseflesh, and be a very skilful physician!"

Page 129.—Bonaparte, while only a lieutenant, was obliged, with the soldiers in garrison under his command, when besieged in the Torre di Capitello, in Corsica, to eat horseflesh. This was in 1793.

CHAP. VI.—In an interesting article published last January on this subject in "The Times," it was stated that Moral Causes are far from being the chiefly predisposing causes of Insanity. Of 242 male patients admitted into Colney Hatch Asylum, in the year 1865, and the origin of whose derangement had transpired, 29 only owed it to Moral Causes, while 61 had become insane through disordered health. Of 198 female patients, 31 had lost their reason from Moral Causes, 54 from physical.

The majority of the males suffering in the last named category owed their miserable condition to habits of Drunkenness.

APPENDIX TO THE SECOND VOLUME.

CHAP. II., page 66.—A very amusing anecdote of comparatively recent date may here be related to show why Aged Women should not be employed in the Cooking Department under any circumstances, whether in Hotels or Hospitals, Convents or Union Houses. Their commonest infirmity is weak and imperfect sight; from which the most fearful accidents, not only to others, but to themselves, have befallen. They can do work of many kinds; many a meal, however, in our cottages is concocted under circumstances of no light disadvantage, not to say of danger, owing to the culinary operations being entrusted wholly to one who trusts less to sight and touch than to chance. At the first introduction of the New Poor Law in 1836-8, the violent opponents of that indispensable measure used to inveigh against the Workhouse and Union House Dietaries, and to expatiate on the comforts and blessings of poor farm labourers having their dinners *prepared* for them at home, though they might not in all cases be able to go home and dine at noon: in which case "the careful housewife" would send the hot meal to the field. In a Committee on the Poor Law sitting at that period in the House of Com-

mons,—the present Earl Russell being Chairman,—Mr. Overman, of Bedfordshire, gave evidence to show the fallacy of this specious argument. He deposed to his having been at the side of one of his elderly farm labourers, to whom a boy had just brought from his cottage a pint basin containing a meat-pudding. The old fellow dived into it at once with his knife, but suddenly exclaimed, "Well! this be something tough enough!"—his knife meeting more resistance than meat, however hard, could have offered. Hereupon he essayed with a fork to raise to the cut at the surface the obdurate morsel which had staggered him at the first start. "Why! if my old 'oman ben't have boiled my baccy-box in this here dumpling!" Mr. O. saw him extract a small wooden snuff-box, in which he customarily kept his quid for chewing! My Brother, who was Chairman of the Board of Guardians, was present when Overman related this fact.

CHAP. VI., page 172.—There are certain 'rock houses' in Derbyshire hollowed out of the solid sandstone,—flooring, doors, windows, and chimney flues. They are of very early date, and the shafts opened with wide orifices in the soil above, to serve as traps through which hares, rabbits, and such like animals fell, and became food for the occupiers of the caves. ("Homes without Hands.")

The gifted Authoress of "Wanderings over Bible Lands and Seas" mentions similar abodes in a gorge of perpendicular cliffs between the Dead Sea and Jerusalem :—inhabited in the fourth and fifth centuries by hermits that fled from the World;—[and from their duty.]

THE PLANTAGENET STATUES. (Page 189.)

Mr. Albert Way, Secretary of the Royal Archæological Institute of Great Britain, a brother-in-law of Lord Stanley of Alderley, informs me that he found last May, at Tours, a Notice on Fontevrault, just published, with photographs. That statement declared the bones of Richard the First to have been sent to England in 1792, when his tomb was destroyed; and that they were deposited in Westminster Abbey! I cannot for a moment believe that the sacrilegious Revolutionists regarded with the slightest reverence either the mortal remains of 'Cœur de Lion' or the feelings of the British people. The bodies of all four royal personages were scattered to the winds; as thousands, besides, were at that miserable period of anarchy and atheism.

Extract from a Letter sent by the Governor of the Prison to the Author.

[TRANSLATION.]

"With regard to the removal of the Statues, you are aware that this subject has raised quite a storm in Anjou. The Angevins stand by their ancient dukes. The Archæologists insist on their sacredness as works of Art; and discussions have been held in all quarters, and petitions are in course of signature *en masse;* but as to what the result may be, I cannot offer any opinion.

"Fontevrault: March 22nd, 1867."

Extract from a Letter received by the Author from his literary friend in Angers: dated March 25th, 1867.

[TRANSLATION.]

"I believe our great discussions on the subject of the

Plantagenets are at length concluded. Do not take it amiss:—We cherish a confident hope that we shall have the safe keeping of them: and our Emperor, who made somewhat rash promises with respect to these relics, has been released from the obligation in which he had involved himself: thanks to the courtesy of your Government. How can you assert that the first Plantagenets were rather English than French princes? Before they bore the titles of English sovereignty they were Counts of Anjou; born in our province; and entombed in our soil; in accordance with their expressed wishes. Moreover, the appeals of the living descendants of their ancient subjects have been as the voice of one man. We have protested with an ardour which reflects honour on our National feelings, and this spirited conduct will be duly rewarded; for the Chapel of the renowned Abbey is to be restored in all its primitive beauty;—the tombs are to be erected on the sites they originally occupied, and we entertain the assurance that at no distant day it will not be in any one's power to apply to Fontevrault (more than it was predicable of Mont St. Michel) those words of solemn utterance, 'My House was the House of Prayer, but ye have made it a den of thieves.'"*

CHAP. X.—The following details have been most obligingly furnished by Edward Delves Broughton, Esq., of Wistaston Hall, Cheshire, a lineal descendant of Sir John Delves, one of the Esquires of the Lord Audley, in the battle of Poictiers.

THE STATUES IN THE CASTELLET IN DODDINGTON PARK.

"The part of the Castle in which these statues stand

* The Scriptural passage is, as mostly occurs, incorrectly quoted.

was originally a part of the old Hall built by Johannes Delves in the 14th century. When the old Hall was taken down, these were removed, with some stone-work, to this Castellet, and there placed: two under the Porch, viz., Edward 'the Black Prince'—and Lord Audley: the other four (the esquires of Lord A.) standing at the corners; two facing the front, and one facing each side. The names of the esquires were:—Sir Robert Fulleshurst, Sir John Delves, above mentioned, Sir Thomas Dutton, and Sir John Hawkstone. In the statues of the four esquires there is nothing by which they can be distinguished from one another at the present time; and no one knows when they were first put up. They are remembered as they stand, beginning at the one on the left side from the entrance.

DESCRIPTION OF THE STATUES.

"1. EDWARD, THE BLACK PRINCE.—This stands on the left as you enter the Porch. It is about seven feet in height. The head is perfect, but the features of the face are gone. His helmet is on, and a plume upon it, and by the side of the figure is the plume carved in the stone; the left leg is wanting; and the right leg seems to have been joined about the knee, as if it had been broken. It has been in the same state for the last twentyfive years. Half of the right foot and the right hand, also, is wanting. The body armour is perfect, but that of the legs is worn away.

"2. LORD JAMES AUDLEY.—This statue stands about six feet in height. The head and left foot are wanting. The rest is perfect and in good preservation. The helmet is not on the head, but is carved in the stone alongside of the figure. A ruff is about the neck, and the beard is long and sharp.

"3. THE FIRST ESQUIRE.—This figure, which, like the other esquire, is in the niche in the wall about eight feet from the ground, stands about life size. The feet and left hand are wanting.

"The armour is perfect. The helmet is by the side; not on the head. A ruff is around the neck, and a pointed beard.

"THE SECOND ESQUIRE.—This figure is, in the main points, like the preceding: it wants its foot only, and holds a drawn sword in its right hand. Beard, ruff, and armour similar.

"THE THIRD ESQUIRE.—This in the main is similar to those above mentioned: it wants half the head and its feet. It holds a heart in the right hand. Armour and ruff similar to the others.

"THE FOURTH ESQUIRE.—Similar to the others, but wants its feet and left hand; and holds nothing, but has a sheathed sword by its side. Ruff, beard, and armour similar to the others.

"They are all sculptured in stone.

"E. W. DELVES BROUGHTON."

The bonds of friendship and affection between Prince Edward and Lord Audley, contracted during their companionship in victorious war, may account for these statues being set up in juxtaposition at Doddington. The family of Audley had enjoyed the Royal favour in successive reigns, and, with other ties, this attachment had been strengthened by the marriage of Hugh Audley, Earl of Glocester, to Margaret de Clare, daughter and at length co-heir of Gilbert, Earl of Glocester and Hertford, by his wife, Joan Plantagenet of Acres, daughter of Edward I.

This Princess Joan, who died 1307, was aunt by half blood to the Princess Joan, known, for her admirable beauty, as the Fair Maid of Kent, and whom Prince Edward married in 1361, being then in his 32nd year, and his wife four or five years older.

The name of Audley is mentioned among those on the Roll of Battle Abbey; and in 1230 Henry de Aldithley built Heleigh Castle in Staffordshire, with which the title of Baron is associated. But the family had possessions in other counties, and had been, long before, principally resident at Chester.

Another great branch of this stock, taking the name of Stanley, survives in the genealogy of our illustrious Premier, the present Earl of Derby; both houses deriving common descent from Adam, or Adham, de Aldithley.

The present Lord Audley, while I was examining the genealogies of Sir John Chandos and the gallant "Audeley," who, it is supposed, won his spurs at the Battle of Poictiers (for he was then only twentyseven years of age), pointed out to me the Receipt given by Lord James for the sum of two thousand gold 'moutons' (an ancient coin of France, worth forty shillings) paid to him as ransom for ten knights, taken prisoners at the Battle of Poictiers.

In one of these very curious and quaint genealogies, mention is made of Edward III. making two gifts of plate armour to his "chers bacheliers Mons. James Daudelegh and Mons. Jehan Chaundos." Now this term 'bachelier' is derived from 'bas chevalier'; one bearing the lowest rank of Knighthood. This, however, could not apply to either of these "chers messieurs" and special favourites of the King. 'Bachelier' was used in pleasantry, towards either: just as the French

people, the soldiery, especially, used to call Napoleon 'le petit caporal.'

THE DUTTONS of Dutton, co. Cheshire, are memorable for their antiquity and the singular tenure of their estates. Nearly a century after the battle of Poictiers, Sir Thomas Dutton married Anne, daughter of James Lord Audley, slain at Blore Heath; and their fifth daughter, Eleanor, married the ancestor of the Earls of Cholmondeley. Another Thomas Dutton, who died in 1581, was the ancestor of Sir Ralph Dutton, of Sherborne, whose descent was merged in the eventual creation of the Barony of Sherborne.

These families may be regarded as living memorials of the heroes that adorned the military annals of the XIVth century, and are still represented in honour.

The gallant Chandos, whom Edward III. made Seneschal of Poitou, was eventually killed in a sortie at Lussac on the Vienne, on the 31st day of December, 1369, having thus survived the battle of Poictiers thirteen years; still to die a good soldier's death.

BEFORE I quit the subject of NOOKS AND CORNERS, I cannot resist placing on record that only a few weeks since, I was led into the very heart of the City of London—and after scrambling over masses of rubbish and lime, beheld a noble garden, with a circular pond full of fish, and ten ancient mulberry trees around: two of which were upwards of 200 years old. It was behind Throgmorton Street [Draper's Hall].

We may qualify for Foreign Travel by looking about carefully AT HOME.

THE END.

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